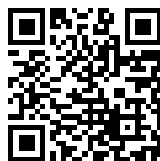

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Aunt Judy's annual volume

Alfred Gatty, Horatia K. F.
Gatty Eden, Juliana Horatia Gatty Ewing



Aunt



AUNT JUDY'S
CHRISTMAS VOLUME
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY,

AUTHOR OF "PARABLES FROM NATURE," ETC.



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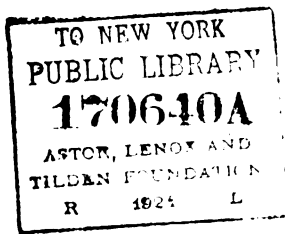
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

F. W. KEYL, A. W. BAYES, F. GILBERT,

A. W. COOPER, H. PATERSON,

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LONDON:
BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1870.



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LONDON :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

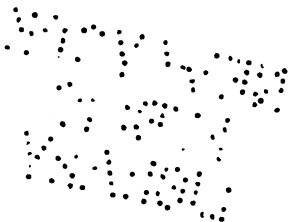


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THE POSTMORTEM.

THE
CAUSE AND THE CAUSER OF THE CAUSE.

"Be ye sure that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us,
and not we ourselves."—Ps. c. 2.

" DECIDEDLY dead, gentlemen!"

Such was Dr. Earwig's verdict upon the body of a fine young moth which had been found prostrate and motionless at the foot of an orchis plant in full flower. And Dr. Earwig was a professor, and knew what he was about—had, moreover, walked to and fro over the moth's body—touched it with his feelers, nipped it with his pincers—and it had not twitched once. Besides it was stiff and cold. The professor was shy by nature, but learning gives confidence, and he spoke his mind boldly when he spoke it at all.

"Decidedly dead, gentlemen! has been dead, in fact, for hours."

"So far, so good!" remarked the sitting magistrate of the occasion—a splendidly band-marked snail, whose horns were extended to their uttermost as he watched Dr. Earwig from the shelter of a hart's tongue fern. He was there with a party of bumble-bee barristers overhead, bent on discovering what could have happened to reduce so fine a moth to such a condition in the prime of youth; and, moreover, who was answerable for it—there being some little consolation under misfortune in finding fault even if you cannot punish.

"You have cleared the case up to this point very satisfactorily, sir," he continued. "Now we must trouble you a little further, if you please. Be so good as to examine into the *cause* of the death. Can't be a natural one, you know, doctor, at deceased's age, and surrounded with food. So keep your eyes open and your feelers alive. I shall be out again by the time you've finished. I wish to think a little just now."

It is a golden maxim with snails that the less you see the more you

THE CAUSE AND THE CAUSER OF THE CAUSE.

think. So the sitting magistrate of the occasion drew in his horns, and retired into his shell.

* * * * *

It was one of those very hot days of the early year which occasionally take all nature by surprise. On the southern side of the grassy slope which led up to the ruined castle overlooking the sea, the sunshine lay in an unbroken sheet of light. The north-eastern bank was steeper and had more shadows. Gorse and bramble-bushes and ferns and primroses and orchis plants grew there, and it was there the inquiry on the dead moth's body was being held.

Humanly speaking, indeed, not a sound broke the stillness of the summer air, save the lazy plashing of waves on the sand at the foot of the cliff, or the cawing or twittering of a passing bird. But this, humanly speaking only. Human ears, whatever human beings may think of them, take in but a few octaves of the great gamut of the universe. To all below and above these, they are insensible, and hence often speak of silence when the silence exists only for themselves.

Had a score of men, women, or children been wandering over the castle bank that day, do you think any one of them would have heard Dr. Earwig's remarks or the sitting magistrate's reply? I fancy not.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Dr. Earwig betook himself to his work, and, to do him justice, performed it conscientiously. He ran up and down and round and round the dead moth's body a dozen times, to see what he could see—touched it in every corner, pinched it all over, but no injury could he find. He examined the wings very carefully, but there was no flaw in them. The feather scales were not rubbed off; the membrane was not torn; its nervures were unbroken. The legs, too, were as sound as legs could be.

At last—"Halloo!" cried the professor with a shout. He was in front of the creature's head, and suddenly discovered that its proboscis, instead of being curled up neatly in the proper place was lying half untwisted on the grass. He had drawn his feelers along it but came against *something* which stopped the way.

The shout was excusable, as surprise had startled him, but it brought the sitting magistrate's thinking nap to a sudden end. He appeared

at the door of his shell, and inquired if Dr. Earwig had discovered anything worth disturbing him for, so soon?

Dr. Earwig thought he had. He had at any rate discovered an all-sufficient cause of death, whether deceased had died of it or not. He had found a foreign body—several foreign bodies, in fact, attached to the creature's proboscis; and, so loaded, a proboscis could scarcely enter—much less comfortably dip into the delicate flower-pouches for food. Sooner or later, therefore, its owner must—starve!

"Dreadful!" shuddered the sitting magistrate, with difficulty resisting the impulse to shut himself up and think. "But our friend shall not die unavenged! Professor, who is to blame?"

The professor replied they had not reached that part of the subject yet. In order to do so they must ascertain what the foreign bodies attached to the proboscis were, and where they came from.

"Try to use simple language for the benefit of our unlearned ears," expostulated Sir Helix (that was the sitting magistrate's family name). "What do you mean here by a *foreign body*, for instance, doctor? I own to not knowing myself, and I doubt if my bumble-bee brothers are better informed on the point than I am."

The bumbles protested they were not.

"And if by *attached* you mean stuck fast," continued Sir Helix, "why not say so?" The sitting magistrate was getting impatient.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," replied Dr. Earwig, with a wriggle of fun; "we should get on very badly in the world without professional terms, I assure you! By a '*foreign body*,' I mean *a lump of something or other which does not naturally belong to the person or place where it is found*. But that takes a long time to say, you observe, and if it came to be repeated would both confuse and delay what one had to explain."

"There's sense in that," interposed the sitting magistrate, "and I give way accordingly. Brother Bumbles, we will call what the professor has found on the moth's proboscis foreign bodies, if you please. You're sure they're not a *disease* by-the-way, professor?"

"Can't be, Sir Helix, can't be," stammered Dr. Earwig, hastily (it was only when flurried he called the sitting magistrate by his family name). "Never met with such a case in all my experience."

"Call the widow!" said Sir Helix, authoritatively, and a couple of bumbles immediately fetched her from the top of an orchis spike, whence she was watching proceedings. "Be so good, madam, as to

observe the foreign bodies on your deceased husband's proboscis. My friend Dr. Earwig will point them out to you." Which Dr. Earwig did as soon as he could persuade the poor lady to flutter over the corpse and look.

"Has your husband been suffering from these long?" That was the way the sitting magistrate put the inquiry.

The widow was indignant. Did the sitting magistrate or the bumbling barristers or Dr. Earwig mean to insinuate that her poor dear husband had *grown* those nasty things? They were very much mistaken if they thought so! His proboscis was as clean and polished at twilight of the previous day, when they flew out together, as,—well as one of the sitting magistrate's horns when fresh from its socket. Of that she was certain. But being cross-questioned by the bland professor, who had a remarkable knack of insinuating himself into corners and confidence, she admitted that she had once or twice before seen one of those nasty things—

"*Foreign bodies!*" interposed Sir Helix, with a chuckle.

"Nasty things," persisted the widow, "on her husband's proboscis; but they had always got rubbed off after a time. Besides," added she, with a toss of her head, "other creatures can pick them up too. For instance, there was one on the head of one of the bumbling barristers who came to fetch me just now."

This announcement caused general confusion. The sitting magistrate himself was for once excited, and gave orders to "catch the bumble with the foreign body on his head," in rather an impetuous tone. The rush and buzzing were immense. Every one protested with all his might that there was no foreign body on *his* head, a few almost ready to assert they had no heads for foreign bodies to be on; and all whirled about, looking at each other's faces in angry disturbance. At last a party of them laid hold of a stranger fresh from an orchis flower, on whom, as he flew past, they noticed *something*, and when they had secured him, the something proved to be *it*. They led him at once to where the sitting magistrate sat, and placed him on the ground, where he lay buzzing dismally, while they compared *his* foreign body with the foreign bodies on the moth's proboscis, and discovered they were exactly alike.

"Do you feel nothing, my poor friend?" asked Sir Helix, almost tenderly, for he had a heart as well as a shell.

"Nothing," hummed the bumble, in the most subdued of voices.

"Have you *no* notion where you picked up this *most* extraordinary thing?" (Sir Helix was eyeing it from the tips of both horns as he spoke.) "Try to think, brother," he added, persuasively, "where you have been this morning. Into some dirty shed among cobwebs and old baskets? Into some stick heap or thatched roof? Eh? The thing looks like a twig of wood with a bud at the end of it, only I never saw one so small."

No, he had done nothing but fly about sipping his breakfast in the usual places; except, indeed, that stupid visit he had paid the orchis flower. Why he went there he scarcely knew, they were such useless things.

"Professor!" interrupted Sir Helix, with a shout as if he had made a sudden discovery—"are there foreign bodies in orchis flowers? Reflect upon it, they had both been in them!" After saying which, and without waiting for an answer, he drew up his horns and retired into his shell once more.

* * * * *

Now no one present knew anything of the inside of orchis flowers (one does not notice everything one sees, you know), but as they were aware Sir Helix would expect an answer when he came out of his thinking nap, they felt they must exert themselves. The difficulty was that after what had happened every one was shy of going into an orchis flower at all. No one wanted a foreign body on his own head!

"Suppose we begin," suggested the professor, "by examining what the foreign body really is. If we find that out, we can perhaps decide where it comes from without dangerous personal experiments."

The proposal was received with acclamation, and the afflicted bumble pressed forward eagerly, anxious to have his foreign body removed for the experiment. But this was more easily talked of than done. Even Dr. Earwig's surgical skill in twitching, pinching, and pulling, failed. The foreign body resisted his efforts. "*Attached* does mean *stuck fast* in this case I think, professor," chuckled a bumble who was trying to help.

"And *very much attached* too," giggled the professor in reply. Just then, however, he gained his point. By dint of leverage he succeeded in raising the thing from the bumble's head;—at the expense of a few hairs to the bumble, it must be owned, to say nothing of the nervous shock consequent upon all operations. The poor fellow bounced

grumbling into the air, while the professor and half a dozen bumbles rolled the foreign body about to discover what it was, if possible.

It was about the length of one joint of a bee's leg, and was in appearance like a miniature ogre's club or policeman's life preserver, only the knob part was as long as the stalk. And the stalk seemed to come out of a tiny ball which was covered with something as sticky as glue. Hence whatever it touched it fastened itself to, and *very fast indeed*. What could it be?

"If one only lived in a shell now," remarked another bumble with a humorous hum, "this would be just the moment for retiring inside to——"

"Atchew!" A sneeze from the professor drowned the last word.

"It must be that horrible flower-dust in those horrible bags—atchew!" sneezed the professor.

"It certainly *is* the horrible flower-dust in those horrible bags—atchew!" sneezed the assistant bumble in echo.

"What bags? What flower-dust?" asked the solemn voice of Sir Helix, whom the sneezing had disturbed once more.

"The knob of the foreign body, Sir Helix," explained Dr. Earwig. "It turns out to be a mass of flower-dust bags. I was poking at them and one burst, and out came the flower-dust, you know—pah!"

"But I *don't* know—how should I?" responded the sitting magistrate.

"Ah! that is because you do not visit the flowers as you do the leaves," observed the assistant bumble. "If you went among them as we do, you would soon see plenty of flower-dust—generally on the top of stalks where you can shake it off as you go by—not shut up in stupid little packets like those bags. Our cousins the hive-bees, who find out pretty nearly everything, have a tradition that no flower-seeds can grow without it, and I believe them. Certainly it commonly falls on some sticky surface or stalk just over where the seeds lie. Why there's flower-dust enough in a single white lily to colour you bright yellow from horns to shell, Sir Helix! If you'll come up into one with me some day I will show you."

"I had rather take the fact on trust from my learned brother," rejoined the sitting magistrate. "Meantime, while I am thinking the matter over, surely you gentlemen who are so constantly inside the flowers will not have much difficulty in finding out which of them grows these (as you say) *unusual* flower-dust bags. Adieu! Buzz into my shell when you can answer my question."

He was gone, and the assistant bumble, a little disconcerted at the result of his interference, began to call for the professor to tell them what to do next. But the professor was gone too!

* * * * *

People talk of the courage of the lion, but methinks it is easy to be courageous when you know you can eat your enemy up. Commend me to the courage of a shy being who dares an experiment in the face of an indefinite risk!

The professor had wearied of so much talking and the bandying backwards and forwards of small witticisms. "It's the bumble's vocation," thought he to himself, "and I suppose they must practise for it, but it brings one no nearer the mark, and that's where I want to be. I go in for discovery and honour. Perhaps that's a professor's vocation."

Perhaps it is. Certainly it was a great moment for Dr. Earwig, when, in pursuance of his determination to "do and dare," he ran up the spike of an orchis plant and wriggled himself on to the tongue-like lip of one of the flowers, in order to peep inside. The tiny chamber was dark enough at first, but by degrees he could discern objects, and perceived in front of him, but quite above his head, a roundish protuberance or shelf overhanging the entrance to the throat-like flower-pouch (called nectary), in which insects find their food. And upon this shelf (how the professor's heart glowed at the sight!) stood two *shapes* side by side, evidently foreign bodies, but partially concealed by membranous covers. And they were evidently not "foreign bodies" here, but formed part and parcel of the flower.

But how had the bumble and the moth got at them—that was the difficulty. Had the things *given* themselves or *been taken* away? The professor was guilty of wishing the flower would turn into an insect and tell him the truth about it. For you must know the flowers speak in too low a whisper for even insects to hear them, so the two worlds do not communicate. Dr. Earwig could only wish and wonder, therefore, for he was not daring enough to climb up and touch the shapes himself, when suddenly he became aware of a flutter of wings, and had only just time to squeeze on one side when a gay young butterfly lighted on the flower-lip where he had been but a second before; uncoiled and dipped her delicate proboscis into the nectary—paused a while, then drew it up and flew away. Dr. Earwig scuttled back to his post at once and took another peep—but all was as before. The shapes stood still in the same place. They had neither given them-

selves nor been taken away—there was no fresh light on the subject. What was to be done? The professor began to face the idea that he must examine them himself. Suppose he laid hold of one with his pincers, for instance?—In that case it could not, at any rate, fasten itself on his head!—Just then, however, there was another fanning of the air, announcing another visitor. Another butterfly was in search of food, another proboscis plunged into the nectary.

Was the creature larger or more active than the last? Had its proboscis more strength, or did it uncoil with more heedless violence? Who shall say? Certain it is that in the process it struck upwards against the round protuberance; there was a jar and crack in the delicate machinery, and out came a foreign body with its sticky ball.

The professor had seen part of the process and surmised the rest. He would make sure however. When the butterfly was about to fly off, therefore, she found Dr. Earwig in the way, who, under pretence of apologizing for his accidental presence there, took the opportunity of eyeing her proboscis very carefully. And there assuredly was the foreign body exactly like those he had seen before—*only not in the same position*. Those on the bee and the moth had lain in a very nearly horizontal line—this stood as nearly upright. Stop though! it was upright when he first looked at it, but now moment by moment it was lowering itself. “It’s falling off! Attached does not mean stuck fast in this case,” thought the professor to himself. But no! it only went on lowering till it lay in an almost horizontal line like the others. Then it stopped.

“Allow me, madam,” cried Dr. Earwig in sheer desperation. “A little something has fallen on your proboscis, I think,” and he whisked a feeler against the foreign body as he spoke. He might as well have whisked it against a rock.

“You see double this morning I fear, doctor,” smiled the butterfly. “My proboscis has only dipped into a few nectaries of these charming orchids. Nothing *can* have dropped on it from them. A bright day to you and clear eyes!”

“She does not know she has taken it then,” mused the professor, “so *she* is not to blame, pretty creature! The flowers have much to answer for in loading her if they know what they are about. Ah, well! I must look into the matter a little further.” Saying which he went on to visit several other flowers of the spike, but observed nothing new in them, until at last he came to one where was a different state of things

indeed! The shelf on which the foreign bodies usually stood was there, but no foreign bodies were upon it. Dr. Earwig grew bold in consequence. He would take a "good look round," he thought, and did so, peeping into the dark entrance of the nectary, though he did not venture down, being uncertain what he might find at the bottom. But in gazing across the opening he perceived that the back wall—that below the protuberance—had a sticky surface like those on which flower-dust is commonly shed; and what was that in one corner—a patch of flower-dust? was it possible? how could it have got there? It was impossible the flower should have dusted itself. . . .

At this moment there was another flutter of wings, and, slipping into the nectary backwards (his only chance) the professor saw the entrance of his old friend the butterfly, with the foreign body on her proboscis. This she at once uncoiled, and in doing so the knob of the foreign body hit the sticky surface of the wall, several flower-dust bags came off and burst, and the wall received several fresh patches in consequence.

"Do you know——" shouted Dr. Earwig, greatly excited. But the butterfly had at the same instant become aware of a really "foreign body" in the nectary—Dr. Earwig himself, namely; and without stopping to answer questions she drew up her proboscis and was gone.

* * * * *

An hour afterwards the whole bumble company were buzzing outside the sitting magistrate's shell.

"Well?" he asked from within.

"I have come back," answered the professor, who stood by awaiting the reawakening of his friend.

"I hear by your voice that you bring news, doctor. Say on. I can listen as I am," said Sir Helix, coming to the door. And the following dialogue passed between them.

Dr. Earwig. "There are foreign bodies in orchis flowers, Sir Helix. They are part of the flower. They hold the flower-dust."

Sir Helix. "What business have the insects to take them away then? People must expect to come to grief who meddle with what does not belong to them."

Dr. Earwig. "But they don't take them; at least they don't know that they do."

Sir Helix. "You refine, doctor, you refine. They must either take them or let them alone."

Dr. Earwig. "No, it is drawing too straight lines to say so. They

visit orchis flowers for food, and sometimes as they dive into a nectary a foreign body drops on their proboscis or head. You can't call that *their taking it*, can you?"

Sir Helix. "Is it the flower's doing then?"

Dr. Earwig. "They cannot be said to do it either. The fact is, *it happens*. The entrance to the nectary is very narrow in one place. It is partially blocked up by an overhanging protuberance on which the foreign bodies stand. A proboscis is very apt to hit it in dropping into the nectary. And when it is hit, some delicate machinery is disturbed and cracked, and lets the sticky balls of one if not both foreign bodies touch whatever is below; the proboscis in the case of a moth; the head in the case of a bee. If I were to touch it with my pincers the foreign bodies would adhere to them."

Sir Helix. "How badly the flower must be constructed, doctor; we shall find the fault there, I believe."

Dr. Earwig. "Excuse my repeating 'No' so often. But I must say it here. The flower is a masterpiece of ingenious contrivance."

Sir Helix. "Is dropping the flower-dust receptacle which it wants for itself upon the heads of insects who don't want it and can make no use of it a proof thereof, eh, doctor?"

Dr. Earwig. "Well really, *yes*. The insects don't want it for themselves certainly, but they can and do use it for others. The flower-dust receptacles are so far off the sticky surface which requires dusting, that the flower cannot dust itself as other flowers do. Hence the seed would come to nothing and the race die out but for—what do you think?"

Sir Helix. "I am not fairly in my shell and do not choose to think."

Dr. Earwig. "Well then—but for these extraordinary accidents of insects carrying away the flower-dust. Away they go afterwards into other flowers—the foreign body *knob* foremost, you understand, so that it strikes the sticky surface which happens to lie just in its way at the entrance of the nectary. Whereupon off come one or two flower-dust bags and burst, and the deed is done! The sticky surface is scattered over with dust, the seeds vivify, the race goes on!

Sir Helix. "And the insect gets no credit for what it is has done?"

Dr. Earwig. "It has earned none. It was helping itself to food in both cases—nothing more."

Sir Helix. "The flower then?"

Dr. Earwig. "Has done nothing intentionally. Cannot help the

blow of the proboscis—cannot know what the insect will do with the flower-dust when it goes away. The races do not communicate."

Sir Helix. "You call all these cases 'extraordinary accidents'?"

Dr. Earwig. "Careless language, Sir Helix. I only profess to have collected the facts. It is for you and our learned friends to draw conclusions."

Here ended the evidence. It now remained for the bumbling barristers to give their opinions, and the sitting magistrate to pronounce judgment.

* * * * *

By this time the day was wearing fast to sunset, and a rich glow was stealing into the air and tinting the old walls of the ruined castle on the cliff. Out at sea the sails were beginning to be

———"darken'd in the west
And rosed in the east;"

and even in the discussions which followed the consideration of the evidence, the gentler hour brought a gentler tone into the buzz of argument.

Still the bumbles had their opinions, and bumbled freely what they thought. Bumble major, for instance, was an "*accidental*ist," and smiled with benign contempt at the fuss everybody was making about a few commonplace facts. As to attempting to explain everything that existed or happened, he wished any one patience and a long life who attempted it. He found so many things puzzling and contradictory, that he had come to the conclusion that everything happened by accident, and might have happened five hundred other ways if it had so happened it had. Consequently, it was a mere waste of time to theorize about facts, as if any sort of body or being had either the credit or the blame of causing them. Chance had caused them—it caused everything. With this simple solution in his mind it had amused him much—in spite of the sad occasion which had brought them together—(here the widow sighed audibly)—to observe the tendency everybody seemed to have to discover something beyond what was discoverable—some causer of causes or rather of accidents. Why the notion was laughable—was a contradiction in itself.

Bumble minor, on the other hand, was a "*naturalistic*." He insisted that nature, modified by circumstances, did everything and accounted for everything. He called it race-experience. By race-experience, flowers

liable to be injured by rain, closed against rain; and insects sought food in flowers. By race-experience the sitting magistrate shrank into his shell from danger, or when he needed repose of body or mind. By race-experience, also, no doubt, everything had happened which Dr. Earwig had observed. He did not see how, exactly (Bumble minor was candour itself), but that was no matter, he was sure of the theory. By race-experience everything which had existence did the best it could for itself. Race-experience was therefore that causer of causes whose very existence the accidentalists denied. There was only one thing it could not account for, and that was the strangely illogical opinion held by his learned brother Bumble major.

Such was the substance of some very long speeches which were made on the occasion, but which it is unnecessary to give in detail. Bumble major wound up by proposing a verdict of "Accidental death" on the poor moth. Bumble minor suggested "Died from natural causes" as the more correct way of putting it; and the learned brothers were beginning to argue the point rather quarrelsomely, when the sitting magistrate came fully out of his shell, looked every one into silence, and began—

"It is a maxim with us snails, gentlemen, as you know, that the less you see the more you think; but I have found to-day that the converse of the statement is equally true:—that the more you think the less you see; that is, the more you think the more you find out how little you are able to see. When we met this morning to consider our poor friend's case, I believed that all we needed for ascertaining not only the cause of his death, but who was answerable for it, was an accurate knowledge of facts; but here we are this evening with all the facts before us, so little wiser than when we started, that two of my learned brothers are ready to fight for two quite opposite opinions, and I myself hold a third. The truth is, facts do not always explain themselves, but sometimes let in just light enough to show us we are in darkness. . . . Yes! I hear your dissentient murmurs at this, but you have heard the evidence—judge for yourselves. We know now that the moth died from an overcharge of foreign bodies on its proboscis: that foreign bodies fall on insects who seek food in orchis flowers, whenever they hit a particular place in a particular way, which very often happens: that, passing thence to other orchis flowers, the foreign body hits them in another place, thereby scattering dust upon them, which fertilizes the seeds below: that but for this process

the orchis race must have died out with its first flowers, since orchis flowers cannot dust themselves. And that yet, nevertheless, neither insect nor flower is conscious of doing anything in the matter: that as far as they are concerned the whole process each time it happens is an accident. Such are the facts of the case, and, indeed, of more than this particular case, for they open up the much larger inquiry, Who is answerable for this ingenious scheme for preserving the orchis race from perishing, and to which this one particular moth has fallen a victim? Who is answerable, gentlemen? who is answerable? Our friend Bumble major says, "No one," because everything that happens, happens by accident. But if a process perpetually repeated, and perpetually working out the same means by the same end is to be called an accident, how are we ever to distinguish accidents from things done on purpose—planned and arranged beforehand, as I venture to pronounce this exquisite scheme to be?"

At this point of his speech Sir Helix paused, and great disturbance arose. Bumble major expressed his contempt for the magistrate's conviction in no measured tones, and parties in favour of the different views began to collect in groups.

Meanwhile Dr. Earwig was whispering further information to Sir Helix, who, when he had heard it out, lifted himself up and silenced the din by telling the Bumbles he had not yet finished his speech, and they must on no account begin to fight till he had. He then continued—

"But Bumble major's is not the only explanation of these difficult facts before us. Bumble minor has another and a far more ingenious one. He holds that everything in the world has a tendency, whether conscious or not, to work out its own good. He calls it race-experience, and thinks it accounts for all that either insect or flowers can do; and of the existence and importance of such a power there can be no doubt. But Bumble minor is honest; he does not pretend to tell us how the race-experience of a flower can make it acquainted with the habits of an insect; only, being confident of his theory, he is sure it will explain everything *somehow*. Gentlemen, let us face this matter, then, for ourselves. How can a moth's race-experience ever make it advantageous to him to carry about foreign bodies on his proboscis? He may be unconscious of the presence of one or two perhaps, but the presence of many insures his death, as we have seen to-day, and the presence of several must be at any rate inconvenient. An advantage to the moth

they can never be, except that, by assisting to perpetuate the race of orchids, he is assisting to perpetuate the supply of food for himself and future generations. But such a calculation as this implies *foresight*, not race-experience; and I doubt if Bumble minor himself attributes foresight to the moths of his acquaintance.

"Then as to the flower: it is not an agent at all. Whether it lets down the foreign body on the insect or not, depends upon whether the insect hits it sufficiently or not. It has no choice in the matter. But supposing it had, and could let the foreign body down at will, what amount of race-experience can teach that it is for its advantage to do so? To know this the flower also must be gifted with *foresight*, and the race-experience of other races besides its own. And will even Bumble minor assert this of any flower?

"This is not all, however. There is one part of the process which our friend the professor has just communicated to me which introduces a quite new feature into the case. The foreign body as dropped by the flower, and as received by the insect, would be of no use whatever—could actually never hit the sticky surface where it is wanted, but would knock against other places where the flower-dust would be wasted if scattered, and do no good. To effect its purpose in the world, it must change its position, and from being nearly upright it must lower itself to a particular slope, in which posture, and which only, it will on entering another flower strike the appointed spot. This extraordinary movement on the part of the foreign body the acute professor witnessed with his own eyes, ascertaining, also, that when once the requisite position was gained, the foreign body resisted all further efforts at displacement. What think you of this, gentlemen? Who is answerable? again I ask. The insect, the flower, or the foreign body itself? Ay, there's the point, my friends. Perhaps among my bumbling friends some Bumble minimus may be found who will tell us foreign bodies also are gifted with race-experience, foresight, and a knowledge of the race-experience of other races besides their own!

"Well, now it is for you to judge whether *accident*, as Bumble major would say, or the separate race-experience of either flower, insect, or foreign body, as Bumble minor holds, is accountable for the marvellous facts we have been considering; or whether, as I venture to assert" (here Sir Helix lifted his head off the ground as if he would fain creep upwards by the air), "the whole interesting, most complex process does not force us upon faith in the contriving intelligence of some agent

beyond either insect or flower in power, and acquainted equally with the race-experience of both." . . .

A tumult of mingled dissent and assent here interrupted the sitting magistrate's speech; and it was only after a considerable time, and amidst much lingering disturbance, he got a hearing again.

"Gentlemen, I have heard but too plainly the ridicule cast upon me for asserting my belief in a Power I cannot see, and of which I know little, but that (judging by what it accomplishes) it must have existence. Let me tell you, nevertheless, another of my convictions. It is only false shame which prevents your acknowledging what I acknowledge. You refuse to be baffled. You roam the air and think you must compass all things. I retire into my shell and discover that we do but see in part and do well to admit it. The creed may be humiliating, but what do your leaders offer instead? Explanations far more incredible, because contradictory to reason and unworthy of faith: either a constantly-recurring series of accidents constantly working to one end, or races of beings which never communicate, immemorially endowed with foresight into each other's race-experience! No! I have never been hard of faith, but on such irrational dogmas I must remain a sceptic for ever.

"I pronounce the verdict, then, on our lamented friend, 'Died from an accidental overcharge of foreign bodies.' I grant thus much to my learned friend Bumble major, and if you like to add 'acquired in a natural search after food,' Bumble minor is welcome to the admission. In the larger matter opened by this inquiry, you must each judge for himself. I have done so. Henceforth I live and die and *think* in the faith of the Great Unknown Intelligence who planned what I call, as Dr. Earwig did the flower, a *masterpiece of ingenious contrivance*, the scheme for the fertilization of orchids."

* * * * *

Oh, years that come and go, you have left the ruined castle and the cliffs still standing. Sunshine lights up the same bank—the same races of orchids flourish. Let the strollers on the grassy slope move softly, or perchance sit down and sleep. Then in a vision they may chance to hear the Bumbles still arguing the old questions, and observe the snail under the hart's-tongue fern still confident in his faith, the professor sure of his facts by his side. Let no one disturb either, for I say to all who would do so, You have nothing but darkness to offer them in exchange for their light.

EDITOR.

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KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.



GERMAN traveller in Denmark has likened the whole of the Cimbrian peninsula, consisting of Jutland and the Duchies of Holstein and Slesvig, to a tri-coloured flag of green, red, and yellow. The Eastern coast, with its gentle undulation of hill and dale and lovely beech woods, supplies the green stripe; the flat, barren, treeless desert of heath running up through the centre forms the red; and the Western coast, with its chain of bare sandhills, ending at the northernmost point in a level plain of sand, represents the yellow of the tri-colour. But even in this last stripe, the sandy region, there is an element of beauty; for the fiords, or arms of the sea, like the Scottish firths, run up far into the land, forming bays, gulfs, and creeks of the loveliest blue water. The numberless streams wherewith Jutland is everywhere intersected falling into these fiords, the water therein is often more fresh than salt; nevertheless, it rises and sinks with the ebb and flow of the tides of the German Ocean.

Beyond the fiords, the violence of the waves is very great; the shells are mostly ground into powder by them, and the sand is as formidable to foreign vessels continually stranded upon it as to the dwellers near the shore, who every now and then have their houses blockaded and half-buried by whirlwinds of flying mud. But lower down in the peninsula, the sandhills themselves being overgrown with a peculiar sort of bent grass—the only vegetable that can draw life from such a soil—oppose a barrier to the violence of the sea. Sometimes when the sun shines behind them these grass-grown sandhills deceive the wanderer with the semblance of wooded heights; while further inland, where they are quite bare, they cheat the eye with visions of white, snow-clad ranges of hills.

The largest and most northern of the Jutland fiords is the Limefiord, of the origin whereof the following legend is told:—

“There was once a strange sort of monster, like a wild boar in form, whose bristles rose above the tree-tops when he passed through the

woods. This monster, known as the Limogrim, raked up the earth till the sea burst into the aperture, and, making itself a deep channel, it became known as the Limegrimsfiord, afterwards contracted into Limefiord." Through the assistance of the Ayger Canal, this fiord now extends from the eastern to the western shore, from the Cattegat to the German Ocean. The region to the north of it is a flat space of sand. Lower down on the western coast is a much smaller opening, the Nissumfiord, and here the sandhills overgrown with bluish grass begin.

It was on a fine summer evening in June that an intelligent-looking lad, about fourteen years old, was returning with his books and slate from the nearest village school-house to one of the long low fishermen's cottages near the shore of the Nissumfiord. The cottage was built of wood, painted in black and yellow stripes, like most others in this neighbourhood. The climate requires that they should be externally painted every year, and whitewashed and coloured frequently within. A Jutlander not only paints his house himself; his own hands build him a new one, probably on the same spot, when the timbers of his old habitation have become rotten through bad weather; he procures fresh planks from the shore, and buys his double window ready framed and glazed at the nearest market town.

Hans Erickson—which was the name of the lad—entered the cottage, set down his books on the carved chest of drawers, painted bright red and blue, and called out, "Kirstin!" The room was very clean, and would have been neat but for the litter of wood splinters and shavings scattered about in one corner, where sat, busily engaged in carving a wooden figure, a white-haired old man, apparently very intent upon his occupation, for he scarcely raised his head from his work as the boy entered. Hans sat down on one of the wooden settles and called a second time, "Kirstin!"

His sister, Kirstin, appeared presently, her arms laden with peat for firing. Having stowed this away, "I am ready, Hans," she said; and tying a handkerchief round her head, she took up from the fire-place a pitcher full of warm ale, then nodded her head to the old man, who answered her with a smile, and the two went out together.

A healthy, active Jutland maiden was Kirstin, her hair brown, with threads of gold in it, her eyes a dark hazel, her features expressing peculiar serenity and sweetness. Some observers might have thought

they wanted animation, and retained too much of the simplicity of childhood for actual beauty, but at all events there was no lack of vigour about the young girl; and though she had done a good day's work, and though the wind was busy that bright evening, fighting with every article of her dress, tossing up columns of sand and pebbles at her feet, and impeding progress in every way, there was no weariness in her face or step.

They walked quickly, though every now and then obliged to turn round and wait till a gust more violent than usual had spent its fury; a few minutes brought them within sight of the sea. There lay the wide German Ocean glowing in the splendour of the summer sunset. A few black planks, the skeleton as it were of a ship wrecked only a fortnight ago, still pushed upwards through the sand of the shore, seeming to make a melancholy protest against the glorious beauty of earth, sea, and sky, the only dark objects in the scene, for the heavens were gold, the waves liquid gold, the sandhills that stretched inland as far as eye could see, like ocean-waves charmed into motionless rest, were gold also. Brother and sister stood on the shore shading their eyes with their hands, watching for the boats. The sun had set, Hans and Kirstin are no longer alone in their watch; other members of fishermen's families, wives and daughters, girls and boys, were now gathered on the shore, each bearing provisions of some sort.

It is not the custom of these hardy toilers of the sea to take any food with them on their expeditions; thus they are glad enough on landing to be welcomed with some warm invigorating draught. Kirstin had a word or a smile ready for every one of the watchers, old and young; but Hans seemed to stand aloof—perhaps he was rather older than the other lads about him. The soft beauty of the scene was gone, the sky had darkened, the wind sobbed and wailed bitterly through the long bluish grass growing on the sandhills, little white specks of foam dotted the sea, while three dreaded ridges fringing the coast were marked out by three unbroken streaks of white. These three sand-reefs form at once the danger and the safeguard of the coast; many a ship has been wrecked, many lives have been lost through them, but like a triple rampart they stand out against mountain-high waves, that without their resistance would sooner or later overflow and devastate the land.

Kirstin's interchange of greetings did not prevent her from being

the first to discern the little black point in the distance. "There they come!" she cried. "You always see them first!" said Hans, discontentedly. "I haven't hurt my eyes with reading small print, like you, Hans," she replied. "There they come!" was repeated joyfully from one to another, as the small black object grew larger before their eyes. It passed the first reef successfully, then shot forward more quickly—the second reef is passed; now for the third—the boat approaches—the watchers all fall upon their knees and clasp their hands in a brief prayer—very brief, and all spring up again. Kirstin and Hans take tight hold of each other's hands—one minute of suspense, a faint scream bursts from some of the women, but all is right; the boat is over the last ridge, scarce a stone's throw from the shore; another vigorous stroke of the oars, and the fishermen spring on the land.

Kirstin and Hans hurried forward to greet their father. Michael Erickson took his daughter's pitcher with both hands and emptied it at one draught; then after pausing a moment to stroke her cheek and let her kiss him, he rejoined his companions, who were now engaged in dividing the fish they had caught into equal shares. His son and daughter each took up Michael's fish, his own hands being engaged with the nets. A good-looking young man came up and said, "Good evening, Kirstin; let me carry the fish home for you."

"I like to carry it myself, thank you, and you have your own to carry," she replied.

"Ah," said her father, "there's no need to take you out of your way, Morten. I suppose you took Karen home in good time, Kirstin?"

"Yes, I took her home," was the reply; "but, Morten, cannot you tell old Elsa she must not frighten the child with dismal tales—she will not mind what I say."

"If she won't mind you, she will mind me still less," said the young fisherman; "but I will tell Karen she must not be a little coward—and good-night, and thank you, Kirstin, for your kindness to my poor little step-sister. Good-night, Michael Erickson; good-night, Hans."

"You were very short with him, father," said Hans, in a grumbling tone that seemed habitual to him. "Why shouldn't Morten come and sup with us? he is always good company."

"I don't always want company," said Michael, sententiously.

They entered the fisherman's cottage; their ordinary dwelling-room was large, for the grandfather lived with them. Michael entered first, Hans and Kirstin stopping to hang up the fish on lines to dry, just in front of the house. When Kirstin went in, eager to lay out the supper, her father greeted her with, "Kirstin, I thought you said you had taken Karen home?" The girl uttered an exclamation of surprise, for in the chimney-corner, his favourite seat, sat her white-haired grandfather, holding nestled in his arms a little girl with closed eyes and flushed cheek, her head with its flaxen curls thrown back against the old man's chest.

"The child was frightened," he said; "so she came back to me, and I talked to her till she fell asleep; but do not wake her."

"She must be waked up when she is taken home," said Kirstin; "but there's no hurry, father must have supper first;" and she busied herself in getting it ready, and her father seated himself with an air of serious enjoyment. Kirstin waited upon him and her grandfather, who would not stir from his corner lest he should wake the child; and the good-humoured girl not only brought him his basin of porridge, but fed him with her own hands.

Hans sat at table with his father, his left hand keeping his place in the book he had taken up on entering the house, while the right one conveyed his spoon to his mouth. "Go and do as your sister is doing, and let her sit down to supper," said his father, presently; and Hans got up accordingly, though rather unwillingly, for disobedience was not to be thought of in Michael Erickson's home.

But Kirstin's meal was ended in very few minutes, and she then took the little girl from the old man's arms. "Now, Karen, dear, wake up, for I must take you home." The child's eyes opened, a pair of dreamy blue eyes were raised inquiringly to Kirstin's face; she was eight years old, but her slight form and delicate features—unusual among peasants—made her appear much younger, and her weight was not too heavy a burden for her healthy young nurse, though Kirstin had not counted more than fifteen summers.

Michael bade Hans get up and go with his sister to Morten Ranildson's; and Hans, who had returned to his studies, sighed as he put down his beloved book and rose up from his seat. Michael grinned, "The schoolmaster 'll make but a poor fellow of thee, my lad, if thou canst do nought but read." Yet in his heart the fisherman was right down

glad and proud of his son's devotion to his books. Every Jutlander can read ; and there is scarce a cottage, however humble, but can boast its book-shelf, where the history of Denmark, Holberg's comedies, and sometimes a translation of Shakespeare or the Arabian Nights, rest side by side with the Bible. And Michael's secret ambition was to send his son, whose quiet habits and comparatively slight make unfitted him for a fisherman's life, to some Government school, where he might learn to get his living by the work of his brain instead of his hands. At present he was only thirteen years old, and under the village schoolmaster, who spared no pains to educate this, his favourite pupil.

"Oh, what a beautiful night!" exclaimed Kirstin as she stepped out of doors with her charge, her brother beside her. "Look at the stars, Karen ; see, there is 'Charles's Wain,' and there 'Our Lady's Wain,' and 'Freya's Wheel,'"—the names given by Scandinavian peasants to other constellations.

"Mr. Gröndal says he will teach me astronemy some day, and then I shall be able to tell you the names of the heavenly bodies in Latin, and reckon their distances from each other," said Hans.

"It must be grand, knowing the stars' names in Latin," replied his sister ; "but as for their distances from each other, I can hardly imagine how any one can find that out. You will want a very big telescope, Hans, for that."

"Ah, when I go to Copenhagen, and see the observatory there ! Kirstin, I think I should like to live in a great city. I should not care to learn a great deal, and then, like our pastor, go nigh to forget it all, living among farmers and fishermen."

"Don't get up quite among the stars, Hans," said his sister, laughing, "or we shall not be able to follow you even in our thoughts. I think, for my part, you might be very proud to be like our pastor. Karen," she said, presently, "don't go to sleep again. I want you to tell me, darling, what made you come back to us after I had taken you home."

"I was frightened," said the little girl, in a low voice.

"Frightened ? but at what ?"

"Old Elsa told me a story about a ghost, and then the wind blew, and the sea was rough, and she said perhaps Morten would not come home to-night ; and then she told me the sea would have a victim every year, or else it would sweep over the land, and that in former times people used every year to put out a little child in a barrel for the sea to

take for its victim; and then I thought she looked as though she would put *me* out in a barrel; and so I ran away when she was not looking; and old Magnus Erickson said I might stay with him, and I went to sleep."

Kirstin was silent a few minutes. "Karen," she then said, "it was silly of you to be frightened, for you know old Elsa would not harm you; she has taken good care of you many a night when Morten has not come home. And if they did such wicked things as she told you of in the old times, be sure they would not do them now; our good king would punish people if they did. And about the sea, Karen; tell me who made the sea."

"Our Lord," said the little girl, reverently.

"Yes; and it cannot come over the land unless our Lord bids it come; and He loves you, Karen, and will not let it harm you. I will teach you a verse in the Psalms, Karen, that I often say to myself when I see the waves rising high, and my father is on them;" and she repeated: "The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods are risen, the floods lift up their waves. The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier." The child repeated the words after her. "But you are brave, Kirstin. I can't be brave."

"I don't know that I am brave," said Kirstin. "I know I often feel afraid; but then, Karen, I repeat a verse, or I make the sign of the cross, and that gives me courage again."

"Now, Kirstin, you are as bad as the child," said Hans.

"Mr. Gröndal says it is shocking how superstitious people are in these parts. What good can the sign of the cross do you?"

"You know you told me what the schoolmaster said about that before," replied his sister. "And so, when I went to the pastor about my confirmation, I asked him whether it was wrong to sign myself with the cross when I felt afraid. And Hans, he said there was no harm in doing it, provided I remembered it was not my making the sign, but my faith and trust in our Lord that would keep me safe; and so I like to do as I have been used to do, and as grandfather does, and Morten."

"Yes, of course, everybody is superstitious here," pronounced her brother, in a tone of sublime superiority.

"Who is superstitious here?" inquired a clear, manly voice, close to them in the darkness.

"Oh, Morten! here is Karen," cried Kirstin; "have you been uneasy about her?"

"I guessed she was at your house, and was just coming after her," was the reply. "Come in, both of you, and sit down a minute;" and he led them into the dwelling-room, where old Elsa was hovering about the supper-table with a more than usually uneasy expression on her face, that betrayed that she had just been receiving a sharp lecture from her young master. "Well, Hans," said Morten, "you will take a glass of ale after your walk. Now, Karen, what were you frightened about?"

"About the sea, and ghosts; but Kirstin has told me about our Lord being mightier than the sea; but ghosts, Morten—you believe in ghosts, don't you? every one believes in ghosts."

Morten took his little step-sister in his arms, and stroked her flaxen curls with an air of profound meditation; he was fairly driven into a corner; he was only an untaught, though intelligent, mariner, and used to the society of mates more credulous and ignorant than himself. He was sincerely anxious to set his little sister free from supernatural terrors, and yet he must speak the truth; he looked tenderly into her face, raised so wistfully towards his, as he answered, "I tell you what, Karen, I never saw a ghost myself, though I have heard of them. I think it is very seldom they are allowed to come troubling us; and I am quite sure our Lord will not let them harm us, if we say our prayers and do our duty. And of all the stories I ever heard about ghosts, I never heard of one hurting a good little girl like my Karen, whom the angels are sure to be watching. Whenever they have done harm it has been to people who had wronged them, or who were foolish enough to be afraid. Nothing ever hurts anybody who trusts in God, Karen. All the stories about elves and trolls, and ghosts and witches, show they can do no harm to the fearless and true-hearted.

"Come, Karen," said Kirstin, "you are sleepy and tired, let me put you to bed;" and she took the little girl into the sleeping chamber.

"Morten says you will sing to me," said the child, her arms still clinging to Kirstin as she laid her in bed.

"Well, what shall I sing—about Maid Thorailil?" and Kirstin's clear, sweet voice began the quaint old ballad:

"Maid Thorailil wanders at evening hour;
She spoke the Name that frees from thrall,
She tends each herb, she waters each flower,
'God bring us to Paradise all.'"

THE WEEPING AND THE SMILING CHILD.

An angel stood by her, his look was so mild,
 'To Paradise come, then, with me, dear child!'
 Maid Thorali then on her knees fell down;
 She prayed for the king who bears sceptre and crown.
 She prayed for the peasant who ploughs the soil,
 'God grant he may eat of the fruit of his toil.'
 She prayed for poor women who children bear,
 'God grant them release from their pain and their care.'
 She prayed for young children who learn at the school,
 'God grant them to profit from lesson and rule.'
 She prayed for poor servants who work for their bread,
 'God help them in trouble when sore bestead.'
 She prayed for the widows and fatherless poor,
 'God grant to them a kind neighbour's door.'
 She prayed for the ships 'mid the salt sea-foam,
 'God grant them fair winds and a safe voyage home.'
 She prayed for the captives in prison and chain,
 'God sunder their fetters and comfort their pain.'
 Now, Christians, ye've heard Maid Thorali's song,
 She spoke the Name that frees from thrall,
 God help us our wilderness journey along,
 And bring us to Paradise all!"

(To be continued.)

THE WEEPING AND THE SMILING CHILD.

Translated, by permission, from the German of Rosalie Koch.



ALL waxen tapers glimmer in the vast hall. Their light falls upon rich garlands of roses and lilies, heliotrope and dark poppies, while a sweet solemn anthem echoes round—

"How they so softly rest,
 All, all, the holy dead!"

Among the glorious flowers, and light, and music, a child—a happy child—lies sleeping. How can she sleep with so much loveliness around her?

She, too, is beautiful. In her hair is a chaplet of white roses, her tiny hands close over a branch of everlasting, and she is smiling in her

sleep. She is fair, very fair; but, ah! so pale. Would that she could awake and open her eyes once more!

But on this poor earth of ours the child will never wake. And she smiles because she now looks on things far lovelier than the flowers, and hears softer and sweeter sounds than that thrilling anthem for the dead. In her unspeakable gladness she wonders at the sorrow of her parents; for was not her happiness ever their most ardent wish, and care, and prayer? She knows, too, that she shall see them again, and that they will be partakers of her blessedness. Therefore she smiles, as the dead so often smile.


Why, then, is her elder sister weeping so very, very bitterly? She kneels among the lights and the flowers, and presses her trembling lips again and again to the white dress of the sleeper. It is but the dress she touches—the hands—the lips, she could not kiss—for the dead are holy. Let us go to her, and tell her that her sister is only gone a little sooner to their happy home, and that they will meet in heaven. Alas! it is not only for the sorrow of the parting that she weeps. She had loved her silent sister tenderly, but either she had not rightly understood how tenderly, or her love had sometimes been forgotten, for she had been selfish and unkind to the little one, and not many days ago had refused to lend her a plaything—her beautiful wax doll. The child had wept then, but now her sister's tears fall far faster and more bitterly; and so, whilst timidly she ventures to kiss the little dress, timidly, too, she hides the doll among the folds of white muslin that fall over the bier. And the little one smiles on—smiles even as she is hidden from their sight in the cold earth. Death cannot be sad!—cannot be terrible! Beneath the grass the fair child smiles, as the dead so often smile.

But her sister still wept. Every evening when her prayer was ended, she whispered low—so low that even her mother could not hear—“Alas! I grieved thee, yet I did so dearly love thee!”

And this grief grew into her life. Never again did she wilfully pain even those she could not love, and to those she did love, how gentle and affectionate was she! How warm a place she gave them in her heart! For she remembered death, and how hard it is to stand beside the silent, motionless form, and say, “Alas! I grieved thee, yet I did so dearly love thee!”

AUBÉFINE.

NOVEMBER METEORS.

 It is probable that many of Aunt Judy's friends were fortunate enough to see the shower of meteors which was visible during the night between the 13th and 14th November in 1866. Those who did not can hardly appreciate its grandeur from a written description. Yet most people have on clear nights occasionally seen a star suddenly appear where there was none before, and after rapidly shooting across the sky, become extinguished as suddenly as it had appeared. This is a shooting star or a meteor. The sight is certainly curious, and opens a great field for thinking and speculating. Yet a *shower* of meteors or shooting stars is a far more imposing sight. Imagine them falling all round, as they have been described, five or six at a time; or, as was the case in the shower of 1866, shooting across the sky from east to west, looking as if some battery planted in the eastern skies were hurling huge bombs in all directions upon the earth, catching fire now in one, now in another part of the heavens; chasing one another in their course, leaving behind them long trains of light to mark their paths, and the trains disappearing after one or two seconds, to be again succeeded by others. As a general rule, the meteors seem to be of no great size, not so large as many of the stars; but now one shoots across the sky rivalling Venus in brilliancy. What a splendid train it leaves behind! Minutes pass on, but the train remains. It is now of a serpentine form. Other meteors appear and disappear, but the train still lingers on, having curled itself into a ball. It lasts for half an hour or more, and gradually disappears. A light now flashes in our eyes, and attracts our gaze to that part of the heavens where there is a great meteor not much smaller than the moon. See how it changes colour! It is now green, now red, purple, and blue in succession. What a splendid golden hue is its train! Now it explodes into a hundred parts and we see no more of it.

Such are some of the appearances which can be seen from a good situation on certain nights. It is a truly wonderful sight. The numbers increase rapidly, and decrease equally so, and after a few hours it is past. But the fact that we see no more of it is no reason why we should not know more about it. One's first idea is that

nothing can be explained—that the whole is too transitory to leave us time to arrive at any conclusions. But it must be remembered that a similar shower had often been observed before 1866. For example, on the 13th November in 1833, that is to say, exactly thirty-three years before, a similar one was seen of even greater splendour in America. In 1799, also on the same day in November, that is, thirty-four years previously, another was visible. Both these showers were observed by scientific men on the other side of the Atlantic. In 1867 and 1868, also, the sight was repeated. In fact, it seems always to last for three or four years at a time, though only seen for a few hours in each year. The abject terror of the natives in America on these occasions has often been described. They imagined that the world must be set on fire. Even in England the case was the same. Poachers and other night-wanderers were frightened out of their wits. Some people thought we should never again see any stars, as they must all have fallen from the sky.

This alarm of the uneducated has, however, been extremely useful in increasing our knowledge about meteors, for events which caused such terror have naturally been recorded; and we have, in consequence, a long list of dates when such showers have been seen about the beginning of November. From these it has been concluded that great meteor-showers occur every thirty-three years in some part or other of the world. They have not been chronicled every time, but they may sometimes have occurred in parts of the world inhabited by savages, or in the ocean. Now what do we learn from the fact that the shower occurs only at one time in the year? We all know that the earth goes round the sun once in a year, and that at any one time, such as the beginning of November, it is in a different position to that of any other time in the year; and from this it follows that the meteors are placed in that position which the earth occupies in the beginning of November. But if this place were always filled with meteors we should come into collision with them once every year instead of every thirty-three years. But the truth is, that the cluster of meteors travels round the sun once in every thirty-three years. It is a very long cluster, and takes three or four years to pass us; and it is for this reason that we see the meteors for three or four years in succession. The earth rushes through the cluster in a few hours, and this accounts for the short duration of the showers.

* It must not be forgotten that there are other regular showers of meteors besides the November one, though that is by far the grandest. Another occurs every year in greater or less splendour in August, and lasts from the 9th to the 11th of that month, or longer. This shower has been noticed for hundreds of years, and the peasants of France call them the fiery stars of St. Laurence, on the eve of whose death they appear. Another shower is usually seen on the 21st of April, and others of less interest appear at different times throughout the year. We shall, however, confine ourselves chiefly to the November shower, which is the most interesting and the most instructive. This cluster of meteors is rushing through space very rapidly, and of course all the meteors which compose it are moving in the same direction. This is a fact which was evident to any careful observer of the 1866 shower. All the meteors were travelling from east to west, and seemed to come from one point, fixed among the stars. Now this appearance of radiating from one point is the necessary consequence of their all travelling in the same direction. This will easily be understood when we remember that on looking along a railway the lines which are all in the same direction seem to meet in a very distant point, and if a number of meteors were to be shot along the lines they would all seem to radiate from that point.

The appearance of a meteor-shower has been likened to the firing of bombs from a battery, which take fire at different points. Doubtless it occurred to many to ask why they should take fire at one point rather than another. The meteors are not always bright, or else we should see them all start from the radiant point. If two people at distant places see the same meteor, and mark its position among the stars, they can calculate its height. This has often been done, and their height above the earth is about sixty or eighty miles when they take fire. Why, then, should they take fire exactly at this height? The most satisfactory explanation is this: we all know that the atmosphere surrounds the earth to a very great height. Well, it is supposed that meteors strike the boundary of the atmosphere with such force that they are inflamed. It cannot be denied that at first sight this appears a little absurd. But further reflection leads us to think that possibly, nay even probably, this is the true explanation. When an anvil is struck by a hammer it feels quite hot. When a train is stopped by the brake on the wheels, the heat is so great that sparks fly up. If a sailor

slides down a rope, partly stopping his motion by holding the rope, it burns his hands. These and other facts led philosophers to suspect that whenever motion is impeded, heat is produced; and all the tests which have been applied tend to verify this suspicion. Take any case, such as rubbing two sticks together, by which means savages kindle fires. I rub one stick along the other, and the friction impedes the motion, and thus heat is produced. If I rub gently, I hardly feel the friction, so that very little heat is produced. But if I press hard and rub quickly, there is much more friction, and also much more heat. By hammering a piece of iron a great deal it is heated more and more, and at last becomes red-hot. If all these blows were combined into a very great one the same effect would be produced. This is just what happens with a meteor, which strikes the air with the enormous velocity of thirty miles in a second. If any one finds it difficult to believe that a blow given to the air can produce such an effect, his misgiving might be lessened by seeing an experiment which has often been made. A strong glass tube is used, closed at one end; a tight-fitting ramrod is put into the other, and a small piece of tinder is fastened to the end of this rod. If with a sudden blow the rod is driven into the tube, it compresses the air so suddenly as to inflame the tinder. If the explanation given above still appear unsatisfactory it must remain so at present; for the facts which we have been discussing are connected with some of the most abstruse questions in science, and cannot be made quite evident in a popular manner without devoting more time and space than would be compatible with the object of this account.

It may be asked, and with good reason too, what becomes of the meteors. We do not find them strewn on the ground after the November shower. Are we, then, to suppose that they escape from our atmosphere and again fly off into space? No. They are burnt down, it is supposed, into ashy powder, which is too fine to be noticed when it reaches the earth. But this is not always the case. Sometimes meteors are so large, and so incombustible, that they fall to the earth before they are consumed. At times they burst into fragments, and fall either in a few pieces or else as a shower of stones upon the ground, covering occasionally several square miles. All these appearances have been seen, and generally when the lucky beholder rushes to pick up the stones they are too hot to be held. They have sometimes set fire to houses and haystacks, and four people have been killed

by them at different times, namely, two Swedish sailors, a monk, and a friar. On the night of the November shower in 1866, a detective in Edinburgh was found dead on Salisbury Crags. It was for some time really believed by some that he had been killed by one of these stones. A meteor which falls to the earth is usually called an "aërolite" (*stone of the air*). They are made of quite different materials from anything we find on the earth, and many stones which have fallen unnoticed have been discovered to be meteors by their constitution. It is supposed that possibly the image of Diana, said to have fallen from heaven, and mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of the Acts, may have been an aërolite. It is certainly extremely probable that ignorant people should worship that which had been seen to fall from heaven.

It was a comparatively late discovery that the meteors which flash across the sky are of the same nature as the stones which fall to the ground. But how much more strange does it seem that *comets* should belong to the same class! Every one knows that comets look like stars in the sky, usually with long tails spreading out from them. They revolve round the sun as the earth does, and as the clusters of meteors do. It has been discovered that a comet which was seen in 1865 travels round the sun in just the same course as the meteors which we see in November. Another comet revolves round in the same path as the August cluster, and it is not improbable that each cluster will be found to have a corresponding comet. What the connection is between comets and meteors must still be a mere guess. Possibly the clusters are those fragments of the tails of comets which have often been suspected to be whisked off in the rapid turn which they make round the sun. Are we, then, to suppose that we come into collision with a comet's tail every time we see a shower of meteors? The inference seems to be probably correct. If it be so, how curious it is that we should be able to look back with pleasure, and recollections of its grandeur, upon an event, the very anticipation of which even in late times used to rouse expectations of dread pestilence, or universal conflagration.

GEORGE FORBES.

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

I.—KIND WILLIAM AND THE WATER SPRITE.



HERE once lived a poor weaver, whose wife died a few years after their marriage. He was now alone in the world except for their child, who was a very quick and industrious little lad, and, moreover, of such an obliging disposition that he gained the nickname of Kind William.

On his seventh birthday his father gave him a little net with a long handle, and with this Kind William betook himself to a shallow part of the river to fish. After wandering on for some time, he found a quiet pool dammed in by stones, and here he dipped for the minnows that darted about in the clear brown water. At the first and second casts he caught nothing, but after the third he landed no less than twenty-one little fishes, and such minnows he had never seen, for as they leaped and struggled in the net they shone with alternate tints of green and gold.

He was gazing at them with wonder and delight, when a voice behind him cried in piteous tones—

“Oh, my little sisters! Oh, my little sisters!”

Kind William turned round, and saw, sitting on a rock that stood out of the stream, a young girl weeping bitterly. She had a very pretty face, and abundant yellow hair of marvellous length, and of such uncommon brightness that even in the shade it shone like gold. She was dressed in grass green, and from her knees downwards she was hidden by the clumps of fern and rushes that grew by the water.

“What ails you, lassie?” said Kind William.

But the maid only wept more bitterly, and wringing her hands, repeated, “Oh, my little sisters! Oh, my little sisters!” presently adding in the same tone, “The little fishes! Oh, the little fishes!”

“Dry your eyes, and I will give you half of them,” said the good-natured child; “and if you have no net you shall fish with me this afternoon.”

But at this proposal the maid’s sobs redoubled, and she prayed and begged with frantic eagerness that he would throw the fish back into the river. For some time Kind William would not consent to throw

away his prize, but at last he yielded to her excessive grief, and emptied the net into the pool, where the glittering fishes were soon lost to sight under the sand and pebbles.

The girl now laughed and clapped her hands.

"This good deed you shall never rue, Kind William," said she, "and I will at once repay you threefold. How many fish did you catch?"



"Twenty-one," said Kind William, not without some regret in his tone.

The maid at once began to pull hairs out of her head, and did not stop till she had counted sixty-three, and laid them together in her

fingers. She then began to wind the lock up into a curl, and it took longer to wind than the sixty-three hairs had taken to pull. How long her hair really was Kind William never could tell, for after it reached her knees he lost sight of it among the fern; but he began to suspect that she was no true village maid but a water sprite, and he heartily wished himself safe at home.

"Now," said she, when the lock was wound, "will you promise me three things?"

"If I can do so without sin," said Kind William.

"First," she continued, holding out the lock of hair, "will you keep this carefully, and never give it away? It will be for your own good."

"One never gives away gifts," said Kind William. "I promise that."

"The second thing is to spare what you have spared. Fish up the river and down the river at your will, but swear never to cast net in this pool again."

"One should not do kindness by halves," said Kind William. "I promise that also."

"Thirdly, you must never tell what you have now seen and heard till thrice seven years have passed. And now come hither, my child, and give me your little finger, that I may see if you can keep a secret."

But by this time Kind William's hairs were standing on end, and he gave the last promise more from fear than from any other motive, and seized his net to go.

"No hurry, no hurry," said the maiden (and the words sounded like the rippling of a brook over pebbles). Then bending towards him, with a strange smile, she added, "You are afraid that I shall pinch too hard, my pretty boy. Well, give me a farewell kiss before you go."

"I kiss none but the miller's lassie," said Kind William, sturdily; for she was his little sweetheart. Besides, he was afraid that the water witch would enchant him and draw him down. At his answer she laughed till the echoes rang. But Kind William shuddered as he noticed that the echoes seemed to come from the river instead of from the hills; and they rang in his ears like a distant torrent leaping over rocks.

"Who are your parents, my child?" she asked; "and how old may you be?"

"My mother is dead, and my father is a weaver, and I am seven years old to-day."

"Then listen to my song," said the water sprite. With which she drew some of her golden hairs over her arm, and tuning them as if they had been the strings of a harp, she began to sing:

"Warp of woollen and woof of gold:
When seven and seven and seven are told."

But when Kind William heard that the river was running with the cadence of the tune, he could bear it no longer, and took to his heels. When he had run a few yards he heard a splash, as if a salmon had jumped, and on looking back he found that the yellow-haired maiden was gone.

Kind William was trustworthy as well as obliging, and he kept his word. He said nothing of his adventure. He put the yellow lock into an old china teapot that had stood untouched on the mantelpiece for years. And fishing up the river and down the river he never again cast net into the haunted pool. And in due time the whole affair passed from his mind.

Fourteen years went by, and Kind William was Kind William still. He was as obliging as ever, and still loved the miller's daughter, who, for her part, had not forgotten her old playmate. But the miller's memory was not so good, for the fourteen years had been prosperous ones with him, and he was rich, whereas they had only brought bad trade and poverty to the weaver and his son. So the lovers were not allowed even to speak to each other.

One evening Kind William wandered by the river side lamenting his hard fate. It was his twenty-first birthday, and he might not even receive the good wishes of the day from his old playmate. It was just growing dusk, a time when prudent bodies hurry home from the neighbourhood of fairy rings, sprite-haunted streams, and the like, and Kind William was beginning to quicken his pace, when a voice from behind him sang—

"Warp of woollen and woof of gold:
Now seven and seven and seven are told."

Kind William felt sure that he had heard this before, though he could not recall when or where; but suspecting that it was no mortal voice that sang, he hurried home without looking behind him. Before he

reached the house he remembered all, and also that on this very day his promise of secrecy expired.

Meanwhile the old weaver had been sadly preparing the loom to weave a small stock of yarn, which he had received in payment for some work. He had set up the warp, and was about to fill the shuttle, when his son came in and told the story, and repeated the water sprite's song.

"Where is the lock of hair, my son?" asked the old man.

"It must be in the teapot still, if you have not touched it," said Kind William; "but the dust and dirt of fourteen years must have destroyed all gloss and colour."

But on searching the teapot, the lock of hair was found as bright as ever, and it lay on the weaver's hand like a coil of gold.

"It is the song that puzzles me," said Kind William. "Seven, and seven, and seven, make twenty-one. Now that is just my age."

"There is your warp of woollen, if that is anything," added the weaver, gazing at the loom with a melancholy air.

"And this is golden enough," laughed Kind William, pointing to the lock. "Come, father, let us see how far one hair will go on the shuttle." And suiting the action to the word, he began to wind. He wound the shuttle full, and then sat down to the loom and began to throw.

The result was a fabric of such beauty, that the weavers shouted with amazement, and one single hair served for the woof of the whole piece.

For this cloth they got a high price, and the demand became so great, that before the sixty-three hairs were used up, they had realized a small fortune.

About this time the miller's memory became considerably clearer, and he was often heard to allude to a childish attachment that had existed between his dear daughter and the wealthy manufacturer of the golden cloth.

Shortly afterwards Kind William married his old sweetheart, and as money clings to money, he eventually added the old miller's riches to his own.

And there is every reason to believe that he and his wife lived happily to the end of their days.

And what became of the water sprite? That you must ask somebody else, for I do not know.

The Poodle.

Music and Words by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Once there liv'd a lit - tle poo - dle with a coat as white as

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Poodle'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Once there liv'd a lit - tle poo - dle with a coat as white as' are written below the vocal line.

snow, And his mas - ter lov'd him dear - ly. and his

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'snow, And his mas - ter lov'd him dear - ly. and his'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

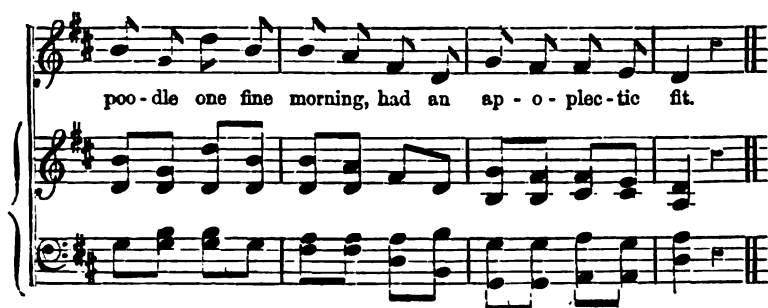
mis - tress lov'd him so, That when - e - ver she was

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'mis - tress lov'd him so, That when - e - ver she was'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the system.



eat - ing, she gave him the ni - cest bit, Till the

The first system of the musical score for 'The Poodle'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'eat - ing, she gave him the ni - cest bit, Till the' are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.



poo - dle one fine morning, had an ap - o - plec - tic fit.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'poo - dle one fine morning, had an ap - o - plec - tic fit.' are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure.

2.

"Oh my poodle! darling poodle!" his mistress then did cry;
"Oh my sweetest little Bow-wow-wow, for goodness' sake don't die!"
But the poodle gave a little yelp, and then he softly sigh'd,
Then wagged his fluffy little tail, and quietly he died.

3.

Then she fretted, and she fretted, but all, alas, in vain,
So she made a vow she never would keep poodle dogs again;
But how weak is human nature, ere three months had gone past,
She had bought another poodle dog exactly like the last!



THE TOUR OF THE BUNNIEWINKS.



R. and Mrs. Bunniewink determined to go for a tour in the holidays, so they got Wyld's Atlas, to look for a place to go to.

First they looked at a map of the world, but the names of the places were printed too small for Mr. Bunniewink to see to read them. So they turned to the map of Europe, but the print was too small there too: so they turned to the map of England, and the first name they read was Cornwall; and Mr. Bunniewink said, "Maria, we will go to Cornwall."

Mrs. Bunniewink said, "Very well, William; but I cannot and I will not go down a mine, William;" and Mr. Bunniewink said, "Maria, wait till the time comes."

Mr. and Mrs. Bunniewink's two children returned from school this very evening, so they never unpacked their boxes, that they might be ready to start the next day. The boy's name was Montezuma, and the girl's Andromache (Mrs. Bunniewink chose these names because she liked uncommon and heroic names), but they were always called Zummy and Drummie! Zummy and Drummie got up at five the next morning in order to be in time, although their train would not start until 11.15. They spent most of the morning on the staircase, and were dreadfully in the way. Mr. Bunniewink was very busy packing, because he had to take a Guide-book to find his way about by, and pistols to protect himself and family, for he had heard Cornwall called West Barbary, and made up his mind that it was a place without roads, and infested with Moors. Mrs. Bunniewink lay down to rest before she got tired, fearing she might not have time afterwards. Presently the cab came, and Zummy immediately rode down the banisters to the hall, and scrambled on to the roof of the fly, just where he was not wanted, because that was the place for the boxes—and Cabby collared him, and put him down in the hall again. Presently Mr. Bunniewink came down, with his Guide-book in a parcel in one hand, and his pistols in a box in the other, and a large comforter round his neck, and large goloshes on his feet, and a macintosh on his arm,—well protected against the damps and dangers of the far west. But

Mrs. Bunniewink wore a pink bonnet and primrose gloves, "because you know, William, one never knows who one may not meet on the stations, William."

So Mr. and Mrs. Bunniewink settled themselves in the cab, and the children and the Guide-book and the pistols, and the macintosh and all the rest of the *et ceteras* were settled in the back seat, and Zummy and Drummie rejoiced they were going for a *tour*, though they didn't exactly know what it was.

Zummy and Drummie behaved very well during the journey to Plymouth, but then they were so sleepy after their early rising; and between their naps they had to tell one another everything that had happened during the half.

After a good deal of bustle and confusion at the Plymouth station they were all packed into the 'bus, and the 'bus took them to the Royal Hotel, and Zummy and Drummie were much pleased at having rooms at the very end of the long passage there, so that they had to run the whole length every time they went in and out.

They had tea and went to bed, and the next morning they got up and had breakfast, and then they went out to see everything that was to be seen.

They saw the Citadel, where half the soldiers live, and Mount Wise, where the other half live. They saw the Devonport and Keyham Dockyards, where the ships that go to sea and those that stay at home are built. They saw Mount Edgcumbe and the Catwater, Bull Point and Mutton Cove; and they went on the Hoe and had a bird's-eye view of all they had, or had not seen before; and then they went home to the hotel so awfully tired that they thought their beds were the loveliest sight of all.

The next morning it rained so hard that they could not go on with their tour, as they had intended, but it cleared in the afternoon, so Mr. and Mrs. Bunniewink determined to start; but they could not find Zummy and Drummie anywhere. They rang the bell and asked the waiter, but he did not know. They rang the bell for the chambermaid, but she did not know—the master of the house did not know—boots did not know.

Mr. Bunniewink loaded his pistols, ready to fire on the stealer and murderer of his children as soon as he should be found.

Everybody looked everywhere, excepting in everybody else's bed-

rooms, and if they had only looked there they would have seen that every bed looked as if it had been slept in.

Presently an old gentleman came in and went into his room in a great bustle, and when he got in, he found a boy and a girl sound asleep in his bed !

He was astonished, and rang for boots, to take away Zummy and Drummie, who when they were awake confessed that "they were tired of running races up and down the long passage, so for a change they had tried every bed in every room, and they found this so comfortable, they had fallen asleep in it, which they never meant to do."

The old admiral grunted when he heard this story, but he gave them each a new shilling, nevertheless. By this time it was so late Mr. and Mrs. Bunniewink had to put off continuing the tour for that day.

The next morning they all started for Cornwall without any adventure whatever, but as they left Devonport Mrs. Bunniewink asked Mr. Bunniewink what was the next station.

"Saltash," said Mr. Bunniewink.

"Then, William, we are approaching the Albert Bridge, and I made up my mind the day I read an account of that bridge in the 'Record,' that I would *never* go over it, and I won't, indeed I won't, William."

And Mrs. Bunniewink put her head out of the carriage window (which by-the-bye is a very dangerous thing to do) and began to scream to the guard to stop the train and let her out ; but the guard never heard her, and the train kept going on, and the wind was blowing freshly, and Mrs. Bunniewink's pink bonnet blew off: for a minute it flew about in air like a kite, and then dropped into the horrid black mud, just as they crossed the Skew Bridge.

Then Mrs. Bunniewink was quite overcome. She nearly fainted into Mr. Bunniewink's arms, and remained in that state until they drew up at Saltash, when she recovered instantly, and desired the guard to let her out, for "she would never go over that Albert Bridge;" and the guard said, "We are over it, ma'am." Poor Mrs. Bunniewink was angry to think that she had been taken over the bridge in a fainting state without a bonnet, and she ought to have been very angry with herself for fainting in that way, and missing the beautiful view up and down the wooded banks of the Tamar, with the quiet old men-of-war sleeping in the Hamoaze, and the quaint little town of Saltash piled up against the hill, on the Cornish side of the water.

She was so upset that she lay down in the carriage to rest, and slept

until they reached Bodmin Road Station. Mr. Bunniewink had great trouble in keeping Zummy and Drummie quiet in crossing the viaducts, they were so excited at flying over the tops of the trees in the woods, they very nearly thought they were birds. Mr. Bunniewink having discovered in his Guide-book that Bodmin was the "chief city" in Cornwall, determined to visit it. Mrs. Bunniewink got a bonnet then, in the place of the poor pink, but it was only black with amber roses, and she didn't care much about it.

Mr. Bunniewink took Zummy and Drummie to see the gaol, the assize courts, and the lunatic asylum, and gave them a little lecture on each place, and they disliked it all equally.

As they did not like Bodmin, they did not stay there, but went on to Truro that afternoon, and were astonished at the china clay works they passed through on the road.

Mr. Bunniewink got his Guide-book immediately, and began to read to Zummy and Drummie all about china clay and china stone; how it is dug out of the ground; and when it has been washed and dried it is sent to Worcester to make the best china of—but they did not hear a word their papa read, partly because the train made too much noise, and partly because they were not attending. Zummy was only wishing to jump flop into the fields of cream he saw, and which he felt sure must be good to eat, and Drummie became quite thirsty with longing to taste the rivers of milk they passed.

They entreated to be allowed to get out at the next station to see these white wonders nearer, but Mr. Bunniewink said, "No, the tickets were taken for Truro." Indeed he got into a rage at having to wait at Burngullow, the regular clay station, apparently for no reason whatever, except for the porters to have a little talk, and he scolded a porter a good deal about it, but he did not mind; only when Mr. Bunniewink had finished, the porter who had been scolded said to the porter who had not been scolded, "Up the country gent, that." The other porter was just going to laugh, but the train moved off at that very moment, and presently they reached Truro.

They were quite pleased with Truro. Mr. Bunniewink kept on saying, "Civilised" each time a little louder than the last, all the way from the station to the inn; and as it is some little way he was nearly shouting by the time he reached the Royal Hotel.

Mrs. Bunniewink was refreshed by the sight of the shops, and

Zummy and Drummie were enchanted with the clear little streams of water in the streets.

The first thing after breakfast the next morning they went out to see the town. Mr. and Mrs. Bunniewink started arm-in-arm, and Zummy and Drummie hand-in-hand.

They first went to see St. Mary's Church, and they were astonished at the beautiful great granite stones it is built of, which are carved all over; and they were also surprised to see what a poor plain little tower there is; but the person who showed them the church explained that to them. The church was finished and standing in its place, and the tower was finished too, of carved stones to match the church, but as the tower was built at the quarry, it had to be taken to Truro in a waggon; and as the tower was one hundred and twenty-five feet high it was tremendously heavy, and the waggon broke down at Probus; so the grand tower which had been made for the grand church at Truro had to be put up at Probus, and the plain tower which was intended for Probus was to be built at Truro; but they put St. Mary's beautiful bells into the plain tower.

When they had finished looking at St. Mary's Church, they went to see Lemon Street, and Mrs. Bunniewink would only say it was "not as fine as Regent Street," which was extremely silly of her, for it never pretended to be so fine, though it is a very particularly nice street indeed, and at the top is the Lander Pillar, erected in honour of the African travellers, Richard and James Lander, who were born in Truro. Zummy wanted dreadfully to try to climb to the top, but Mr. Bunniewink rebuked him severely for his "high flying ideas," and said, "Montezuma, do you see *me* trying to climb every high thing we meet? Why should *you*?"

After this walk Mrs. Bunniewink declared she was so tired she would "only just go into *seven* different shops, and then home and rest before starting for the Land's End or John o' Groat's house the next week." So she bought a new hat for herself at one shop, and a new hat for Drummie at another, and one for Zummy at a third. She bought an enormous and handsome serpentine vase at Heard's, a lot of photos at another shop, six bottles of medicine at the sixth shop, and last of all a lot of Truro macaroons, which are the very best macaroons in all the world.

The next day was Sunday, so of course they only remained quietly in Truro.

(To be continued.)

SHOOTING STARS.



SEE you the shooting star,
 Flitting across the sky?
 They say a good child's soul
 Has gone to rest on high.

What is it bright and clear,
 Fading away so soon?
 Is it a golden tear
 Shed by the mourning moon?

See, how they come and go!
 Falling like crystal spray;
 Mother, will they weep so
 When I shall pass away?


Child, these are no moon's tears,
 But they are beams of light,
 Made in the unknown years
 By Him who rules the night.

And where you see them shine,
 Far in the heaven above,
 No mourning hearts repine,
 For all is joy and love.

LL.B.

SLOWMAN THE SLEEPER.

CHAPTER I.

“ COUSIN HERBERT, please, you are to go and play croquet with the others,” said Lily Nevil to a young cousin who was staying at her father’s house near the sea-side.

“It is too much trouble, Lily,” was the reply.

Herbert was lying on a bench on the lawn. He had appeared to be asleep for the last half-hour.

“It is very naughty of you not to go and play: I shall call you ‘Slowman the Sleeper,’ if you do not get up and go,” said Lily. But after standing for a minute or two beside her cousin, wondering whether he would do her bidding or not, she seemed suddenly to have changed her mind on the subject. She nestled up to Herbert, and whispered—though there was no one within a hundred yards to overhear her—“If you won’t go and play, you will tell Lily a fairy tale, I know.”

“A fairy tale! that’s really a good joke,” said Herbert. “If you will go back to your sisters and say how very sorry I am to be so tired—I’ll go to sleep for a little while, and perhaps I may dream about fairies—that is, they will come to me in my sleep and tell me some of their adventures, I dare say.”

In a few minutes Lily came back, quite out of breath. She ran so fast, partly because she wanted to know what the fairies had told Cousin Herbert while she was away, partly because she was afraid of forgetting the message she was charged with for him.

“They say—Alice says—” panted she—“they say you are a Taugenichts. Do you know what that means, Cousin Herbert?—and Alice says those who are not good for work are good for—no! that’s not it——”

“Those who are not good for play are not good for work; is that right, Lily?”

“Yes, and,” added Lily, in a whisper, “I think they don’t like you because you lie about on benches and on the grass, and sit half asleep in easy chairs; and because you are always so tired and won’t play.”

"They should not choose such rough games, then—croquet is so fatiguing; it's quite too much for me."

Lily found a seat on the bench on which Herbert was lying. "Have the fairies said anything to you, Cousin Herbert?" said she in a low voice.

"You did not give me time to go to sleep, so they could not come to me in my dreams," replied Herbert, suddenly sitting upright, and appearing really as if he were only just awake.

The lawn, including the croquet ground of Cliff House, extended to the edge of the cliff, and a singular and very desolate scene spread itself out beneath it. It looked over the estuary of two rivers, between which and the sea ran a very dangerous bar, stretching nearly all the way from cape to cape, if such they could be called where one point was low and sandy and the other a rock scarcely rising twenty feet above the level of the highest tides. On this rock stood a lighthouse to warn mariners away from the dangerous bar in bad weather. When the tide was high, a channel was deep enough for vessels of moderate burthen; but not after half-tide, when the water was running out, or before half-tide, when it was flowing. A large ball was drawn up on the lighthouse tower when there was water enough to pass the bar; when it was too low, the ball was let down. And when the weather was very thick the machinery that raised the ball caused a bell to ring which could be heard far out at sea, but it only rang when the channel was deep enough to permit vessels to pass the bar.

"Do you know what takes care of the lighthouse ball, Lily?" said Herbert.

"Hans Cassel, the German clockmaker, to be sure," returned she.

"Simple Lily! On the contrary, it is a great white sea-gull which lives in a hole in the wall of the lighthouse, close beside the ball."

"Does he always stay there?" said Lily, opening her eyes very wide indeed.

"No," replied Herbert, "he goes out into the bay very often to get cod liver oil to keep the works moving smoothly and regularly, and that is why the fairies don't like the sea-gull, and are always at enmity with him."

"Cod liver oil? *that* is kept in great bottles! I see it at the chemist's! Why does he go out into the bay to get it?"

"The gull goes out to kill the cod-fish: then he gets the oil from

them, and anoints the wheels and pulleys and bars that move the ball. Now certain fairies are great friends of the cod-fish, for there are sea fairies, though they can live out of the water; so of course they are enemies of the sea-gull. Seeing the sea-gull take so great an interest in the ball, the fairies naturally thought that it was his most cherished toy and plaything. So they determined to watch what he did with his ball, that they might devise some means of spoiling his fun. When the tide was going out, therefore, a party of three fairies took the form of cockles, and opening the mouths of their shells they were able, from some sand-bank of the bar, to see the manœuvres of the sea-gull whose name was Silverwing.

"As Silverwing lived, as I have told you, in a hole in the wall of the lighthouse tower, he had, of course, access to all the machinery within, which he kept in most excellent order. So that now, as the tide was going out, he had only to creep out of his hole, and sit upon the ball, and down it went, slowly and majestically, as low as it would go. Then Silverwing laughed for joy, and spread out his gleaming pinions, and sailed away over the bay to make war upon the cod-fish for the sake of the cod-liver oil.

"The fairies watched day after day when the tide was going out, and every day they saw Silverwing playing thus with his ball, riding upon it as it sunk; and when it rose up again as the tide came in he had another ride on it before he fixed it in its place near the top of the tower.

"Now the sea fairies, who hated Silverwing, were great friends of some land fairies called Pixies; they lived in the wild mountainous region called Dartmoor. On the top of the highest of its hills, named Zestor, they have built a most beautiful palace; the roofs are of crystal, and the pillars are adorned with rubies and emeralds and sapphires and topazes; and diamonds are set in multitudes in the capitals of the pillars, among beams and flowers and scrolls of gold. When you see the rainbow arching over the tops of those hills you behold a faint reflection of the precious stones of the Pixies' palace, in its beautiful colours. But the palace itself is entirely hidden from mortal eyes. I know some very sharp ones that have searched for it keenly, but they have never seen it.

"Now I must tell you that the Pixies are rather a mischievous race of fairies—one bad habit they have is, however, I believe, shared by

all fairies; that is, the habit of stealing children. It so happened that the Pixies had taken a fancy to a sweet little girl whom some of them had seen when on a visit to their relations in Brittany, and they had stolen her; and three trusty Pixies had put her on board a ship which was bound for this very port of Avonmouth, where the pretty child was to be landed and conveyed by means best known to Pixies to this wonderful palace on the top of Zestor. Now this vessel came into the bay on the very day fixed upon by the malicious fairies to spoil Silverwing's fun. If their friends the Pixies had informed them that the ship was to be expected at that time they might *possibly* have behaved very differently. But though they were very intimate, the Pixies knew that these sea fairies were rather spiteful; so they kept the matter to themselves, which it is often prudent to do in regard to one's very intimate friends.

"The tide rose, and the ball was hung properly in its place. Silverwing looked out upon the stormy bay. 'That ship,' said he, 'won't be able to come in this tide; she can't make way against such a furious wind.'

"The tide fell; it fell soon because the wind and the stream drove it back. 'Aha!' said Silverwing; 'I said that ship would be too late! The sandbanks are getting uncovered—and what a sea: I must let down the ball!'

"So he came out of his hole, spread his wings, and seated himself on the ball. Lily! guess his horror—for he was really a well-intentioned fowl—when he found that the ball would not stir.

"'Oh, goodness me!' cried Silverwing, 'the tide is going out fast and the ship will think there is water enough on the bar for her to pass!'

"Poor Silverwing! Little did he imagine, when he was pushing with all his might at the ball, that the malicious fairies were under it, pushing it up as hard as they could, and really laughing at his distress, if you could have heard them through the roaring wind and raging sea. And he, poor bird! there were tears, real tears in his eyes as the ship drew nearer and nearer the breakers—with the little stolen child on board, you know. Nearer and nearer it came—But what are they all running after, from the croquet ground, I mean? and what a wind is getting up!"

"Alice's hat! Alice's hat!" cried Lily, running to join the chase.

"Come, Cousin Herbert, come—it will be over the cliff—oh what fun!"



"If people will play croquet on a cliff when the equinoctial gales are blowing, they must take the consequences," said Herbert, slowly

getting up from his favourite seat, and strolling into the house, where he was staying on a visit.

CHAPTER II.

Alice's hat was blown over the cliff. The cliff was not very high nor very perpendicular, but the wind was rising, and no one thought it prudent to venture down the rough broken rocks in search of the hat. Herbert would not come to help—he was so lazy!

So Alice had to run back to the house with her hair picturesquely floating, like the grim Earl of Coventry's, 'a yard behind;' and she met Herbert at the hall-door, which he with difficulty held open, so violent had the gale now become.

"Oh, Herbert! I have lost my hat! why didn't you come and get it up for me? It is gone over the cliff!"

"I thought this pleasant breeze would blow the cobwebs out of your brain, Ally," returned Herbert.

Herbert was a grown-up cousin of the young Nevils—that is, he was about twenty: he was at Oxford, and would soon return there as the 'long' was now drawing to a close. All his cousins and the rest of the party collected at Cliff House would have liked him very much if he had not been so lazy—that was his great fault.

But, after all, I am not quite sure that he did not afford them more amusement in laughing at him for this fault than he would have done if he had been ever so active; and altogether he certainly was a great favourite at his uncle's, and spent a part of every vacation at Cliff House.

Luckily the hat was Alice's garden hat, and had been out in many storms: so in itself it was no great loss: and all would have gone on merry as a marriage bell if it had not happened that Herbert, instead of being himself merry and full of fun as usual, was extremely silent and thoughtful at dinner-time. So much so that the conversation at last went on without him, and he was quite forgotten till Lily and some others of the children came into the dining-room after dinner. Then Lily whispered to her mamma, "Mamma, where's cousin Herbert? I want him to finish the fairy tale."

Mrs. Nevil looked at Herbert's vacant place. "I did not see Herbert leave the room," said she.

"Nor I," said Mr. Nevil; "but it's as well not to inquire too closely. I don't doubt the younger branches will benefit by his absence when they see him again."

Mr. Nevil thought his nephew was preparing some surprise for the children; for in amusing them, at least, he often forgot to be lazy. So everybody adopted this idea, and even the children were contented, except Lily, whose head was running on Herbert's fairy tale.

It was odd that Herbert's head had also been running on the fairy tale—at least on the subject of it; and that was the reason he had left the dining-room silently at the same time that the servants quitted it.

He stood with his head uncovered and in his thin evening dress outside the hall-door and looked out. The wind had risen into a strong gale, and the swift clouds from the south-west were dark and broken. It was after dusk. The tide was high. Herbert thought it had turned—but it broke wildly on the bar, filling the air with its uproar. The larger of the two rivers looked dark and dangerous; the other, which joined it in the estuary, together with the little port of Avonmouth, were hidden from view by the cliff; indeed, the evening was so gloomy and dark that only the lights of the town could have shown where it stood if the cliff had not been there.

The lighthouse burners gleamed out cheerily above the general gloom.

The ball was visible from the spot where Herbert stood; it was in its proper place, that is, hoisted near the lantern; but as it was a dark evening the lighthouse keepers very wisely had set the bell ringing, to warn the vessels in the bay that they might now pass in safety through the channel into the port of Avonmouth.

Four lights were seen by Herbert on the dreary sea. One was stationary, apparently belonging to a vessel at anchor near the shore, and also near the bar—the others were far out—too far, Herbert thought, to get in this tide. He only hoped they would notice the silence of the bell when the tide should fall—as most likely they would not be able to see whether the ball were up or down.

The reason why so many precautions were taken about the bar was that the time of tide was more uncertain at Avonmouth than at most other places. The wind affected the tides in a remarkable degree, and also the varying amount of the water in the two rivers delayed or hastened them considerably.

Herbert was uneasy in his mind, he scarcely knew why; but some-

thing urged him to go to his own room, put on a rough fisherman's coat and trousers, and a sou'wester for a hat, and a pair of fisherman's boots—and to go out into the storm.

Avonmouth was a place much decayed from its earlier importance. It had been a very considerable port, but the water diminished yearly in depth from the accumulation of matter brought down by the two rivers; the bar increased in magnitude and danger, till at length even its deepest channels would only admit vessels of moderate burthen. So that the town wore a melancholy air of decay and poverty.

A fine old church and a few ancient houses, once inhabited by prosperous merchants, alone remained to tell the tale of its former consequence. Most of the inhabitants still maintained themselves by working for or supplying the vessels that frequented the port, or by fishing.

Herbert stood on the shore by the river, which was now very dangerous, for though the tide was with the stream the wind was against it, and raised short breaking waves of considerable size. The lights of the town were reflected in the harbour; the glare of the lighthouse reddened the waves that leaped and broke upon the bar.

The tide was going down. Herbert looked from the shore where he stood—a bleak sandy shore, with a boat or two drawn up high and dry—across the river. The lighthouse wore the appearance proper to it, with the ball in its place; the loud bell swung heavily out above the roar of the sea. Herbert lighted a match and looked at his watch. "What can those two fellows in the lighthouse be about?" said he to himself; "it is an hour and a half past high water—there cannot be depth enough in the channel to let any vessel, except the very smallest, pass."

Still the bell rang across the wide dark river. Herbert mounted a shelving bank that gave him a view over the bar. The three moving lights were much nearer. The bell was certainly heard on board the vessels, which were all plainly intending to cross the bar.

A sudden thought struck Herbert. He ran off as fast as he could to the town, and knocked at the door of a respectable-looking house in the high street. The inhabitants of the town kept early hours, and the summons was answered by a nightcapped head from an upper window.

"Come down instantly, Cassel," said Herbert.

"Down!" screamed the clockmaker, holding on his nightcap with both hands—"do you think I am so big a goose to go out because you do call? You are strange to me——"

"Come down, I tell you," cried Herbert; "there's something wrong at the lighthouse, with the machinery, I mean. Three craft will be wrecked on the bar if the bell goes on ringing in that way! Come down, I say!"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the little German, drawing in his head, nightcap and all, and shutting the window.

As Herbert waited, as he thought, an eternity for the appearance of the clockmaker, who was a wonderfully clever machinist—one of those geniuses whom a strange fatality sometimes buries in remote places—another man came hurriedly down the street. Seeing Herbert, whom he did not recognize in the gloom, standing at Cassel's door, he said, "Have you heard the bell? the tide is going down fast and the wind is right upon the bar; if those craft try to take it they'll be wrecked. The men at the lighthouse must be asleep or dead. I'm going to get a fly to take me there by Ladyweir bridge."

"It is useless," said Herbert; "you will be too late."

At that moment Cassel opened his door, wrapped up in such a manner as almost to look like that fatal ball still visible by the rays of the lantern near the top of the lighthouse tower.

"You must come with me; I am Mr. Nevil's nephew. Something is wrong with the bell and ball at the lighthouse."

"Where is your *wagen*?" said Hans Cassel.

"At the water side; we must cross the river."

"Not I," said Hans, doggedly.

"There will be plenty of corpse lights in the churchyard if the tide throws up the mariners that are running to destruction on the bar, misled by that dreadful bell that nobody can stop but yourself. I don't envy you, Hans, that's all."

Hans was very superstitious; a great genius in his way, but much of a simpleton. He trembled all over, and began to feel for his latch-key in his pocket. The wind had shut his door.

The second man who had addressed Herbert had suddenly disappeared.

Herbert placed himself resolutely in front of the clockmaker's door, so that he could not approach it.

"I saw a corpse light the other night," resumed he, "just over the skipper who was drowned on the bar before the ball and bell were placed on the lighthouse. His chronometer was wrong; I would not be in the chronometer-maker's shoes—oh not for anything—that light would—but what's that?"

Herbert turned round. Hans Cassel turned too; there, down the dark street, near where the church rose black and massive in the cloudy sky, was seen a crimson light making an irregular track, but certainly approaching the two.

"Mein Gott!" cried Hans, making a dash at his door; but Herbert stood before it firm as a rock.

"You *must* come with me. Are you a Christian man and refuse to come when you alone can save the lives of Christians?"

The light drew nearer and nearer. Herbert was delighted to see the little watchmaker dart off at the top of his speed down the dark street in the opposite direction. He rushed after him and seized his arm in order to give his flight a tendency to the desired point. Both stood before long in the black solitude on the brink of the roaring stream.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Hans. "You are never going to——"

"I am, though, and so are you," replied Herbert, pushing down the boat that lay near him with almost superhuman strength, but keeping an eye on the dark round figure of the clockmaker.

"I will not, I dare not!" cried Hans; "that *shreckliches* black water!" Herbert strongly contemplated lifting up that round bundle, the kernel of which was the mechanical genius Hans Cassel, and depositing it bodily in the boat, when at that moment the crimson light was visible round the sandy corner of the cliff. With a shrill cry of terror Hans tumbled into the boat, and in another instant the strong arms of Herbert, *alias* Slowman the Sleeper, were urging a pair of heavy oars against the wild waves of the river.

Terrified as was the clockmaker at his actual position, he was a little consoled in his present peril when he beheld the crimson light on the shore he had left, standing still, as he fancied, with a disappointed air.

"It cannot—no—it is impossible—it cannot follow me here!" muttered he.

Terrible was that struggle with the waves; the wind and the stream wrestled wildly together, but the skill and strength of Herbert kept the head of the boat in a slanting direction in regard to both; and with a thankful heart he at length leaped on shore, and dragged rather than led the watchmaker to the lighthouse.

The joy of the lighthouse keeper at seeing two human beings, one of whom he recognized as the machinist, may be better imagined than

described. "Come up, master," cried he, "the machinery is all wrong! Oh! that dreadful bell!"

A fearful disaster had happened. The comrade of the lighthouse keeper, in coming down the little stair from the lantern had slipped and broken his leg. His mate with the greatest difficulty had got him down the stair: he lay in great agony in one of the chambers. They had been quite unable to discover where the machinery was wrong, nor could the one man capable of moving go, miles round, for help. The boat belonging to the lighthouse was unfortunately in a little cove on the further side. Worst of all, three vessels were approaching the bar, deceived by the bell; one, the man feared was on the bar already.

"Bring all the rope you have," cried Herbert. He and the lighthouse keeper dragged heavy coils of rope down to the further beach.

There indeed was a fearful scene. The gale had increased to a violent storm, and a vessel appeared to be aground at the entrance of the channel, which was now becoming shallow from the fall of the tide. Two others seemed too near to escape the risks of the sand-banks.

Herbert and the lighthouse keeper with great difficulty launched the boat belonging to the establishment. One end of the rope was made fast to a post on the shore. The coils were already in the boat.

"If I don't come back," said Herbert, coolly, "you and the clock-maker had better carry your mate down to my boat and row him across the river."

"Not for my life!" said the man, "on such a night as this!"

Herbert pulled away towards the sloop, which was on the sandbank. It was not very far on, but must inevitably go to pieces when the tide should turn. It was, indeed, a pull for life or death. But the little boat and the fearless oarsman plunged deep and rose again and again, and passed in safety over the angry sea, till at length they reached the sloop. Not a moment was to be lost. She was in a very bad position, thumping heavily; she might break up any moment. The rope was put on board and made fast, and one of the sloop's crew of seven men trusted himself to it, and passing along it hand-over-hand, made his way safely to shore. Two others followed his example.

Herbert was in the boat: the terrible bell had ceased to pour its deceitful voice over the waves, crying out "Peace, where there was no peace." And as the boat rose to the top of the billow, he saw with a thankful heart the two other lights belonging to the vessels that had approached so perilously near the bar now moving away from

it. So his work there was done, and the remainder of the sloop's crew came on board his boat; and though their own boat had been stove, the oars were safe, so they helped Herbert to row back to the little beach.

"I stopped the bell, sir," said the crestfallen machinist. "I never did know such a thing as the machine going wrong."

"In five minutes the two other craft would have been hard and fast on the bar," said the lighthouseman, who was hospitably supplying the shipwrecked sailors with food.

"Who volunteers to cross the river with me to get help for this poor fellow?" said Herbert, pointing to the unfortunate man whose leg was broken.

Two of the rescued men readily consented to do so, though the lighthouse keeper endeavoured to dissuade all the party from attempting so dangerous an undertaking. Herbert, being refreshed with some food and an hour's rest, was soon once more on the dark river. But he had rightly divined that the tide being now low, the wind had less power over the stream, and thus the second passage was attended with less risk than the first.

Several lights were moving on the beach. Herbert saw that he was expected back with the little machinist, who, however, preferred awaiting on the other side of the stream the subsidence of the storm. The first person he recognized was the mayor of Avonmouth; he was the person who had spoken to him when he was standing at Cassel's door.

"That unlucky bell!" said he. "So the sloop's gone to pieces—the crew of course lost, poor fellows!"

Herbert had not much time for explanation. He took the mayor with him to the house of the Avonmouth doctor, who was soon ready to go to the assistance of the poor lighthouse keeper. His assistant followed him with the necessary appliances. Like two brave men as they were, they chose to cross the still dangerous river, rather than consume the precious time in the long and heavy ride across the distant bridge and along the shingly shore at the point of which the lighthouse stood. Two coastguardsmen undertook to row them across the stream. There was no time to lose, for when the tide should turn no mortal would be able to attempt the passage and live.

As the mayor walked part of the way to Cliff House with Herbert, he told him that he had adopted the idea of frightening the little

clockmaker into doing his duty by the fear of the corpse-lights, and had run to his own home for a lantern, which contained the light that had actually driven Hans Cassel over the river.

CHAPTER III.

It blew very hard the next morning. All the party at Cliff House were assembled at breakfast except Herbert.

"Slowman the Sleeper!" exclaimed Alice, when some remark was made upon his absence. "I wonder when I shall forgive him for not going down the cliff to rescue my poor hat?"

"Who *did* rescue it, if he did not?" asked one of her brothers. "It's in the hall, hanging on its usual peg."

"Dear me, how strange!"

"Herbert is a good fellow," said Mr. Nevil. "He has but one fault, and that is his incurable laziness."

"Affectation, I should rather say," said Herbert's aunt.

"I hope he will soon come down," said little Lily; "he must and shall finish my fairy tale. Oh, Herbert!" continued she as he entered the room—"but, dear me, you look quite odd!"

"I am only tired, Lily."

"Oh, you are always tired, naughty cousin Herbert! Then you won't be able to tell me the rest of the fairy tale?"

"Oh yes, I shall—or I will draw you a picture of its conclusion, which will do as well."

"Herbert," said Alice, "some more gallant knight than yourself has had the courage to go down the cliff for my hat, which you wouldn't do. It hangs in the hall as a reproach to you."

"I am so glad you have it again, Alice," returned Herbert, "it is such a becoming hat."

After breakfast Lily drew Herbert aside, and once more begged him to finish the fairy tale. "I want to know," said she, "which got the victory, the bad fairies or Silverwing?"

"The bad fairies were very powerful," said Herbert, taking Lily on his knee, "and Silverwing, kind Silverwing, sitting there upon the ball, trying to make himself heavier and heavier, felt his heart very sad indeed, for he could not press down the ball, and there was the vessel with the child the Pixies had stolen going on the bar as fast as she could, in the full persuasion that there was water enough to permit her to pass it.

"Now it so happened that Silverwing's brother saw all that happened; and knowing that the Pixies of Dartmoor were more powerful than the wicked sea fairies, flew straight across the country, to their beautiful palace at the top of Zestor. Silverwing's brother was quite dazzled with the brilliancy of the crystal roofs and the diamonds and other precious stones that adorned this splendid building, and with the lovely tints reflected from it on a rainbow which just then arched over it. But, being a fowl of sense, he pulled the door bell with his beak, and was admitted to the presence of the fairy king and queen and all their court, to whom he told his piteous tale. You may imagine the anger of these potentates at the malice of the sea fairies, directed so cruelly against the lovely child whom they themselves had stolen; and they sent Silverwing's brother back with the assurance that they would see to the matter, but that neither he nor Silverwing must be alarmed at what they said or at anything that happened. Strange to say, when Silverwing and Silverwing's brother were able to compare notes, they found that just at the moment when Silverwing's brother had left the Pixies' palace, Silverwing had begun to feel himself growing heavier and heavier. A slight impression was made upon the ball—it began to sink. Silverwing's heart became lighter as his body gained more weight. He looked out to sea, and thought he saw the doomed vessel tacking about so as to avoid the bar. Evidently those on board saw the ball going down!

"Now, Lily, bring me a pencil and a piece of paper, and I will draw you a picture of Silverwing pressing down the ball."

Lily, in a fever of delight, stood beside her cousin to see the wonderful sketch that was growing under his hand.

"There, that's the lighthouse tower! oh, it's so like! and there are three naughty fairies trying to push up the ball! What ugly little creatures they are! and there are Silverwing's wings—and—and a face between them: I declare—oh, Herbert, I declare its exactly like Hans Cassel the watchmaker!"

Lily's raptures were interrupted by the arrival of a visitor. It was the Avonmouth doctor. After speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Nevil he came up to Herbert and shook him most warmly by the hand. "I'm glad to see you up and busy, Herbert," said he.

"Breakfast was half over when he came down," said Herbert's uncle, smiling.

"No wonder," returned Mr. Stephens. "I have brought you a message of gratitude from the people at the lighthouse," continued he, addressing Herbert; "and as to the sailors and fishermen at the port, I believe you will have to be carried in a triumphal procession round the old town if you venture there. The two other vessels that were all but on the bar are safe in the harbour. The pilots ventured out as soon as they had worked themselves clear of the sandbanks when they found the bell stopped. But the greatest escape of all was that of the brig that was at anchor. Seeing the night look so bad she was just about to heave anchor and make for the channels, in order to come into port, when the bell left off ringing. She luckily held to her anchors, and came in safely at high water this morning."

Mr. and Mrs. Nevil looked very much surprised at this address, as did the rest of the party, composed of Herbert's cousins and some other visitors staying at the house.

But Herbert rose and walked quietly out of the room, for he knew what story the doctor was about to relate, and he did not wish to hear it. As he passed his cousin Alice he said, "Alice, I hope you will present the ribbon of your hat to the gallant knight who found it at the foot of the cliff, and brought it home for you. He would not risk his life for it, for he is in quest of the 'Holy Grail.'"

The profoundest silence reigned in the breakfast-room at Cliff House while the doctor related the events of the night, gathered from the worthy mayor, the clockmaker, the lighthousemen, and the sailors, and wound up by his own personal experience.

Herbert's uncle listened with natural pride to the tale of the good doctor. A few tears stole down the cheeks of his aunt, and perhaps those of Alice as well. Lily stood beside Mr. Stephens with open eyes and mouth, as if she could have listened with them as well as with her ears. Her plump little hands held Herbert's sketch spread wide out.

Certainly none of the party ever called Herbert "Slowman the Sleeper" again, though he might deserve to be laughed at for his affectation. And the two last things we have heard of that lazy individual are, that though he still sometimes professes to be very much tired and extremely sleepy, when all the world knows that he is wide awake, yet he has helped to win the University boat-race, and is suspected of being likely to stand very high in the final class list.

L. S.

BOOK NOTICES.



It is surely a rather singular fact that Aunt Judy's "literary table" (as the conventional term goes) has very rarely anything upon it but theological works or books of devotion, and the latter chiefly for the sick, the dying, and the old. A rare exception, however, has occurred. The publishers of Mrs. Sewell's justly valued poems have sent us (together with plainly printed copies of two of them) a 4to shilling edition of "*Mother's Last Words*," with effective coloured illustrations. We shall pass it (bound) into our Lending Library, convinced that it will be most popular and do good to hundreds. It will, in the first place, attract both young and old by its *pictures*, and, by God's blessing, sink into the hearts of some, both young and old, by its teaching. To return to our table. Of the religious works alluded to so many are so thoroughly Romanist by authorship and in tone, that we have given a Romanist relative the comfort and pleasure of placing them on her shelves, reserving just a few for ourselves as ecclesiastical curiosities. Apart from these we have "*Poems for the Sick and Suffering*," a most interesting collection, accompanied by the prayers, &c., of the service for the visitation of the sick, each portion of which is *illustrated*, so to speak, by verses admirably selected. We wish Newman's exquisite lines, "*Lead, kindly light*," &c., had been added to the collection, but it is charming as it stands. (Rivingtons, London, &c., 1868, 7th edition.) We may also mention extraordinarily cheap editions of "*Bishop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*" (Rivingtons), and of Bishop Wilson's "*Lord's Supper*," and of "*Thomas à Kempis*:" the latter are to be had for sixpence a piece! But why are the prefaces to the "*Holy Living and Dying*" left out? The *prose* statements of a very poetical writer are especially valuable sometimes in correcting impressions which may be made by highly-

wrought expressions. But for these these editions are models of taste, portability, and cheapness.

"Children of the Church, or, Lectures on the Church Catechism for Infant Children," &c., by Eleanor O'Reilly (London, William Wells Gardner, 10 Paternoster Row), is a safe and tenderly-written book for a mother and child to go through quietly together. Another very useful brief one for parents and teachers is "*Happy Hours with the Church Catechism*," by the Rev. I. E. Sampson (London, William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row). This is a fourpenny manual, and has run to its sixth edition.

A few other volumes, very little appropriate for children's reading, complete our "literary table" list. But on our private shelves gleams in blue and gold a delicious French translation of "*Alice in Wonderland*." We could almost (almost, but not quite) wish we had never read it in English, in order to have the pleasure of reading it in French. If this volume does not help the young folk on in their French studies we shall be grievously mistaken. It is an exquisite book in appearance, too: the same size, type, and illustrations as the original volume; and the fun is wonderfully preserved, though we do miss one pet moral by the Duchess—"Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves." This has been altered. It may help the children, too, to tell them Aunt Judy continues to like and take in "*The Little Corporal*" (Chicago). The verses for children are often very sweet, the stories always good in tendency (though of course often American in expression), and the little bits about the country very instructive. There is a paper in the September number on the gods of the Dacotah tribe of Red Indians. Hetzel's *Magazin d'Education et Récréation* has also curious and amusing papers, and is a most desirable addition to every schoolroom library.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“**M**ARAQUITA” informs “Habbakuk” that Mr. Gerard Moultrie has translated the Hymn of St. Bernard, and that the translation is to be found in his “Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons of the Church,” under the title of “The Heavenly Fatherland.” She adds, that if Habbakuk wishes for a copy she will be happy to send him one.

“Elaine” thinks that the lines prefixed to the poem, “At a Tabernacle” (*vide* our October Number), are from one called “At Home in Heaven,” by Montgomery. Of this there are, she says, twenty-two verses, the second of which runs as follows:—

“Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.”

And Elaine also offers to exercise her pen in Habbakuk’s behalf if a copy is wished for.

There are several answers to “Fuchsia” and “Myrtle.” Two correspondents warrant Diabelle’s Duett in Das pretty, bright, sparkling, and yet not difficult. Others recommended on the same grounds are “Non mi dir,” by Mozart, “May-day,” by Locksley, the “Marche Militaire,” by G. A. Osborne, “Rienzi’s March,” and “Wolff’s Fantasia on Weber’s Preciosa” (published by Lamborn, Cock, Addison, and Co.), though the latter is not exactly sparkling.

“Ethel Mary Haylock” asks who is the author of “The Birthday?” We do not know it.

“Rosaline and Ina.” Richardson derives *lukewarm* from the Saxon *wlac-ian*, “to warm.” It has no more connection with *Luke* than with the *Peter* Rosaline jests about. Ina will be best answered

by the shop people who sell cements. If not glue, why not?

The “Amateur Corps Dramatique” near Marlborough, and others, will be best answered, we hope, by the appearance of a play in our December number; but we cannot undertake to provide for the special numbers and wants of one particular family. We think, however, that in all the plays hitherto given, some modification so as to suit different ages has been possible.

Aunt Judy apologises sincerely to the translator of Andersen’s “Comet,” for a very imperfect supervision of his proofs during his absence on the Continent. On page 325 (October No.), line 4, the word *Lapland* has been substituted for *Laaland*, and on the same page, in line 11, *Aarhus* is given instead of *Aarbus*. The placing *Lapland* in Denmark reflects painfully on the good old schoolmaster’s learning, or, it would seem, want of it. We hope we restore him to honour by this acknowledgment of printers’ blunders.

A lady who has been much interested in observing the success of “Aunt Judy’s Cot,” writes to awaken attention to the sad, poverty-stricken condition of families of children “nominally well” in *East* London. *West* London children will be surprised to hear that the (to them) common article of food—milk—is so rare to be got at, and so much prized when obtained, that the lady we are speaking of spent a donation of five guineas last winter in “providing fifteen drooping little ones each with one pint of milk daily, for six weeks,” and she says it is difficult to describe the start in life and health this gave to several of them. She reminds us with justice that there might perhaps be fewer patients in the hospital were the children able to be better fed when out of

it. Finally, she asks if any one will help towards the assistance she is so anxious to give. She is in favour also of assisting the emigration of families to Canada. It costs 3*l.* 5*s.* to send each child free between London and Quebec, giving them 10*s.* landing money. We may not state the lady's name at present, but will forward to her any communications which may be made to us on these subjects.

"Night, Morning, Paddy, and Pigeon." The parcel alluded to was received with a paper inside, on which was written Mr. Whitfield's name and address—nothing more. And (as before stated at some length) parcels without any specific announcement within are concluded to be sent to the inmates of the hospital generally. Both paper and note have been preserved, and do not contain a word of allusion to "Aunt Judy's Cot."

There is no risk in prepaying carriage. "The surest way" (says Mr. Whitford) "is to write a short note, saying that a parcel has been sent." Mr. Whitford will then be glad to inquire for it. The prepayment of carriage, in the case of sending vegetables, is almost essential. The hospital has sometimes had to pay in carriage nearly three times what the vegetables would have cost to buy.

Report of Aunt Judy's Cot.

We subjoin Mr. Whitford's report for the past month.

"The subscribers to the Cot will be glad to receive a good account of little *Ethel*, who still continues under treatment in the hospital: she is very much better, having made good progress during the past week or two: every day she eagerly watches for the doctor, and confidentially informs him that she '*means to get up to-morrow*;' but at present her strength does not permit her wish to be realized. The house surgeon, Mr. Duke, hopes that in another week she may be allowed to try. Many of the readers of the Magazine have shown their kindly sympathy

by presents of picture cards and books, marked, 'For *Ethel*,' and a small sum given to her afforded immense pleasure by enabling her to buy with her 'own money' some coloured wool that she desired to have. She enjoyed a special treat in having 'new-laid eggs for breakfast,' bought for her with money sent by another friend, who wished that the money should be expended for her benefit.

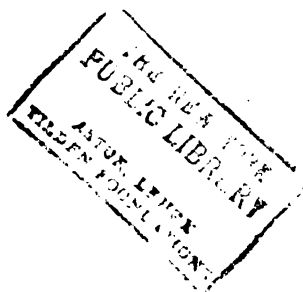
"Although not one of the favoured 'Cot' patients, 'Little Peter' will be remembered by those of Aunt Judy's readers who were supplied with a copy of Mr. Tom Hood's sketches of the children: and it may interest these young friends to know that Peter is about to return to the hospital for further treatment. After his return home to Surrey (near Leatherhead) it was thought desirable to obtain admission to a 'Cottage Hospital,' not far from where his parents resided; but the medical attendant there recommended his return to the Children's Hospital, in the hope that further measures may be adopted for the restoration of the injured parts of the poor little fellow's hands. Any of the Cot subscribers who desire to have a copy of the sketches (Peter is among them) can be supplied by post, on sending a stamped envelope, ready addressed, to the Secretary, at 49, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, W.C.

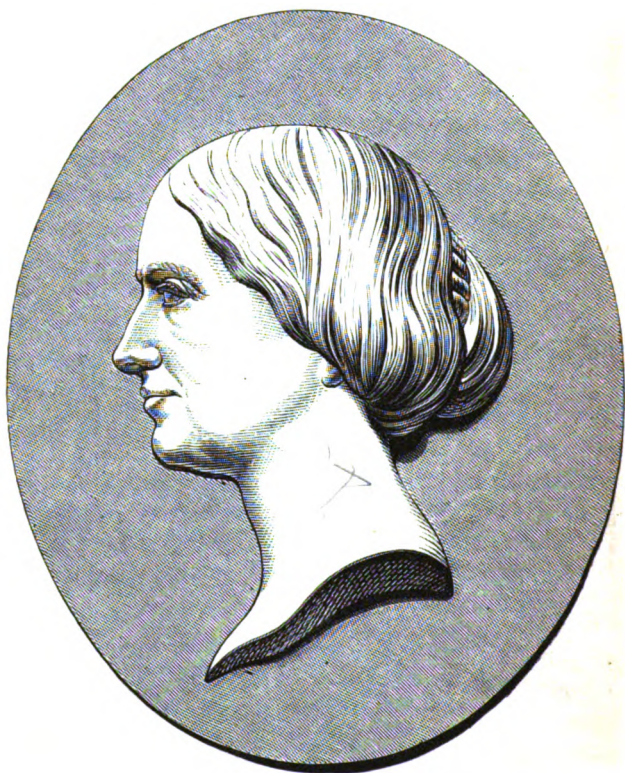
Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to October 20th, 1889.

	£	s.	d.
Edith, Emily, Mabel, Edward, and Cockburn Kerr, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada . . .	1	5	0
"Offerings at the funeral of a child who had been long sick," per Rev. Conyngham Ellis	1	17	0
E. M. B., 1 <i>s.</i> , "Lady Derwent," 1 <i>s.</i> , "Beautiful Nell," 6 <i>d.</i> , Beverley, 1 <i>s.</i> , Leicester, 1 <i>s.</i> , Prize Money, 6 <i>d.</i> , Smithe, 1 <i>s.</i> , The Governor, 1 <i>s.</i>	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Herbert Sisbel, Kent	0	0	4	G. A. F. (Two months' subscription)	0	4	0
The Children at Athol Rectory, Leeds	0	10	0	Marcus S——e	0	0	6
E. C. K., for the occupant of Cot (expended in the purchase of new-laid eggs)	0	1	0	"A Cheshire Cat" (3rd donation)	0	4	0
Four Children per Miss Conolly, 25 Chester Square	0	5	4	F. and K. E. L. L., North Devon	0	2	6
Miss Agnes Taylor (collected), Mount Pleasant, Ferry Hill, Durham	0	8	9	From "Ethel in Health," to the Cot Patient Ethel	0	0	6
F. S. P. and J. G., Scotstown, Aberdeen	0	1	6	Margaret Frances Horne, Rawcliffe Vicarage	0	8	6
Nelly, Frances, Bobby, and Carry, Exeter	0	5	0	May Gordon, Jersey (collected)	0	5	6
S. H. C., Proceeds of a Charade, Argyleshire	0	3	6	Margaret Beard and Beatrice Shipman, Bredbury Hall, Liverpool. "Proceeds of a Bazaar on behalf of the Aunt Judy's Cot	4	12	0
E. C., Derby	0	2	6	A Thank-offering after scarlet fever, from Nynee, 1s. 6d., Maggie, 1s., Auntie, 1s., Hugh, 1s., Johnnie, 6d., Seppe, 6d., Miss Hewitt, 6d., Mamma, 2s. 3d., Florrie, 1s., Jessie, 1s., Alice, 2d., Davie, 1d.	0	10	6
Rosemount, Brentwood (collected by C. N. T.)	0	10	0	Alice Walker (collected), 54, Mount Preston, Leeds.	0	11	0
ditto ditto (C. M. T.)	0	7	4	"Little Jack," Butterthwaite	0	2	6
Miss Bailey's Pupils, Exeter	0	5	0	"Fidgetina," Devizes	0	10	0
Ormond and Aline, The Elms	0	5	6	Mum, 2s. 6d., Whiffy, 1s.	0	3	6
Minnie and Lance (annual)	0	5	0	Minnie, Bath, 4s., collected 2s., with some nice scrap-books, useful clothing, and shells	0	6	0
Baby Julian William	0	5	0	Mary Adderley, a quilt and some useful clothing.			
Miss Alice Cowie, Old Vicarage, Langley (monthly)	0	1	0	Bessie, Mary, Lottie, Charlie, and May, Eton College, picture-books, doll, flannel, &c.			
Ida (collected), Streatham Hill	0	2	0	"Cannie," Mesham Rectory, picture-book for Ethel.			
"Tiny and Trot," Dinlands, Cowbridge	0	5	6	Addy, a scrap-book, with painted pictures.			
Fines from "a Question Society"	0	8	6	Claudine M——, picture cards for Ethel.			
Helen, Birthday Offering, Bath	0	1	0				
Margaret E. Venables, 29 Wellington Square, Hastings	0	5	0				
E. F. L. F. H.	0	1	6				
Mellie (collected)	0	5	0				
"Tea Spoon"	0	2	0				
Louisa Spicer, Spy Park, Chippenham (annual)	1	1	0				
Caroline Cowper, Maidenhead (collected)	0	14	6				

Answer to Charade. *Florence Nightingale.*





THE EDITOR.
From a Medallion by G. W. BROOKES, Sheffield.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER II.

THE GHOST OF THE CHURCHYARD.



WHAT, telling ghost stories? quoth Kirstin, as she re-entered the dwelling-room, a little startled on seeing a larger party than she had left. Three sturdy young fishermen had dropped in, one by one, to take a glass of ale and have a chat with Morten Ranildsen; seated round the room on benches, all were enjoying themselves in true Jutland fashion, smoking and telling tales by turns. Old Elsa was now the speaker, and as she bent forward, her finger raised to give emphasis to her narrative, the expression of her sharp features, and quick little grey eyes showing how entirely she believed in the marvels she was relating, Kirstin could not wonder that poor little Karen should have run away from her in a fit of nervous excitement. Morten looked uneasy, and when Kirstin entered, he started up, exclaiming, "What stuff it is! I don't believe half of it!"

Kirstin went straight up to her brother, "Hans, we must make haste home—father will be angry."

Hans had no inclination to move, but as his host did not press them to stay, he had no choice in the matter. When they were again in the open air he muttered, "How stupid it is going home so early! I wonder why father would not invite Morten to supper; it is so dull by ourselves; you like him, don't you, Kirstin?"

"Yes," replied Kirstin, composedly; "Morten is like an elder brother to me; I can always depend upon him to help me, as I should upon you if you were older, instead of younger, than myself." She stopped hastily, for it struck her there was more difference in the measure of her reliance upon Morten and Hans than a few years could account for.

During their stay in the young fisherman's house, the full moon had risen, and the sandhills around looked white and weird-like under her silvery beams. Their way almost skirted the fiord, so that except when a tall hill intervened, they kept the sea in sight; it was now calm, the wind being hushed and the waves peaceful. Kirstin was,

however, surprised when Hans proposed that as the night was so fine they should lengthen their walk by going on the shore.

"We are late enough already," she said; "and you are not like the superstitious cowards, as you would call them, who are afraid to pass through the churchyard at night."

"Afraid! no, indeed," returned the boy, scornfully; but the truth was that Hans was not only less brave, but less proof against the superstitions he had been brought up among than he himself believed. His imagination was lively, and the stories he had heard that night had not only entered his ears, but had left some impression on his mind.

The village churches scattered at intervals along the Nissumfjord, each built of stone, to resist the attacks of wind and waves, are not perfect specimens of architecture; most of them lack towers, the bells being hung between two planks of wood. The graves surrounding them stand in no cultured garden, are shaded by neither tree nor bush, are distinguished by no sculptured monument. The little grass-grown knolls alone mark where the dead are laid, and if here and there a rudely-carved cross of wood is seen, that wood has come from the sea; it is the remnant of some luckless ship washed ashore; the memorial will not long endure, it will soon be worn away by the incessant action of wind and sea-foam.

"Here is our old church," said Kirstin; "how grey it looks in the moonlight, and how peaceful and quiet everything is now the wind is at rest! What made you start so, Hans?"

"Do you see that—that?" said the boy.

"See what?" asked his sister, much startled in her turn.

"That white figure there—bending over the grave; now it is standing upright—it beckons; Kirstin, come away!" he shrieked, in an agony of terror, and seized hold of her arm. His sister, nothing loth, followed him. "But I thought you did not believe in ghosts?" she said.

"No more I do." Hans found his valour return, now that a friendly sandhill intervening hid the churchyard from him. "I believe it's old, cracked Signete, looking among the graves for her child; I heard say she was back in these parts."

"Signete! poor Signete! Who told you she had come back?"

"That fisherman at Morten's, Kung Petersen."

"Then if it is Signete, and not a ghost, Hans, you won't mind going

to the churchyard with me, and helping me persuade the poor thing to come home with us and get some supper."

"I don't believe father will want her, and I shan't do any such thing."



They had passed the sandhill, and the churchyard was now again in view, also the white figure, who was now standing erect, tossing her arms and apparently talking to herself in great excitement. Signete,

the poor lunatic, was well known in all the villages and scattered homesteads around the Nissumford. Ten years before, she had returned from a journey to a distant town, where she had been to see her dying father and close his eyes—she had returned to find her own home desolate, for her husband and three sons had during her absence been attacked by a fever then prevalent, had sunk under it, and were quickly buried, to save others from infection. The poor woman fell sick of the fever herself, but had recovered her health, although at the price of her reason. She had ever since led a wandering life, making pilgrimages to different churchyards, imagining her husband and children to be buried, sometimes in one, sometimes in another. The loss which most affected her was that of her youngest child, a beautiful boy six years old. Everybody was kind to her, and ready to take her in, when she asked for food or shelter, which was not often, for she seemed hardly sensible of hunger or fatigue. The winter's cold seemed to stupify her and make her willing to remain quiet for several weeks together in the same place; but with the opening of spring buds, and the warmth of softer air, her restlessness always returned anew.

“There she is, now, Hans!”

“Kirstin, don't go!” he cried; “you don't know it is Signete—come away. I will never come this way with you again!” and he tried to hold her; but his sister, springing from him, cried, “Never mind; you go home then, and tell father I'm coming directly;” and without waiting for an answer she walked quickly towards the churchyard. As she reached the gate of the enclosure, which stood ajar, she was obliged to pause, she was not only out of breath but her heart beat fast. “Suppose Hans is right—what if it be not Signete?—but if it is!—and she must not be left here to starve.” She crossed herself, and repeated one of her talismanic Psalm-verses. “No I will not be afraid for any terror by night. God will take care of me;” and she began walking again as quickly as before, towards the spot where the figure stood. Oh yes, it was clearly Signete, and no ghost; as she drew nearer she recognised the tattered grey cloak, from which all colour being washed out by rain and wind, the moonlight made look white. She ran forward, and putting her arm round the poor woman, said in the tone of gentle authority which kind-hearted people were wont to use towards her, as to a petted child, “Signete, dear, it is late; come now

and have some supper with me—at old Magnus Erickson's, you know—he will be so pleased to see you, and you are so cold in your thin cloak; come and warm yourself at the fire."

The face that was raised to Kirstin was indeed a ghost-like face, so bloodless, sharp, and emaciated were the features in the moonlight that the girl felt startled afresh, and was relieved when poor Signete, her mind taking hold of but one word she had heard, recommenced her chant, which she sung continually, ringing the changes on the one idea of her lost darling.

"Oh, tell me not his lips are cold.
'Tis my sad heart, my heart is cold;
We'll make each other warm again,
In spite of snow, or hail, or rain."

Kirstin having in vain sought to gain her attention, began singing in her turn a soft low lullaby, which seemed to have a soothing effect, for after a few minutes Signete suffered herself to be half led, half carried in the direction of the fisherman's home. Hans was standing at the door, waiting.

"I'm sure father won't like it," said he; "but it's all your doing, you know."

Kirstin was almost too much out of breath to speak as she led her charge into the kitchen towards the fire. "Signete, father—I found her in the churchyard; she looks half starved."

It seemed that Hans was not far wrong, for Michael Erickson growled out in reply, "Give her some porridge, if you like, but I won't have my house made an inn. She must go away when she has supped, and I am not so fond of having visitors as you and Hans, remember that!"

"There, I knew I should be brought in," muttered Hans.

Kirstin was too busy first in chafing her guest's bloodless hands, then in warming some porridge, and lastly in feeding the poor woman, to give much heed to these remarks. The meal was soon finished; Signete's eyelids, heavy with sleep, drooped over her eyes, and she leaned back in Kirstin's arms. The girl looked up to her father and said, "Father, you will not send her out in the night, you will let her sleep in my bed, will you not?—she is so harmless and quiet."

Her pleading look was raised first to her father, but then to her grandfather, who had often before stood her friend on like occasions.

Nor did he fail her now, for as Michael stamped his foot and raised his voice to an angry pitch that promised little for Kirstin's success, the old man began : " Son Michael, do not you hinder the child from a kind action ; who knows ? some one of us may need a shelter some day, and the poor thing, as she says, is harmless."

Kirstin knew the battle was won, for if Michael exacted strict obedience from his children, it was no more than he had been wont to render in his time, and the white-haired old grandfather, though he very rarely interfered, was a real authority in the household still. The girl had just time to thank him with a grateful look, when her father addressed her in a tone of decision :

" Look here, Kirstin ; she may sleep in my house to-night, as your grandfather is on your side ; but recollect it's for the last time that she, or anybody else, comes here, except by my own invitation. Those who are so fond of having guests should have houses of their own. And she must sleep in your bed ; I'll have no one prying and spying about the place. Take her to bed at once."

Kirstin was only too glad to obey. When she returned to the kitchen, the fisherman, still out of temper, was rating his son for something done or left undone, and Hans darted a look of keen reproach at his sister, as much as to say, " It's all your fault." She could not feel sorry ; in spite of all these discomforts she went about her work, washing up and putting away the supper things with a light heart. " I am so glad I was not too much afraid," thought she ; " I am glad I brought poor Signete home." One by one, the three men of the household betook themselves to their repose, and then Kirstin, last, as always, brought in some dry straw, and prepared her own couch on the floor near the fire. She was later than usual, and, thoroughly tired, fell asleep the minute she lay down to rest.

But although Kirstin was last to go to bed, she was usually the first stirring in the morning, and next day, owing perhaps to the discomforts of her couch, she awoke sooner than usual. The summer nights in Jutland are very brief ; it was only four o'clock, but the larks had sung their joyous morning hymn long ago when she went out to milk her father's one cow. She came back, her pail on her head, singing as gaily as the larks themselves, but checked her song on discovering her guest of the night before lying down in one of the outhouses. " Good-morning, Signete ! you are out early," she said ; but she soon became

at Jo
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aware that Signete must have been sleeping here, for as she helped her to rise, she found her cloak drenched with dew. She led her into the kitchen, and began preparing the breakfast; only her grandfather was there, smoking his pipe. "Your guest did not like her quarters, it seems, Kirstin," said he, in a low voice; "you must not ask her here again."

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"I mean that I saw her creep out at sunrise this morning; and when I came out myself an hour ago, while you were milking, she was lying asleep in the outhouse; it is the sort of place she is used to sleep in, but your father will not like it at all."

No more was said on the subject, and Michael and his son coming in presently, they all sat down, Signete with them, to their breakfast, which consisted, like the supper of the night before, of fried fish, porridge, milk, butter, and beer. The fisherman had recovered his good-humour this morning; he only now and then eyed his poor guest uneasily, as though eager to get rid of her. He had not long to wait; poor Signete, whom Kirstin with difficulty had persuaded to make a good meal, as soon as the girl's attention was diverted, stole out of the kitchen. Michael got up, and watched her till she was out of sight, gliding quietly among the sandhills towards the churchyard.

"You don't get much thanks," said Hans to his sister.

"I don't want thanks; I only wanted to keep the poor thing from starving," she replied, and got up in her turn, and, as usual, collected her brother's books, slate, &c., for it was nearly time for him to set out for school. The aged grandfather had finished his pipe, and now set about his daily work, wood-carving, fashioning, rudely it must be owned, the beaks of ships out of such material as he could procure. His half-finished specimens of art lay strewn about the floor; here perched a raven, there stood erect a full-length figure of some mail-clad hero of olden time; here sprawled a mermaid, there the Danish coat-of-arms with all its tale of lions complete, but the hearts still wanting. For the old man, though perfectly happy over his work, was capricious in it: he would go on most zealously for a time, and then suddenly get tired of his own idea, and give up one thing to begin another. There was really something of the artist in him, and he was often disgusted with his own lack of skill, having begun the craft too late in life for his unsteady fingers to gain much facility.

To-day Kirstin had not Karen to look after, Morten being at home,

so she was comparatively at leisure. In the afternoon she wrote two copies, and then sat down to knit, repeating the while the lesson set her by her brother, who was her only teacher. Hans was really proud of being her teacher, and glad to have one at home to sympathize in his pursuits. He came in from school rather late this evening, for Mr. Gröndal had wanted him to go on an errand to the parsonage. Hans was giving Kirstin an account of this errand, and of the peep he had had into Mr. Nordenfelt's museum of curiosities, when the fisherman, who had been absent all day, also entered.

"Hans," said he, abruptly, "did you feed the pig this morning?"

"No,—I—did not you, Kirstin?" The lad looked to his sister.

"It is your business, and not your sister's, to answer me. Did you or not?"

"I did not," replied he, sullenly.

"Oh! I am so sorry, father, I forgot it," cried Kirstin, instinctively taking the blame on herself.

"It was all that horrid old woman's fault," said her brother, forgetting his prudence in his desire to screen himself.

"Pray how long have you been doing your brother's work as well as your own?" asked the fisherman of his daughter.

"Only this week," she replied.

"Then remember you are not to do it in future. I have always said I could not afford to keep a servant, after you, Hans, and your sister were old enough to do the work of the household. You know why I am saving—that you may go to school; you may give up all thoughts of it if you will not do the little work I have allotted to your share. No lazy mouths shall be fed at my expense." And the fisherman sat down and smoked his pipe with energy.

The evening was thoroughly uncomfortable, for Hans was sulky and his father displeased. Kirstin made an opportunity of going up to her brother when he was alone, to say, "Hans, I am so sorry."

"Well you may be sorry," he replied, unpropitiated. "It was because you would go after that horrible old idiot; I told you you shouldn't do it."

So Kirstin retreated uncomforted. As she undressed that night she questioned herself, "Was I wrong in bringing home poor Signete? I could not know she would make father angry, and me forgetful. But even if I had known it, what then? better we should both be scolded

than that she had died of cold and hunger. Yes; and I was always to do right, and not think about consequences; Pastor Nordenfelt said I must be a grown-up Christian now I am confirmed, and try to do as our Lord would have done in my place. Ah! He was a poor woman's child, and got into trouble sometimes. He must pity Signete, I am sure. Poor Signete!"

And having settled the difficulty with her conscience, Kirstin's last waking thought was a prayer for the houseless wanderer.

CHAPTER III.

A SOCIAL EVENING.

ABOUT a fortnight after Signete's visit the fisherman's family were seated at supper, when Morten Ranildsen came in. After bestowing a general greeting he said, "My errand is to you, Magnus Ericksen; I have a bit of timber for you which I found on the shore this evening, and thought you might make useful."

He set down a large piece of wood in the corner of the room. Old Magnus thanked him heartily, and Michael bade him take his supper with them. He did so: everybody was pleased, and they were soon in friendly talk. Morten exerted himself to be agreeable, and succeeded in interesting them all by giving an account of an expedition to Iceland, where he had been engaged in a whale fishery.

"How long were you in Iceland?" asked Hans.

"Two years altogether: you see it was not very pleasant at home; I was not wanted while my stepfather lived, so I went over there partly to be out of the way. I was only twelve then, but there were many boys engaged as servants in the large farms there, and here nobody wanted me—besides, I preferred being away."

"I should rather think so," observed Michael; "what lad of spirit but likes to see foreign parts?"

"Tell us about the long winters, Morten, and how you got through them," said Kirstin, who had now taken up her knitting, that being her "company work."

"Well, I did not find them so very long either. In the house where I was engaged the family was large: we were all comfortable together; the other servants were the sons and daughters of poor farmers or orphans; why, one of the young men had been sent there by his

friends in hopes that the master's daughter would take a fancy to him, and marry him."

"Did that plan succeed, I wonder?" asked Michael.

"Not in this case, for the fellow, though good-looking enough, was idle and ill-tempered; but the thing is often done. Well, we got up at six o'clock in the winter, and each of us set about our allotted work. Of course all could not be together: one fellow would be making horse-shoes in the smithy, another would be sent after the sheep, a third must mind the cows, but the rest were in the same room, and while employed in different ways, the men making horse-hair ropes, or preparing sheep-skins for fishing dresses, the women spinning or weaving, one of the party would read aloud in a singing tone."

"That was pleasant indeed," said Kirstin; "what sort of books had they?"

"Tales or histories: some were not unlike those your grandfather used to tell us when we were children. The master, indeed, had not many books, but then we borrowed them of all the people round. We never went out, except on Sundays; for you see, Hans, the smithy, and the cattle-house, and other things, are all under cover, the farm consisting of a cluster of little buildings, so that weather does not matter. But on Sundays every one not wanted at home went to church, and then we met our neighbours and had a chat, and exchanged our books in the churchyard. Sometimes, when we had had a long day's work, we had games, and I learned to play chess and draughts. Still I confess I was not sorry when winter was over, and there was more variety, and more stir. You see there is such a constant change of work in an Icelandic farm: there's the fishing season, and the hay-making, and the gathering the sheep from off the mountains, before winter sets in,—that is real good fun."

"Tell us about that," said Hans.

"When the hay harvest is over, notice is given in the churches that sheep-gathering will commence on such a day, and the place for meeting is named. The time I was there two hundred men came to the place on horseback: they pitched their tents, and gave their horses to the care of some boys who were with them. First of all they chose their king, the man of the most experience among them, and he chose two councillors to help him. Well, the king remains on horseback and sends the men out, two and two together in different

directions: they collect as many sheep as they can find, and drive them towards the tents. When a week had been spent in this way, the sheep were all driven into a large pen, and a number of smaller pens were set up around it, into which were driven the sheep as they were separated from the rest by their respective owners. Of course there was a rare quarrelling over disputed sheep, and the lamentations of the poor things when parted from each other were piteous to hear."

"Are all the sheep sent to the mountains? it must be poor feeding for them," observed Michael.

"No, certainly not; the best are kept at home, but the law requires the farmers to send all the unproductive animals to the mountains in the month of May, so that the fine grass which grows on little hillocks surrounding the houses may be kept for milch cows, and ewes, and also for making into hay."

"I suppose the mountains are very fine," said Hans.

"Near the Whale Fiord they are grand to look at, and capped with snow. And such silence as reigns among them! I had two hundred miles to go from the farm to the whale fishery. They took me in for the night in whatever cottage I might pass, but the journey—it was so lonely. You heard the eagle's scream, and the plover's whistle—no other sound for miles. Once we came upon the remains of a woman, whose bones lay scattered about, one foot and leg left in her stocking separate from the rest. She must have lost her way, fallen over a precipice, and become food for eagles and foxes. Then the people would tell one such wild tales! worse than those old Elsa will worry little Karen with. But it's no wonder they should be fond of hearing of wonders in such a wonderful country. You've heard about Mount Hecla and the Hot Springs, haven't you?"

"Oh yes, often. And didn't you say once you went bear-hunting?"

"There were as many as thirteen bears came over from Greenland the last winter I spent in Iceland: they came in carriages, as it were, floated over the sea upon icebergs, and by the time they arrived they were hungry, so they went ravaging among the flocks; and when we found out what they were after, we went out in a party and shot them down with muskets."

"It's a wonder to me, Morten," said Michael, "that a strong young fellow like you, without ties, should be content to dawdle life away in a place like this, when there's bear-hunting, and whale-fishing, and

what not elsewhere. Why not go travelling again? and some half-dozen years hence have more to tell us of your exploits."

He looked the young man full in the face as he spoke, and his tone was so sarcastic as to be unpleasant. Unasked advice is always unpalatable, and Morten coloured as he replied, he was not entirely without ties; he thought it his duty to look after his little sister.

"Stay at home to look after a girl! can't you trust your neighbours to do that? No, no, Morten, don't waste your time; let us hear of your getting fame, and hunting bears."

The young man had a quick temper, though he usually took pains to subdue it. "There are bears elsewhere than in Iceland," he began; then, changing his tone, he turned away from Michael to the old man, and added, "You used to tell a capital story about bears in Denmark, Magnus Ericksen, do you remember? but I suppose that belonged to hundreds of years ago."

"Ah, grandfather, I wish you would tell us that story again," entreated Kirstin.

"Do, just in return for the long yarn I have been spinning," said Morten.

People always wondered where Magnus Ericksen had learned his stories, they were so different to any told by the peasants of the Nissumfiord. Probably in his youth he had heard some of the ancient northern sagas read aloud, and in reciting the stories, two or three had got blended in his mind, while his imagination filled up freely the gaps in his memory. On this occasion the story demanded was a freely-handled version of Bodver Biarki's saga.

After its recital, eager thanks were spoken by the old man's grandchildren.

"Thanks from me, too," said Morten; "it is a splendid story, and I have enjoyed it just as I used to do in the old times; do you remember, Kirstin?" She nodded assent. "But I am keeping you all up; good-night."

"Good-night, Morten, and recollect what I have said; I would go half over the world if I were a young fellow with no one belonging to me." Thus spoke the master of the house meaningly.

Morten changed colour again. "I will think of what you have said," he replied; then turning to Kirstin, who, conscious that he was annoyed, stood near the entrance with something like a reflection of

the same feeling in her own face, he said, "Good-bye, Kirstin," and pressed her hand.

"Oh, Morten! you hurt me," said the girl, drawing it away.

"I beg pardon," he said, abruptly; he was on the point of adding, "It is the last time; your father has given me notice to quit," but he restrained himself, and in the twilight the bitter smile on his lips was not seen as he turned away.

"I don't see why Morten is to go to Iceland again. I am sure I hope he'll stay here, don't you, Kirstin?" said Hans. But Kirstin knew by instinct there was something in the minds of her father and Morten: she could not tell what it was, so she made no answer, but hastened her preparations for the night's repose.

(To be continued.)

VERY NEAR.



CHILDREN, will you hear a story?

I have one I wish to tell,
'Tis about the stately mansions

In the country where I dwell.
Fair they are, of fine proportions,

Wrought with art within, without,
And—oh wonder of all wonders—
Can be moved at will about!

Talk of scientific progress—

Giant strides of skill and mind;
Modern marvels of invention,
Leaving miracles behind!

What are they to this I tell of,
Worthy old enchantment's days;
When the master's lightest wishes
His obedient house obeys!

See the windows—not mere openings
Letting in one only view,
But machines constructing pictures
Ever fresh yet ever true.

These, too, stored in upper chambers,
Serve for reference day by day;
When the master would remember
Scenes and people past away.

See the portals—two admitting

Sounds that make alive or kill;
One which sends them forth to
others—

Mighty power for good or ill.

This, too, the appointed entrance
For the stores the house requires,
To repair the waste from usage—
To support the constant fires.

"Then the houses are not lasting?"

No—the strongest must decay.
Till their very owners leave them,
And they crumble quite away.
But from out the scattered ruins
Others shall one day arise;
God the builder—God the owner—
Everlasting in the skies.

Now my ballad riddle's ended,


Now my mystic tale is told;
Now you know the stately mansions
Every one of you enfold.

Prize them for their wondrous beauty,
Guard them as a gracious loan;
Keep and use them in all honour,
Knowing they are not your own.

EDITOR.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

A FANTASIA.

T was Christmas Eve in an old-fashioned country house, where Christmas was being kept with old-fashioned form and custom. It was getting late. The candles swaggered in their sockets, and the yule log glowed steadily like a red-hot coal.

"The fire has reached his heart," said the tutor; "he is warm all through. How red he is! He shines with heat and hospitality like some warm-hearted old gentleman when a convivial evening is pretty far advanced. To-morrow he will be as cold and grey as the morning after a festival, when the glasses are being washed up, and the host is calculating his expenses. Yes! you know it is so;" and the tutor nodded to the yule log as he spoke; and the log flared and crackled in return, till the tutor's face shone like his own. He had no other means of reply.

The tutor was grotesque-looking at any time. He was lank and meagre, with a long body and limbs, and high shoulders. His face was smooth-shaven, and his skin like old parchment stretched over high cheek-bones and lantern-jaws; but in their hollow sockets his eyes gleamed with the changeful lustre of two precious gems. In the ruddy firelight they were like rubies, and when he drew back into the shade they glared green like the eyes of a cat. It must not be inferred from the tutor's presence this evening that there were no Christmas holidays in this house. They had begun some days before; and if the tutor had had a home to go to, it is to be presumed that he would have gone.

As the candles got lower, and the log flared less often, weird lights and shades, such as haunt the twilight, crept about the room. The tutor's shadow, longer, lankier, and more grotesque than himself, mopped and mowed upon the wall beside him. The snapdragon burnt blue, and as the raisin-hunters stirred the flaming spirit, a ghastly light made the tutor look so hideous that the widow's little boy was on the eve of howling, and spilled the raisins he had just secured. (He did not like putting his fingers into the flames, but he hovered near the

more adventurous schoolboys, and collected the raisins that were scattered on the table by the hasty *grabs* of braver hands.)

The widow was a relative of the house. She had married a Mr. Jones, and having been during his life his devoted slave, had on his death transferred her allegiance to his son. The late Mr. Jones was a small man with a strong temper, a large appetite, and a taste for drawing-room theatricals. So Mrs. Jones had called her son Macready; "for," she said, "his poor papa would have made a fortune on the stage, and I wish to commemorate his talents. Besides, Macready sounds better with Jones than a commoner Christian name would do."

But his cousins called him MacGreedy.

"The apples of the enchanted garden were guarded by dragons. Many knights went after them. One wished for the apples, but he did not like to fight the dragons."

It was the tutor who spoke from the dark corner by the fireplace. His eyes shone like a cat's, and MacGreedy felt like a half-scared mouse, and made up his mind to cry. He put his right fist into one eye, and had just taken it out, and was about to put his left fist into the other, when he saw that the tutor was no longer looking at him. So he made up his mind to go on with the raisins, for one can have a peevish cry at any time, but plums are not scattered broadcast every day. Several times he had tried to pocket them, but just at the moment the tutor was sure to look at him, and in his fright he dropped the raisins, and never could find them again. So this time he resolved to eat them then and there. He had just put one into his mouth when the tutor leaned forward, and his eyes, glowing in the firelight, met MacGreedy's, who had not even the presence of mind to shut his mouth, but remained spellbound with a raisin in his cheek.

Flicker, flack! The schoolboys stirred up snapdragon again, and with the blue light upon his features the tutor made so horrible a grimace that MacGreedy swallowed the raisin with a start. He had bolted it whole, and it might have been a bread pill for any enjoyment he had of the flavour. But the tutor laughed aloud. He certainly was an alarming object, pulling those grimaces in the blue brandy glare; and unpleasantly like a picture of Bogy himself with horns and a tail, in a juvenile volume upstairs. True, there were no horns to speak of among the tutor's grizzled curls, and his coat seemed to fit as well as most people's on his long back, so that unless he put his tail in his

pocket, it is difficult to see how he could have had one. But then (as Miss Letitia said), "With dress one can do anything and hide anything." And on dress Miss Letitia's opinion was final.

Miss Letitia was a cousin. She was dark, high-coloured, glossy-haired, stout, and showy. She was as neat as a new pin, and had a will of her own. Her hair was firmly fixed by bandoline, her garibaldiis by an arrangement which failed when applied to those of the widow, and her opinions by the simple process of looking at everything from one point of view. Her forte was dress and general ornamentation; not that Miss Letitia was extravagant—far from it. If one may use the expression, she utilized for ornament a hundred bits and scraps that most people would have wasted. But, like other artists, she saw everything through the medium of her own art. She looked at birds with an eye to hats, and at flowers with reference to evening parties. At picture exhibitions and concerts she carried away jacket patterns and bonnets in her head, as other people make mental notes of an aerial effect, or a bit of fine instrumentation. An enthusiastic horticulturist once sent Miss Letitia a cut specimen of a new flower. It was a lovely spray from a lately-imported shrub. A botanist would have pressed it—an artist must have taken its portrait—a poet might have written a sonnet in praise of its beauty. Miss Letitia twisted a piece of wire round the stem, and fastened it on to her black-lace bonnet. It came on the day of a review, when Miss Letitia had to appear in a carriage, and it was quite a success. As she said to the widow, "It was so natural that no one could doubt its being Parisian."

"What a strange fellow that tutor is!" said the visitor. He spoke to the daughter of the house, a girl with a face like a summer's day, and hair like a ripe corn-field rippling in the sun. He was a fine young man, and had a youth's taste for the sports and amusements of his age. But lately he had changed. He seemed to himself to be living in a higher, nobler atmosphere than hitherto. He had discovered that he was poetical—he might prove to be a genius. He certainly was eloquent, he could talk for hours, and did so—to the young lady with the sunshiny face. They spoke on the highest subjects, and what a listener she was! So intelligent and appreciative, and with such an exquisite *pose* of the head—it must inspire a block of wood merely to see such a creature in a listening attitude. As to our young friend, he poured forth volumes; he was really clever, and

for her he became eloquent. To-night he spoke of Christmas, of time-honoured custom and old association; and what he said would have made a Christmas article for a magazine of the first class. He poured scorn on the cold nature that could not, and the affectation that would not, appreciate the domestic festivities of this sacred season. What, he asked, could be more delightful, more perfect, than such a gathering as this, of the family circle round the Christmas hearth? He spoke with feeling, and it may be said with disinterested feeling, for he had not joined his family circle himself this Christmas, and there was a vacant place by the hearth of his own home.

"He is strange," said the young lady (she spoke of the tutor in answer to the above remark); "but I am very fond of him. He has been with us so long he is like one of the family; though we know as little of his history as we did on the day he came."

"He looks clever," said the visitor. (Perhaps that is the least one can say for a fellow-creature who shows a good deal of bare skull, and is not otherwise good-looking.)

"He is clever," she answered, "wonderfully clever; so clever and so odd that sometimes I fancy he is hardly 'canny.' There is something almost supernatural about his acuteness and his ingenuity, but they are so kindly used; I wonder he has not brought out any playthings for us to-night."

"Playthings?" inquired the young man.

"Yes; on birthdays or festivals like this he generally brings something out of those huge pockets of his. He has been all over the world, and he produces Indian puzzles, Japanese flower-buds that bloom in hot water, and German toys with complicated machinery, which I suspect him of manufacturing himself. I call him Godpapa Drosselmayer, after that delightful old fellow in Hoffman's tale of the Nut Cracker."

"What's that about crackers?" inquired the tutor, sharply, his eyes changing colour like a fire opal.

"I am talking of *Nussknacker* and *Mauskönig*," laughed the young lady. "Crackers do not belong to Christmas; fireworks come on the 5th of November."

"Tut, tut!" said the tutor; "I always tell your ladyship that you are still a tom-boy at heart, as when I first came, and you climbed trees and pelted myself and my young students with horse-chestnuts. You

think of crackers to explode at the heels of timorous old gentlemen in a November fog; but I mean bonbon crackers, coloured crackers, dainty crackers—crackers for young people with mottoes of sentiment”—(here the tutor shrugged his high shoulders an inch or two higher, and turned the palms of his hands outwards with a glance indescribably comical)—“crackers with paper prodigies, crackers with sweetmeats—*such* sweetmeats!” He smacked his lips with a grotesque contortion, and looked at Master MacGreedy, who choked himself with his last raisin and forthwith burst into tears.

The widow tried in vain to soothe him with caresses, he only stamped and howled the more. But Miss Letitia gave him some smart smacks on the shoulders to cure his choking fit, and as she kept up the treatment with vigour the young gentleman was obliged to stop and assure her that the raisin had “gone the right way” at last. “If he were my child,” Miss Letitia had been known to observe, with that confidence which characterises the theories of those who are not parents, “I would &c. &c. &c.,” in fact, Miss Letitia thought she would have made a very different boy of him—as, indeed, I believe she would.

“Are crackers all that you have for us, sir?” asked one of the two schoolboys, as they hung over the tutor’s chair. They were twins, grand boys, with broad, good-humoured faces, and curly wigs, as like as two puppy dogs of the same breed. They were only known apart by their intimate friends, and were always together, romping, laughing, snarling, squabbling, huffing, and helping each other against the world. Each of them owned a wiry terrier, and in their relations to each other the two dogs (who were marvellously alike) closely followed the example of their masters.

“Do you not care for crackers, Jim?” asked the tutor.

“Not much, sir. They do for girls; but, as you know, I care for nothing but military matters. Do you remember that beautiful toy of yours—‘The Besieged City’? Ah! I liked that. Look out, Tom! you’re shoving my arm. Can’t you stand straight, man?”

“R-r-r-r—r-r, snap!”

Tom’s dog was resenting contact with Jim’s dog on the hearthrug. There was a hustle among the four, and then they subsided.

“The Besieged City was all very well for you, Jim,” said Tom, who meant to be a sailor; “but please to remember that it admitted of no

attack from the sea; and what was there for me to do? Ah, sir! you are so clever, I often think you could help me to make a swing with ladders instead of single ropes, so that I could run up and down the rigging whilst it was in full go."

"That would be something like your fir-tree prank, Tom," said his sister. "Can you believe," she added, turning to the visitor, "that Tom lopped the branches of a tall young fir-tree all the way up, leaving little bits for foothold, and then climbed up it one day in an awful storm of wind, and clung on at the top, rocking backwards and forwards? and when papa sent word for him to come down, he said parental authority was superseded at sea by the rules of the service. It was a dreadful storm, and the tree snapped very soon after he got safe to the ground."

"Storm?" sneered Tom, "a capful of wind. Well, it did blow half a gale at the last. But oh! it was glorious!"

"Let us see what we can make of the crackers," said the tutor—and he pulled some out of his pocket. They were put in a dish upon the table, for the company to choose from; and the terriers jumped and snapped, and tumbled over each other, for they thought that the plate contained eatables. Animated by the same idea, but with quieter steps, Master MacGreedy also approached the table.

"The dogs are noisy," said the tutor, "too noisy. We must have quiet—peace and quiet." His lean hand was once more in his pocket, and he pulled out a box, from which he took some powder, which he scattered on the burning log. A slight smoke now rose from the hot embers, and floated into the room. Was the powder one of those strange compounds that act upon the brain? Was it a magician's powder? Who knows? With it came a sweet, subtle fragrance. It was strange—every one fancied he had smelt it before, and all were absorbed in wondering what it was, and where they had met with it. Even the dogs sat on their haunches with their noses up, sniffing in a speculative manner.

"It's not lavender," said the grandmother, slowly, "and it's not rosemary. There is a something of tansy in it (and a very fine tonic flavour too, my dears, though it's *not* in fashion now). Depend upon it, it's a potpourri, and from an excellent receipt, sir"—and the old lady bowed courteously towards the tutor. "My mother made the best potpourri in the country, and it was very much like this. Not quite, perhaps, but much the same, much the same."

The grandmother was a fine old gentlewoman "of the old school," as the phrase is. She was very stately and gracious in her manners, daintily neat in her person, and much attached to the old parson of the parish, who now sat near her chair. All her life she had been very proud of her fine stock of fair linen, both household and personal; and for many years past had kept her own graveclothes ready in a drawer. They were bleached as white as snow, and lay amongst bags of dried lavender and potpourri. Many times had it seemed likely that they would be needed, for the old lady had had severe illnesses of late, when the good parson sat by her bedside, and read to her of the coming of the Bridegroom, and of that "fine linen clean and white," which is "the righteousness of the saints." It was of that drawer, with its lavender and potpourri bags, that the scented smoke had reminded her.

"It has rather an overpowering odour," said the old parson; "it is suggestive of incense. I am sure I once smelt something like it in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. It is very delicious."

The parson's long residence in his parish had been marked by one great holiday. With the savings of many years he had performed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and it was rather a joke against him that he illustrated a large variety of subjects by reference to his favourite topic, the holiday of his life.

"It smells of gunpowder," said Jim, decidedly, "and something else. I can't tell what."

"Something one smells in a seaport town," said Tom.

"Can't be very delicious then," Jim retorted.

"It's not *quite* the same," piped the widow; "but it reminds me very much of an old bottle of attar of roses that was given me when I was at school, with a copy of verses, by a young gentleman who was brother to one of the pupils. I remember Mr. Jones was quite annoyed when he found it in an old box, where I am sure I had not touched it for ten years or more; and I never spoke to him but once, on Examination Day (the young gentleman, I mean). And it's like—yes it's certainly like a hairwash Mr. Jones used to use. I've forgotten what it was called, but I know it cost fifteen shillings a bottle; and Macready threw one over a few weeks before his dear papa's death, and annoyed him extremely."

Whilst the company was thus engaged, Master MacGreedy took advantage of the general abstraction to secure half a dozen crackers

to his own share ; he retired to a corner with them, where he meant to pick them quietly to pieces by himself. He wanted the gay paper, and the motto, and the sweetmeats ; but he did not like the report of the cracker. And then what he did want, he wanted all to himself.

"Give us a cracker," said Master Jim, dreamily.

The dogs, after a few dissatisfied snorts, had dropped from their sitting posture, and were lying close together on the rug, dreaming, and uttering short commenting barks and whines at intervals. The twins were now reposing lazily at the tutor's feet, and did not feel disposed to exert themselves even so far as to fetch their own bonbons.

"There's one," said the tutor, taking a fresh cracker from his pocket. One end of it was of red and gold paper, the other of transparent green stuff with silver lines. The boys pulled it.

* * * * *

The report was louder than Jim had expected.

"The firing has begun," he murmured, involuntarily ; "steady steady !" these last words were to his horse, who seemed to be moving under him, not from fear, but from impatience. What had been the red and gold paper of the cracker was now the scarlet and gold lace of his own cavalry uniform. He knocked a speck from his sleeve, and scanned the distant ridge, from which a thin line of smoke floated solemnly away, with keen, impatient eyes. Were they to stand inactive all the day ?

Presently the horse erects his head. His eyes sparkle—he pricks his sensitive ears—his nostrils quiver with a strange delight. It is the trumpet ! Fan farrâ ! Fan farrâ ! The brazen voice speaks—the horses move—the plumes wave—the helmets shine. On a summer's day they ride slowly, gracefully, calmly down a slope, to death or glory. Fan farrâ ! Fan farrâ ! Fan farrâ !

* * * * *

Of all this Master Tom knew nothing. The report of the cracker seemed to him only an echo in his brain of a sound that had been in his ears for thirty-six weary hours. The noise of a heavy sea beating against the ship's side in a gale. It was over now, and he was keeping the midnight watch on deck, gazing upon the liquid green of the waves, which, still heaving and seething after a storm, were lit with phosphoric light, and, as the ship held steadily on her course, poured past at the rate of twelve knots an hour in a silvery stream. Faster than any

ship can sail his thoughts travelled home; and as old times came back to him, he hardly knew whether what he looked at was the phosphor-lighted sea, or green gelatine paper barred with silver. And did the tutor speak? Or was it the voice of some sea monster sounding in his ears?

"The spirits of the storm have gone below to make their report. The treasure gained from sunk vessels has been reckoned, and the sea is illuminated in honour of the spoil."

* * * * *

The visitor now took a cracker and held it to the young lady. Her end was of white paper with a raised pattern; his of dark-blue gelatine with gold stars. It snapped, the bonbon dropped between them, and the young man got the motto. It was a very bald one—

"My heart is thine.
Wilt thou be mine?"

He was ashamed to show it to her. What could be more meagre? One could write a hundred better couplets "standing on one leg," as the saying is. He was trying to improvise just one for the occasion, when he became aware that the blue sky over his head was dark with the shades of night and lighted with stars. A brook rippled near with a soothing monotony. The evening wind sighed through the trees, and wafted the fragrance of the sweet bay-leaved willow towards him, and blew a stray lock of hair against his face. Yes! *She* also was there, walking beside him, under the scented willow bushes. Where, why, and whither he did not ask to know. She was with him—with him; and he seemed to tread on the summer air. He had no doubt as to the nature of his own feelings for her, and here was such an opportunity for declaring them as might never occur again. Surely now, if ever, he would be eloquent! Thoughts of poetry clothed in words of fire must spring unbidden to his lips at such a moment. And yet somehow he could not find a single word to say. He beat his brains, but not an idea would come forth. Only that idiotic cracker motto which haunted him with its meagre couplet

"My heart is thine.
Wilt thou be mine?"

Meanwhile they wandered on. The precious time was passing. He must at least make a beginning.

“What a fine night it is!” he observed. But, oh dear! That was a thousand times balder and more meagre than the cracker motto; and not another word could he find to say. At this moment the awkward silence was broken by a voice from a neighbouring copse. It was a nightingale singing to his mate. There was no lack of eloquence, and of melodious eloquence, there. The song was plaintive as old memories, and as full of tenderness as the eyes of the young girl were full of tears. They were standing still now, and with her graceful head bent she was listening to the bird. He stooped his head near hers, and spoke with a simple natural outburst almost involuntary.

"Do you ever think of old times? Do you remember the old house, and the fun we used to have? and the tutor whom you pelted with horse-chestnuts when you were a little girl? And those cracker bonbons, and the motto *we* drew—

“ ‘My heart is thine.
Wilt thou be mine?’ ”

She smiled, and lifted her eyes ("blue as the sky, and bright as the stars," he thought) to his, and answered "Yes."

Then the bonbon motto was avenged, and there was silence. Eloquent, perfect, complete, beautiful silence! Only the wind sighed through the fragrant willows, the stream rippled, the stars shone, and in the neighbouring copse the nightingale sang, and sang, and sang.

When the white end of the cracker came into the young lady's hand, she was full of admiration for the fine raised pattern. As she held it between her fingers it suddenly struck her that she had discovered what the tutor's fragrant smoke smelt like. It was like the scent of orange flowers, and had certainly a soporific effect upon the senses. She felt very sleepy, and as she stroked the shiny surface of the cracker she found herself thinking it was very soft for paper, and then rousing herself with a start, and wondering at her own folly in speaking thus of the white silk in which she was dressed, and of which she was holding up the skirt between her finger and thumb, as if she were dancing a minuet.

"It's grandmamma's egg-shell brocade!" she cried. "Oh, grandmamma! Have you given it to me? That lovely old thing! But I thought it was the family wedding dress, and that I was not to have it till I was a bride."

"And so you are, my dear. And a fairer bride the sun never shone on," sobbed the old lady, who was kissing and blessing her, and wishing her, in the words of the old formula—

"Health to wear it,
Strength to tear it,
And money to buy another."

"There is no hope for the last two things, you know," said the young girl; "for I am sure that the flag that braved a thousand years was not half so strong as your brocade; and as to buying another there are none to be bought in these degenerate days."


The old lady's reply was probably very gracious, for she liked to be complimented on the virtues of old things in general, and of her egg-shell brocade in particular. But of what she said her granddaughter heard nothing. With the strange irregularity of dreams, she found herself, she knew not how, in the old church. It was true. She was a bride, standing there with old friends and old associations thick around her, on the threshold of a new life. The sun shone through the stained glass of the windows, and illuminated the brocade, whose old-fashioned stiffness so became her childish beauty, and flung a thousand new tints over her sunny hair, and drew so powerful a fragrance from the orange blossom with which it was twined, that it was almost overpowering. Yes! It was too sweet—too strong. She certainly would not be able to bear it much longer without losing her senses. And the service was going on. A question had been asked of her, and she must reply. She made a strong effort, and said "Yes," simply and very earnestly, for it was what she meant. But she had no sooner said it than she became uneasily conscious that she had not used the right words. Some one laughed. It was the tutor, and his voice jarred and disturbed the dream, as a stone troubles the surface of still water. The vision trembled, and then broke, and the young lady found herself still sitting by the table and fingering the cracker paper, whilst the tutor chuckled and rubbed his hands by the fire, and his shadow scrambled on the wall like an ape upon a tree. But her "Yes" had passed into the young man's dream without disturbing it, and he dreamt on.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

BURIED CITIES.

(QUESTIONS, GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL, ON GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.)

N what town did Falstaff receive the most full and affectionate response to his inquiry for recruits?

2. What town did Alexander the Great rob and pillage on his journey to the north?

3. In what town did the ghost of Fair Rosamond, drest as a physician, alarm Queen Eleanor on her death-bed?

4. In what town was Cymbeline a thief-catcher before becoming a king?

5. From what town may the African coast be espied most clearly on a sunny day?

6. In what town are all the cats the colour of red carrots?

7. In what town was the Knave of Hearts soundly drubbed for daring to steal the tarts?

8. What town is famous for cold ham, sandwiches and stout?

9. What town makes harder rye-bread than any in Europe?

10. What town is the most infested and overrun with blackbeetles?

11. In what town did little Bo-peep rest on a haystack when engaged in seeking her flock?

12. In what town do they sell linen yarn by the acre, week days and Sundays?

13. In what town do men revere a dingy coat as much as a new one?

14. In what town do they use wych-elms for dancing-poles?

15. In what town do all heart-aches terminate happily?

16. What town exported the first wig to Nova Zembla?

17. What town has forbidden the sale of every unpalatable drug by Act of Parliament?

18. In what town do Volunteers propel ginger-beer corks at the rifle-practices?

19. In what town do incessant irruptions of the long-horned earwig annoy all church-goers?

20. At what station are the most delectable ices termed trash by the querulous traveller?

THE TOUR OF THE BUNNIEWINKS—*continued.*



ON Monday morning they started by the very first train for Penzance and the Land's End. Zummy and Drummie had wanted dreadfully to buy a book they saw at Heard's about the Land's End and Lyonesse and King Arthur, but Mr. Bunniewink would not let them : he said it was all nonsense about King Arthur.

But Mr. Bunniewink was wrong. The stories about King Arthur are very grand. He and his knights were good, brave men ; and we ought to be the better for reading and thinking of great and wonderful deeds, even though we can't quite understand all about them ; and very often the reason we don't understand is, that we are not good and humble-minded enough ourselves. Zummy and Drummie were sorry to leave Truro without sailing any paper boats in the little streams in the streets, it would have been such a pleasant thing to do.

On the way from Truro to Penzance, they passed through an out-of-doors *kitchen*, that is to say *Cook's Kitchen Copper-mine* ; and a wonderful place they thought it, with miners for cooks, and copper ore for meat, and furnaces for kitchen fires, while the engine-bobs kept going up and down, keeping everything at work.

Soon after the train came to a dead stop on the top of an immensely high viaduct. What could be the reason ?

Mrs. Bunniewink immediately began to scream.

Mr. Bunniewink looked to see if there was anything about stopping there in the Guide-book, and finding nothing, he got into a rage at once, and put his head out of window to know what was the reason of this delay.

And there were the guards looking so indifferent, and they said they had dropped the shovel and had just run back to pick it up.

Mr. Bunniewink was beginning to scold everybody, when the train was off again.

They were a good deal astonished at the country they passed through. Where the mines were, everything looked desolate. There were high heaps of rubbish that nothing would grow on, engine-bobs for ever going up and down, and tall chimneys, some smoking and some not.

The "Bal," or mine girls, with their very short petticoats, very white

aprons, and sun-bonnets, with very wide strings indeed, delighted Drummie so much that she begged to leave school and be a mine girl. But Mr. and Mrs. Bunniwink both said "No."

Then they saw some miners just come up from the bottom of the mine with candles stuck in their hats to light them about underground. And they could hardly believe they were the same people whom they saw walking about the road looking so smart and very often dressed almost entirely in white.

The country grew softer and richer-looking as they approached the garden district of Penzance, which supplies the London market with the first brocoli and new potatoes; then the line ran through a bit of salt marsh; then past St. Michael's Mount, where long, long ago dwelt the great giant Cormoran, and so into Penzance station.

They were all sitting quietly in the inn in the middle of the town that evening, Zummy and Drummie dreadfully sleepy, but trying to look wide awake that they might not be sent to bed, when a tremendous noise was heard in the street. It came nearer and nearer. Zummy and Drummie tried to look out and see in the dark what was happening. Mrs. Bunniwink, who was resting on the horse-hair sofa, declared she was trembling all over, and was ready to scream or faint.

Mr. Bunniwink put on his comforter, goloshes, and macintosh. The noise came nearer and nearer. Voices of men and boys shouting and screeching were heard, and two great eyes of light came on in the darkness, then was a sound of horse's steps and wheels.

Mrs. Bunniwink gasped, and wished she was back in England. She thought the natives were having a fight, and when they had finished they would fall on them, poor defenceless strangers.

Mr. Bunniwink said, "Defenceless, Maria! Think of *me* and of my pistols. However, this commotion is probably caused by a fire, and we hear the sounds of the coming engines."

But Zummy cried out, "'Tisn't an engine, pa. It's a dog-cart with sailors in uniform in it, and they are driving at such a rate: do let us go out and see."

Mr. Bunniwink said, "No," and Mrs. Bunniwink suddenly recollected Zummy and Drummie ought to be in bed, and sent them off instantly, and they slept all night without even moving their little fingers; but Mr. and Mrs. Bunniwink were awakened at dead of night

by the sound of wheels and a galloping horse; and Mr. Bunniewink, who jumped up directly to see what he could see, again saw that dog-cart go by manned by the same sailors. And he could not understand it.

The next morning he asked the waiter the meaning of the disturbance, and the man was sour and silent, and would only mutter, "Coast-guard, sir; preventive men, sir."

On hearing this Mrs. Bunniewink made up her mind she was in a den of smugglers, and insisted on removing immediately to the Alexandra Hotel, on the shore.

Zummy and Drummie were charmed with the change. They could get down on the beach in a minute, and they went off at once to see what a number of fishermen, collected on the beach, were doing. And they found they were "drawing a seine."*

Bob, bob, went the corks on the water.

Pull, pull, went the men; presently the water looked all alive with silver, and the great seine was "drawn" full of fish. There were turbot and whiting and whiting pouters; there were sea woodcocks and greenboned garricks, and soles and tubs, and plaice and all sorts. Zummy and Drummie nearly jumped into the midst. An old sailor caught Drummie and held her back, and said, "Mustn't go there whatever, my little dear."

But Zummy was there already, and he seized a monstrous plaice and hugged it to his heart.

"Put him down, my dear," said the fisherman.

"No, thank you," said Zummy; and he began dancing about with the poor flapping fish in his arms; but he soon slipped down all among the fish and the ore weed, and a great crab caught hold of his heel in its claw. Zummy roared and let go the plaice, and the fisherman picked him up, and a very dismal, dirty figure he looked. He had to go back to the inn, and be washed by boots before his papa or mamma could bear to look at or smell him.

Zummy had hardly come back cleaned before Mr. and Mrs. Bunniewink began to miss Drummie, and Zummy said he thought she was still on the shore watching the fish being packed to go to London; for most of the fish caught at Penzance goes to London. Hundreds of baskets of fish may be seen on the Cornish trains.

* Large net.

Then the door opened, and an extraordinary object appeared, a kind of moving heap of ore weed, with a pair of little girl's feet at the bottom, and a voice came from the ore weed and said, "Please, papa and mamma, I am a mermaid."

Mrs. Bunniewink was horrified, and more horrified still when the ore weed began to fall off, and Drummie appeared, with face, neck, and hands stained bright yellow by the iodine in the weed. The chambermaid couldn't clean her, and for some days she had to go about as an orange-coloured young lady; and she didn't mind a bit, excepting when Mrs. Bunniewink would try to take out the stains with salts of lemon, as if they were iron-moulds.

Mr. Bunniewink said, "Iodine is wholesome."

In the afternoon the Bunniewink family went out walking again in procession. But Zummy and Drummie were made to walk in front of their parents this time, that they might see they got into no further mischief.

First they saw the serpentine works, at which they were astonished.

In the yard outside they saw large and small red and green stones, but they didn't think much of them. Then they went into a room where there were a lot of men working, and lathes going, and stones polishing. And they thought rather more of that; and when last of all, they were taken into a room filled with all sorts of beautiful finished things, they began to think very much of these serpentine works.

There were large pillars for large halls, and tiny charms to hang on watch chains, card plates and vases, tables and shirt studs.

Zummy and Drummie walked round the room and wondered. Mrs. Bunniewink bought a small stone table, which was a heavy anxiety for the rest of the tour. She also bought the children each a stony little heart.

The next day they made a grand expedition to the Land's End. Mr. Bunniewink put on goloshes, macintosh, and comforter, took his pistols in one hand and his umbrella in the other, the weather being lovely.

Mrs. Bunniewink had four hampers of food packed. She "dreaded starvation in a desolate region."

When the fly came Mr. Bunniewink declared the horses were too small.

The driver said, "If the horses were any bigger or fatter they couldn't do the work of the country."

Mr. Bunniewink described "how much larger horses were in London."

And the man replied, "Then you had better go to London for your horses."

Mr. Bunniewink was annoyed, and would have knocked the man down (if he could), had not Zummy at that instant mounted the box, and flourishing the reins and whip called out he was going to drive. So Mr. Bunniewink had to scold him, and he pulled poor Zummy backwards into the fly, which looked absurd and made Zummy roar.

At last they were off, through gardens and meadows first, then across a brook and they were in the wild country. Just then they met a man riding without a saddle: when he came to a certain turn in the road he jumped off, and told the horse to go home, and the horse went home immediately. Their own little horses trotted away so gallantly up and down hill, that Mrs. Bunniewink was sure they were running away, and kept on entreating the driver to "take care;" and he was obliged to tell her "the horses were going be-au-tiful, the little dears."

They went, and they went, and they went, till they came to "The last house in the 'country," where they left the fly; and when they walked round to the other side of the inn, they found they were at "The first house." Zummy and Drummie were delighted with the idea of this First and Last House Inn. They went on over the down till the turf changed to rock, and the grand grey granite rocks grew lower and lower till they sank into the Lyonesse, and the clear green waves of the Atlantic broke into white foam at their feet. A hazy line in the distance showed where the Scilly Islands were sleeping among their flowers; along the coast were the Grand Cliffs, Cape Cornwall, and the Longships lighthouse. Overhead was the blue sky "embracing all." No sound save the waves, and the whirring past of a single bird, broke the stillness; and when they turned back, there were Sennen Church and the ruins of Uny Chapel—homes to greet the weary sailors when first they sight their native country, and pointing to a "better country."

Then they drove on through St. Just, in Penwith's dreary mining district, to Botallick mine, and the way was cheered by the contents of those four hampers.

What Mrs. Bunniewink suffered in driving along the precipitous

road to Botallick mine no words can tell. She stood up. Mr. Bunniwink said, "Maria, sit down." She screamed. Mr. Bunniwink said, "Maria, silence." She could only gasp in peace. Zummy and Drummie wanted to go into the mine, as the Princess of Wales, or rather the Duchess of Cornwall, did: they thought it would be so nice to be under the sea and not in danger of drowning; but the miners would not take them, and they had to content themselves by hearing how the mine ran one hundred fathoms under water.

At last they reached Penzance, as sleepy as possible, and as delighted as possible with their expedition.

"Who knows not Michael's Mount and chair,
The pilgrims' holy vaunt?
Both land and island twice a day,
Both fort and port of haunt."

Carey's Cornwall.

The next morning they went to St. Michael's Mount, and as the tide was in, they had to cross in a boat, which was delightful. And when they landed, they saw the little brass foot-print which was let into the granite, where the Queen first set foot when she went to St. Michael's Mount. They also saw the royal handwritings, framed and glazed, together with the quills with which the royal persons wrote when they went to write down their own names in the visitors' book. As they walked round the battlements, Mr. and Mrs. Bunniwink cautioned Zummy and Drummie every three minutes not to fall over, and so they none of them could give proper attention to the beautiful view over Mount's Bay, with the quaint little fishing-towns of Marazion and Mousehole on its shores.

Zummy and Drummie could not fancy the wicked old giant living in such a pretty place as the grey old castle on the grey old Mount, with the rocks peeping up through a carpet of soft turf and wild flowers. They were much interested in looking at the mule-track up to the castle, for the mount is too steep for the commonest cart to get up, and all the coals and provisions have to be carried up on mules.

When they had seen the outside of the castle they went to see the inside. They saw the dining-room, with the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown over the chimneypiece, and the boar hunt perpetually going on round and round the room (this is carved in wood, *not real*, of course!).

They saw the pretty blue withdrawing-room, and the nurseries, with little white beds looking as if they wanted to be slept in. Then they saw the chapel, where the people of the village go to church, and where there are some curious paintings.

Mr. Bunniewink thought fit to go and sit in the wonderful stone chair, *outside* the castle, which is such a difficult and dangerous adventure, that if a man has sat in it before his wife, he can rule her ever after, and *vice versâ*.

Mr. Bunniewink went for the sake of the view. The tide was out when they returned, so they had the pleasure of walking over the strip of land which joins the mount to the shore, and which the tide covers twice a day.

That afternoon they reached Falmouth, but too late to see anything of the place. On Saturday morning they got a boat, and went in it to see Pendennis and St. Mawes Castles; and they saw the remains of the chain which was stretched across the harbour from castle to castle, to keep out the French in the days of "the old Bony."

They spent the whole day in the boat on the bay, and saw pretty St. Just in Roseland, and the little town of Flushing, and were quite delighted with the old packet station, where all the homeward-bound from the Indies used to land before the days of the "P. and O." and Southampton; when the mail-coach used to drive out of Falmouth, laden with papas and mammas and children, and black nurses in white dresses, and black men-servants in ear-rings, and parrots, and curiosities of all sorts. And now Mr. Bunniewink determined that it was time to turn back, and think of getting home again; and he put a great mark against Falmouth in his Guide-book, to show the limit of his tour, but he thought they had better see one or two more places on the way home.

They went straight from Falmouth to Liskeard by train, and then Mr. Bunniewink "bade adieu to locomotives until he should make his final start for London." He waved his hand to the departing train as it left Liskeard station, but only one old woman noticed him, and she thought he was "mazed."

(To be continued.)



THE HUNCHBACK.

(NOT BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.) A BURLESQUE IN ONE ACT, ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

BY ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

A BONE-BOUCHE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE CALIPH OF CASGAR. A particularly perspicacious potentate.

THE TAILOR. A small man in every way, except his part here, which is large.

FATIMA. The tailor's wife; a clever woman, who takes her own part.

THE DOCTOR. A Jew, who has a long part, and a long nose. (We hope he *knows* his part.)

ASSAM. A (Green) Tea-merchant, lodging next door to the tailor. *Particeps Criminis.*

THE BARRISTER. A *brief* part.

JOHN BROWN. An English man of business. A silent *part-y*.

COURTIER, PARTISANS, &c., as usual—more so if possible.

Costumes.

CALIPH. Gorgeous robe de chambre, shawl, sash, scimitar, large green turban. Turkish pipe (while seated on divan), which should be handed to him with due ceremony by an attendant.

TAILOR. Large red turban, white shirt (no coat or waistcoat), brownish shawl girdle, large shears stuck in it. Loose, wide, short brownish trousers, yellow slippers.

FATIMA. Plain loose dress, all of one colour (say dark blue), yellow slippers.

DOCTOR. Old skull cap, red beard, long false nose, enormous spectacles, long blackish robe down to the ground (covering all his other garments, which, consequently, may be those of the nineteenth century).

ASSAM. Should blacken or darken his face and wear a red fez cap, a loose yellow jacket, a figured vest under it, a green sash, wide, short red trousers, white stockings, and red slippers.

THE BARRISTER. Ordinary wig and gown.

JOHN BROWN. White trousers, yellow waistcoat, blue coat with brass buttons, white hat.

THE HUNCHBACK. Gorgeous suit of red, covered with (sham) gold embroidery, trousers, white flannel, with gold stripes, a fez on his head.

(N.B. A lay figure should be made to wear this costume during the earlier scenes.)

The nature of Eastern costume admits of all the above costumes, except those of John Brown and the Hunchback, being worn by ladies.

SCENE.—CASGAR.

SCENE I.

Room in the Tailor's house. Table, with fragments of dinner, in centre. Door left, windows left of centre, fireplace right of centre, chairs, &c. The Hunchback lying a corpse on the floor; Tailor and his wife bending over him.

H 2

TAILOR [*coming forward, throwing up his hands and eyes*].

O Mahomet! Why did I ask to dinner
That little wretch? No doubt he was a sinner—
Else in his throat the fish-bone had not stuck,
And brought us to this crisis of ill-luck.

WIFE. I've pinched, and pull'd him, but no breath's left in him, 5
And now my head's with apprehension swimming,
Lest we should be before the Sultan brought
And charged with murder—

TAILOR. At the very thought 10
My legs give way, as if they had no bone,
And both my feet and hands are cold as stone.

WIFE. Are you aware, this little humpback'd fellow, 15
Who roams the streets of Casgar, free and mellow,
Is royal jester at the Caliph's court,
And charms the lords and ladies with his sport?

TAILOR. Yes, and this night, while resting from my labour, 20
The wag appear'd, and struck upon his tabor,
Singing a merry song, which did so charm me,
I ask'd him in, not thinking it would harm me;
And wishing you to have a pleasant treat,
As soon as we had risen from our meat:—
And there he lies not drunk, but dead!

WIFE. Oh dear! 25
What shall we do? for I partake your fear;
However, it's no use to be so frightened—
Maybe his braces have been overtightened.
Let out the hump, which may have press'd the lung,
And put this stoppage on his breath and tongue.

TAILOR. The first thing that I did was to unbutton, 30
As you suggest; but ah! he's dead as mutton.

WIFE. Well, we must quickly lift him from the floor, 35
And lay his death at some one else's door.
You know, my love, the doctor, who's a Jew,
Lives round the corner—

TAILOR. He'll exactly do. 40
WIFE. Now use your strength, and lift him on your back,
And we'll soon foist him on our neighbour Quack.

TAILOR *sings*.

AIR—"Not so bad for me."

I really do not know, my dear,
What would have been our end,
Had not this very bright idea
Struck you about our friend. [*Points at Hunchback.*]

[*Turns to audience.*] And you, my friends assembled here,
I'm sure will all agree,
That this idea, plann'd by my dear, [*Points to Wife.*]
Is not so bad for she.

CHORUS.

Not so bad, not so bad, not so bad for she. { TAILOR.
me. { WIFE.
Don't you really think it is, not so bad for she. { TAILOR.
me. { WIFE,
Not so bad, not so bad, not so bad for she. { TAILOR.
me. { WIFE.
Think what you may, I still will say, 'tis not so bad for she. { TAILOR.
me. { WIFE.

WIFE sings.

Ah, hubby, your're a flatterer,
You very naughty man ;
And if you're such a chatterer,
You'll spoil my little plan ;
Thro' which, if we can safely steer,
Why then I will agree,
That this idea, plann'd by your dear,
Is not so bad for me.

[*They repeat chorus as above. Then they lift up the body of the Hunchback, and carry it out very slowly, the piano playing "the Dead March" in "Saul." The pianist must continue playing until the return of the Wife. Re-enter Wife cautiously, and turning her head to listen.*]

WIFE. Methought I heard a clattering of feet—
The policeman can't be coming down the street! [*Looks out.*]
Bless me! it's only cats. He's now about it. 40
I hope he'll do the trick, yet I half doubt it.
Those Jews are very sharp; at any rate,
I think I did my part [*looking at watch*]: he's very late.
'Tis now a good half-hour since, or more,
I left him at the learned doctor's door. 45
My coward husband held the corpse, while I
Did ring the bell, and then I saw on high
A night-capp'd head; but soon my silver fee
Drew the good doctor, for it fill'd with glee
His Jewish soul; on that I quickly fled, 50
And flying nearly pitched upon my head.
Where is my whipper-snap? [*noise at door*] Halloo, who's here?
My nerves are shattered.

TAILOR [*entering*]. Only me, my dear.
[*Tragically.*] I've done the deed! did you not hear a noise? 55
WIFE. I heard the cats, as if pursu'd by boys
With sticks and stones, and then I heard a sound.
TAILOR. Where?
WIFE. Now on entering.
TAILOR. Well, I'll be bound 60
The Rabbi twigged me; on the lowest stair
I'd scarcely laid the corpse, when all my hair

	Like needles stood, or porcupinal quills. With hurrying steps, and, in his hand, of pills A box gigantic, came the Jewish quack Downstairs, when suddenly upon the back Of the dead Hunchback he did set his foot, And headlong fell upon the mat; his boot Had struck against the royal jester's hump— I fear the Jew is killed, he fell so plump.	65 70
	[<i>Knock at door.</i> Dear me! dear me! whoever can that be? Don't make a fuss, old man, I'll go and see. [<i>Goes to door and opens it.</i> Why, bless me, it's the doctor. How d'y'e do? We are so glad to see you.	
WIFE.		
DOCTOR.	And I you, For certain things have come to pass to-day, 'Bout which I wish a word or two to say To your dear spouse.	75
TAILOR.	<i>Cher Docteur,</i> take a chair; Your troubles I most willingly will share.	80
	[<i>They all three sit down; the Doctor in the middle, the Tailor and his wife on either side.</i>	
DOCTOR.	This evening, when about to go to bed, My servant came to me up-stairs, and said, Below stand two good folk who said to me, Said they, "Your master, miss, we wish to see." Says I, "All right, my master is alone." Said they, quite soft, and in an undertone, Looking at me, they says, "My little dear, You call your master while we two wait here." And many other things which she did say I will keep quiet for another day; Suffice it, in her hand she brought a fee, And I went down, quite pleased, such folk to see. I stumbled—over what I could not tell, But this I <i>knows</i> , that on my nose I fell; Then rising, struck a light, and look'd around, And can you guess, my friends, what there I found?	85 90 95
TAILOR.	A cat?	
WIFE.	A sheep?	
TAILOR.	A log of wood?	
DOCTOR.	No! no! I found some-body there I did not know. In rage I hit him hard upon the head: He neither spake nor mov'd—the man was—	100
TAILOR AND WIFE.	Dead?	
DOCTOR.	Exactly so, and when I look'd more near, My knees gave way, I trembled much with fear.	105

In fact, I felt my face turn green and yellow
On finding that it was that humpback'd fellow
Who acts as jester at the Caliph's court;
But to suffice, and cut a long tale short, 110
I lifted up this mass of flesh in haste,
And tied a rope around his portly waist.
I took him on the roof, and there I spied,
Just three doors off, a chimney gaping wide;
And lifting Hunchey by the shoulders, I 115
Let go, and down the chimney he did fly.
Thus ends my tale; what think you of it now?
TAILOR. I think you have escaped a jolly row;
So let us make our cares on music float—
Thanks, doctor, take the pitchfork, give the note. 120

DOCTOR *sings*.

AIR—"For I am one of the Olden Time."

I really am so jolly, and I feel so full of fun,
I feel inclined to kiss the hand of each and every one;
For I am safe, and sound, and snug, who not an hour ago
Dealt with this foot upon a hump a fearful deadly blow.

All sing—CHORUS.

For we really feel so jolly, and we feel so full of fun,
Let's all commence at once to shake the hands of every one.

[They shake hands all round, and proceed to next verse.]

TAILOR *sings*.

I really am so pleased, dear friend, to find you here all right,
Because you might be hang'd, you know, for what you've done to-night.
But neither I, nor yet my wife, will tell a single thing,
So let us all sit down again, and wife, some liquor bring.

Repeat chorus as above.

[They then dance in a circle and shake hands. The Doctor and Tailor sit down at the table, while the wife gets some glasses and a bottle from a cupboard. The following conversation ensues.]

TAILOR. Whose chimney did you with the body cram?
DOCTOR. The chimney of our worthy friend Assam.
TAILOR *[astonished]*. Assam!—he lives next door, then what say you,
If when we've finished this, my good wife's brew, 125
We take a stroll?
DOCTOR. Yes, by all means, and peep,
In on our friend next door, he's p'raps asleep.
TAILOR. *[Screams and shouts heard in the distance: they all three spring up.]*
Hailos, what's that?
WIFE. And that!
DOCTOR. A scream, I'm sure. 130
TAILOR. Come along, doctor, there's some fun in store.

[Exeunt all three, chuckling and laughing.]

Curtain.

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.

The Merchant Assam's Bedroom. Bed, right; fireplace, centre; door, left. Tables, chairs, washstand, &c. Merchant discovered in bed, snoring loudly. Suddenly the body of the Hunchback is to appear down the chimney. Assam wakes in alarm.

ASSAM. Halloo! dear me, this really is annoying,
To be woke up when I was just enjoying
A nap. O gracious! [*looks at fireplace*] how my poor head swims,
I feel a sort of creeping o'er my limbs. 135
Here, help! help! Murder! Shallallah! thunder!
I'll hide my frightened head the bedclothes under.
No, that won't do; what shall I do? oh dear!
To think that I must die 'cause no one's near.
I should so like, before I really die, 140
To give that pilfering scamp a good black eye.
I feel my hair is starting from the root—
A boot! a boot! my kingdom for a boot!
[*Sees boot on floor.*] Ah, there is one, and haply with one shot
I may destroy the villain on the spot. 145
Now for it, Assam, pull yourself together,
And show the scamp your boot is of good leather.

[*Throws the boot: the body of Hunchback falls on its face.*]

Hurrah! I've hit him, and I thought I should:
My arm's so strong, my aim so very good;
But if the fellow's dead, why then, I guess, 150
I've got myself into a precious mess.

[*Enter Doctor, followed by Tailor and his Wife. They rush to the bed.*]

DOCTOR [*fussily*]. Bless me, my friend, whatever is the matter?
You'll wake the whole of Casgar with your clatter.
While sitting with my friend the tailor, I
Did hear afar your wild and sudden cry; 155
And leaping from our chairs, we hurried out
To find the cause of all this noise and rout.
ASSAM. O doctor, I'm so very very glad
To see you here; I feel uncommon bad.
Look there! [*points to fireplace*] and see the cause of all my ills; 160
I feel as though I'd taken tons of pills.
DOCTOR. Good gracious me! what is it that I see?
The humpback'd jester? Horror! humph! bless me!

[*Adjusts his spectacles, and examines the corpse of the jester—a good deal of fun can be made of this—feeling pulse, &c. Then he turns to Assam, who has got out of bed, and says:*]

ASSAM. He's faint or drunk, but which I cannot say.
I soon will find out which. Hi, there, make way! 165
[*Rushes at Hunchback, and beats him well.*]
Now that is done, once more I will to bed.

WITZ. Nay, stay! I think the poor man's really dead!

ALL. Dead?

DOCTOR [*who has again looked at him*]. Yes, he's dead!



AGNES.

Oh horror! is it so? 170

He must have died from that *boot-i*-full blow.

[*To Doctor.*] Dear doctor, try and make him live again.

DOCTOR. His *sole* is gone; my *heeling* is in vain.

AGNES [*pathetically*]. Oh dear! I shall be hung as sure as fate.

- WIFE. No, stop, I have a plan, it's not too late. 175
 My plan is this, take Hunchback, neck and crop,
 And prop him up against some neighbouring shop.
- ASSAM. Good thought, my friend, now let us shake a paw.
- WIFE. No, *pauses* off, Pompey, let us *pause* no more.
- [*Going up to body.*] Here doctor, will you kindly lift his feet? 180
 Then you and I will bear him to the street.

[*Exeunt Doctor, Tailor, and Wife—Wife and Doctor bearing the body. The piano to play the "Dead March" again.*]

ASSAM *sings Parody on Burial of the Linnet.**

Found in the chimney, stiff as a sentry
 Shot at his post, yet remaining upright :
 Surely some one of our resident gentry
 Merits a share of my trouble to-night.

Whether this vision of Humpy the jester
 Be joke of other, or one of his own ;
 I am absolved, and I don't care a tester
 Who may be next with old Hunchback alone.

'Tis nice to have such inquisitive neighbours
 As Jew and Tailor have proved in this case ;
 I wish them well at the end of their labours,
 Finding the jester his next halting-place.

Oh dear, that word makes me think of a halter,
 Which even now may be hanging o'er me ;
 Onward, ye brave, in your course never falter,
 Pitch Humpy anywhere, so that I'm free.

ASSAM [*alone*]. Then, Assam, you're a murderer—dear me !
 To think my boot should make me what you see.
 Humph ! well, I'm tired, so I'll be off to bed,
 And on my downy pillow lay my head.

185

[*He gets into bed, and sings dreamily.*]

AIR—"I really am so Sleepy." †

I'm going to try and sing a song,
 I don't know if I can,
 For the truth is this, I really am
 A very sleepy man.
 But if I can remember it,
 I hope you'll pardon me
 If now and then I give a yawn
 For it wakes me up you see—

Spoken. Yes, I really do hope I shall remember the words, but if not you must
 forgive me, for—

Chorus. I really am so sleepy, so sleepy, so sleepy,
 I really am so sleepy, you'll forgive me I hope if I yawn.

* Aunt Judy's Magazine, No. V.

† Published by R. Cocks and Co.; reprinted by permission.

When I was quite a little boy,
 And used to go to school,
 My master always thought me
 A most egregious fool.
 For when he set me work to learn,
 I'd steal off all alone ;
 And then and there would fall asleep
 Before the work was done.

Spoken. Yes, then my master would catch me, and give me such a shaking, on which I'd roll over and say—

Chorus. I really, &c.

I'm married, and my wife has got
 A temper of her own ;
 And there's nought she likes so much as
 With poor me to pick a bone.
 But I've a plan for stopping her,
 Which is both safe and sure,
 There's no expense, it's learnt at once,
 And is a perfect cure.

Spoken. Yes ; it consists in this, when your wife begins holding forth, break in upon her volubility with this refrain—

Chorus. I really, &c.

I really am so sleepy now,
 I must retire to bed ;
 I hope you are not vexed, my friends,
 At anything I've said.

Get slower as you sing these lines. { Don't ask me please to sing again,
 Because I simply shan't ;
 And if you ask me why that is,
 'Tis really 'cause I can't.

[*Have here a fearful fit of yawning while you play the Chorus half way through, then say, Oh ! by Jove ! I beg your pardon, but you must forgive me as—*

Chorus. I really, &c.

[*Yawns all through the song must be introduced at the discretion of the singer.*]

[*He falls asleep and snores. Enter Doctor, Tailor, and Wife, hurriedly. Wife goes to the bed and shakes Assam.*

WIFE. Wake up, old sleepy, 'tis no time for sleep,
 It would be more appropriate to weep. [*Shakes him.*]

ASSAM [*sleepily*]. Hallo—o—o ! Whom have we here, a friend or foe ?

WIFE. Friend—wake up, old man.

ASSAM. No, no, not for Joe.

190

DOCTOR. Assam, you must wake up.

ASSAM [*from under the bedclothes*]. No, that I shan't.

DOCTOR [*throwing up his eyes*]. Oh shame, thou sluggard, get thee to the ant,
 Her ways consider, and be wise !

ASSAM. Oh dear !

195

I see I shall not sleep by lying here,
 So I'll get up [*gets out of bed*].

- TAILOR [*slapping him on the back*]. Ah! that is right, old chap,
We soon will go, then you may take your nap—
We want to tell you what we've done. 200
- ASSAM. All right.
- TAILOR. We took the Hunchback, and plac'd him upright
Against a neighbouring door—
- WIFE [*breaking in*]. Just eight doors down,
And on the scraper I have torn my gown. 205
- TAILOR [*testily*]. Bother! Be quiet! What do we care for that!
- WIFE [*tartly*]. You hold your tongue, or I'll knock off your hat.
- DOCTOR. Let dogs delight to bark and bite, not you—
Allow me then, my friends, to take the cue:
We placed the Hunchback 'gainst a neighb'ring door,
The number of which house I think is four. 210
- WIFE. No, three I'm sure.
- TAILOR. No, five, I think I'll swear.
- DOCTOR. Bless me! I never did see such a pair:
No matter numbers—when we'd done this deed,
To stop and watch a bit we all agreed. 215
We hid; and presently we saw appear
A Christian merchant, who was drunk, I fear;
He roll'd about, and scraps of music sang,
And soon against the Hunchback he came, bang. 220
They both fell down, and struggled for a space:
We saw the merchant strike the Hunchback's face;
Then, fearing that the watch might soon appear,
We hurried off, and rush'd in haste up here.
- ASSAM. Well done! I thank you very much, indeed,
But as of sleep I greatly am in need,
And as the time is now quite half-past four,
Without offence, I'll show you to the door. 225
- TAILOR [*going out*]. Good-night!
- WIFE [*ditto*]. Good-night! 230
- DOCTOR [*ditto*]. Good-night!
- ASSAM [*alone*]. Good-night, Hurrah!
I never saw such stickers as they are.
- [*To audience.*] Well, now I'll bid you all good-night once more,
And please don't wake me, if perchance I snore. 235

[*Gets into bed and draws curtains.*]

Curtain.

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.

Caliph's Court. A divan, centre; tables, left and right; covered with refreshments.

Caliph sitting cross-legged on divan, surrounded by courtiers, &c. On the left are standing John Brown, the English merchant, Assam, and a Barrister in wig and gown. On right are standing the Tailor and his Wife and the Doctor: they are all in chains. In front of the divan lies the body of the Hunchback. As the curtain draws up there should be a blast on penny trumpets.

CALIPH [*rising*]. How now, ye varlets! By Mahomet I swear
I'll cut your heads clean off—what makes you stare?

[*They all bow low.*]

Now then, you guy in wig and dusky gown [*to Barrister*],
Tell me at once your tale, or fear my frown.

BARRISTER. Most mighty Caliph, since you bid me tell
My tale, as it is long, I may as well
Begin at once. 240

CALIPH. Yes, do; I'm in a rage.

[*The Barrister can read this speech off a roll of paper.*]

BARRISTER. Well then, most puissant monarch, and most sage,
This morning, ere the day had well nigh broke, 245
My servant came, and quickly me awoke;
He said our friend, the Hunchback jester there,
Had met with treatment that was hardly fair,
From one John Brown, a Christian, who last night
On quarts of Bass's beer got very "tight;" 250
As he came rolling home, 'twixt three and four,
Our friend the Hunchback here he stumbled o'er.
That's all we know, and all we can find out—
That Brown was "fresh," I think there is no doubt,
And, possibly, his liquor was "Brown Stout." 255

CALIPH [*to Brown*]. Thou Christian dog, I'll kill thee, sure as fate.

BARRISTER. Will your great highness for a moment wait? [*Sultan nods.*]
When I had pass'd death sentence on John Brown,
There rose a man at once, with eyes cast down,
Who said, "Let not the innocent be slain;
I must confess, although it gives me pain, 260
That I'm the murderer, not he."

CALIPH. Bless me! [*Throws his eyes up.*]

BARRISTER [*to Caliph*]. The case, sire, is most strange, as you will see.
The man was Assam, merchant of Bagdad, 265
Who told his tale, and made his crime as bad;
Then there appeared the Jewish doctor, who
Declared that he had kill'd the Hunchback too.
I then tried him, and sentenced him for life,
When there came forth this tailor and his wife, 270
Who say that they are guilty—not the rest—
Your highness then sent for us.

- CALIPH [*astonished*]. Well, I'm blest !
 Bring forth the tailor and his wife, and I
 These two black villains on this spot will try. 275
- [*The Tailor and his Wife are led forward trembling before the Caliph.*]
- CALIPH [*angrily*]. Thou tailor dog, thou first unfold thy *tail*.
 TAILOR [*timidly*]. Most noble Caliph, deeply I bewail
 The death of Hunchey. Good sooth, I'm cut up,
 And feel as tho' I'd lost a friend—
- CALIPH [*breaking in*]. Shut up ! 280
 I don't care *how* you feel : here, housewife, you
 Begin, but mind that all you say is true.
- WIFE [*curtsying*]. Yes sir, I always speak the truth, and so
 I promise to tell everything I know.
 My husband ask'd the Hunchback in last night 285
 To dinner, which I know was not quite right ;
 At any rate he came in.
- CALIPH [*eagerly*]. Who ?
 WIFE [*curtsying*]. The jester,
 And of good appetites he had the best, sir, 290
 I've ever seen—
- CALIPH [*angrily*]. Well, what care I ?—proceed.
 WIFE. We had some fish, sir, boil'd in aniseed,
 Of which the dwarf partook, and in his throat 295
 A fish-bone seem'd to stick, for with a note
 Of wild despair he fell upon the floor,
 And when we felt his pulse, it beat no more !
 In terror we then forth the body bore,
 And laid it at our friend the doctor's door.
 So ends our tale. 300
- CALIPH. 'Tis well ! A bone you said,
 Stuck in my jester's throat, and kill'd him dead ?
 WIFE. Yes, so we thought.
- CALIPH [*turning to the Doctor*]. Then doctor, come thou here.
 You're skilled in herbs and surgery, I hear. 305
- * DOCTOR [*advances, singing*].
 How do, my friends ? How are you all ? I hope you're very ill !
 For then, I trust, you let me sell you just von leetle pill.
 They're made of rhubarb, squills and butter, soap and flour and cheese,
 The more you takes, the less you wants ;—I know they vill you please.
- Chorus. Oh my ! is any von ill, is any von ill, is any von ill ?
 Oh my ! is any von ill, is any von ill, Oh my !
 I'm a
 Jolly old Quack, Quack, Quack,
 What carries his pack on his back ;
 I've plasters and pills ; I've rhubarb and squills,
 And they call me Medicine Jack.

* "Medicine Jack," is published by R. Cocks and Co. ; reprinted by permission.

I never sell inferior qual-i-ty of med-i-cine,
 For that would be, as we all know, von big monstrous sin;
 I've pills for leetle baby,—I've pills for dear mamma,
 And pills for brothers, sisters, nieces, aunts, and kind papa.

Chorus. Oh my! &c.

My plaster, it is vaary goot for pains in head, in hair;
 For pains in arms, for pains in legs, for pains in everywhere.
 You varm it at the fire and apply it vaary hard,
 'Tis vaary goot, and vaary cheap, price fourteen pence the yard.

Chorus. Oh my, &c.

My draughts they keep out draughts, and colds out of your head;
 They should be taken late at night before you go to bed,
 And when you do prepare a dose, give it one great big shake,
 And in a glass of water you von tablespoon should take.

Chorus. Oh my! &c.

D'you want to have some teeth drawn out, if so I am de man,
 I've tweezers, crushers, pincers, spades, and pickaxe, in my van;
 I can pull you out a dozen teeth vithout de slightest pain,
 And then, as quick as lightning I can stick them in again.

Chorus. Oh my! &c.

You will not buy my med-i-cine? var-goot, I do know why!
 Because you think poor Med-i-cine Jack has told you von big lie!
 But I have told the truth to you, on my vord I do swear,
 And since you will not buy my goods, I'll go and try elsewhere!

Chorus. Oh my! &c.

CALIPH. Well! here's a patient, who is ill enough—
 Now let us see the virtue of your stuff;
 Probe down his throat, and bring the fish-bone out,
 And you shall be rewarded, have no doubt.

[Doctor advances to the body and pretends to probe the throat: after a time, and sounds of coughing, he produces the fish-bone; at the same moment the Hunchback springs up alive. The bone apparently extracted might be a large marrow-bone, to aid the joke.]

CALIPH *[with arms up and wide open]*.

Good gracious me, whatever do I see,
 Old Hunchback all alive? 310

ALL *[together]*. Ha! ha! He! he!

CALIPH. Hurrah!

TAILOR *[alone]*. Hurrah!

WIFE *[to her husband]*. Will you not make less din? 315

TAILOR *[turning his back on her]*. For you, my dear, I now don't care one pin.

[Tailor snaps his fingers at Wife.]

CALIPH. Silence! and now, my jester, please relate
 What were your feelings in your senseless state?

HUNCHBACK. Your majesty, my throat feels rather dry,
 Let me first drink; I'll tell you by-and-by. 320

CALIPH. 'Tis well—bring liquor in a golden bowl,
 It will invigorate our royal soul.

Take off those fetters, every one is free—
It seems our jester has been "on the spree."

ALL [*together*]. Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra!

325

CALIPH. Silence; let's drink and sing all care away.

[*They all retire to tables right and left, where they fill bowls of wine; then they all advance to front.*]

HUNCHBACK *sings*.

AIR—"Frog he would a wooing go."

Hunchey would a larking go,

ALL. Heigho, says Roly,

HUNCHBACK. Whether the Caliph would let him or no,

ALL. With a roly poly, gammon and spinach, heigho says Anthony Roly.

HUNCHBACK. Hunchey went with the Tailor to dine,

ALL. Heigho, &c.

HUNCHBACK. A bone stuck in his throat, for he'd had too much wine,

ALL. With a roly, &c.

HUNCHBACK. Hunchey then remembered no more,

ALL. Heigho, &c.

HUNCHBACK. Till he found himself lying quite dead on this floor,

ALL. With a roly, &c.

[*Change suddenly to "Come Home, dear Father."*]

WIFE. Farewell, dear audience, our play is now done,

We're all very sorry indeed;

But it is now time that we all were at home,

As of sleep we must stand much in need.

I hope you are pleas'd with our poor little play,

The acting of which is more fun

Than sitting and list'ning; at any rate now,

This evening's performance is done.

CHORUS.

ALL [*sing in parts*]. We hope you are pleased with our poor little play,

The acting of which is more fun

Than sitting and watching; at any rate now,

This evening's performance is done.

Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

"Till our next happy meeting, good-bye.

Curtain falls.


Distribution of Characters at fall of Curtain.

Brown. Barrister. Doctor. Hunchback. Caliph. Assam. Tailor. Wife.
Courtiers in the background.



THE CHRISTMAS TOURNAMENT.

CHAPTER I.

 ANYTHING new for the children this year? said Mr. Eardley to his wife, when he saw her cutting the bulky Christmas supplement of the 'Illustrated London News;' "they seem very anxious for the Christmas Number to come, though it always appears to me very dull."

"Well," said mamma, "I think there is something new here. Look at this"—and she handed to her husband a picture called 'The Tournament.' It represented several good-natured fathers and uncles (probably) on their hands and knees enacting horses for the benefit of their small riders—sturdy little fellows who were vigorously belabouring each other with sofa-bolsters. "I think that is not a bad idea; how would it do for our party of little folks on Thursday? I wanted to find something new, to fill up the time before the Christmas-tree is lighted."

"The boys would like it well enough, no doubt," said papa; "but what about the mammas? You are a strong-minded mother, and happily have no nerves left for knocks and scratches; but how about others?"

"Oh!" replied mamma; "boys' heads are very thick, and our dining-room carpet is thick too, and the chance of a tumble is half the fun."

"Then have it by all means. I shall be delighted to do my part as a horse; there is nothing like enlarging one's ideas by fresh experiences."

"My dear! how can you think of such a thing, with your chest? No—I can manage. There is Fred, and one or two others I think I can reckon upon."

Mr. Eardley was a barrister, and his home was therefore in London, so that his three children, Katie, Walter, and Bob, respectively aged eleven, ten, and eight, had no large experience of that children's paradise—a country home. Still they were three very joyous little mortals; and the large dining-room in Russell Square was a capital place for blind-man's-buff, Tom Titler, and the like diversions, and just now they were looking forward not a little to the long-promised party, which was fixed for the Thursday after Christmas Day.

Their mother's announcement of the proposed tournament was received with acclamations, especially by Katie and Walter, who had lately been listening with extreme delight to 'Ivanhoe.' Both boys, of course, begged to be knights; but mamma decided that one would be enough, and that Bob was too little to have a chance against older boys; and then seeing that his face grew long, and somewhat puckered up about the corners of the mouth, she added, "But I tell you what, Bob, we must have you for a little herald; I will make you a cap and a tabard (that is what heralds wear), and you shall have a trumpet to sound the 'knights to the charge.'"

This revived Master Bob's spirits, and he joined in the eager discussion that followed as to who the other knights were to be.

"Seven; oh; mamma, we must have seven!" exclaimed Katie, who had rather a turn for chivalric tales, and especially revered the Seven Champions.

"Be it so," said mamma; "then here is Walter for one; now make haste and choose the other six."

This was a long business, and seemed to require so much time that mamma, whose spare moments were precious, said she could wait no longer; they might decide amongst themselves, and tell her in the evening.

"Well," said mamma, as the children gathered round the fire for that cosy half-hour before dinner that they always talked of as "our time," and on which account they much resented their parents dining out, "is the knotty point settled yet?"

"Not quite, mamma," answered Katie; "we have got into a puzzle, and we want you to help us."

"What! the whole day passed in discussing the matter, and these redoubtable champions not chosen after all?" said papa; "you are a nice set of people to decide questions of such high moment!"

"Now, papa, don't laugh at us. It really is a puzzle. We are to have seven knights, and Walter is one; and we have eight boys coming. How are we to manage? we cannot leave any out."

"Well, mamma, what do you say? you have generally a cure for all difficulties."

"Suppose," said mamma, "you have a second herald, and a page; you must have a page, you know, to attend on the Queen of Beauty."

"What a clever, good darling of a mother you are!" said Kate; "and what a goose I am! Of course that is the very thing."

The knights were soon fixed on. They were to be the children's cousins, Hugh Feilding, and Arthur Jervis; and four of Walter's schoolfellows—Edward Osborne, Ralph Weston, Richard Hunter, and Philip Ward.

"Not bad names for knights," said papa; "it is a curious coincidence."

"Now let us make a list," said mamma; "but what are we to call them? 'Sir Walter' and 'Sir Hugh' do not sound well without some other name."

"Walter might be 'de Russell,'" said his father, "as he lives in Russell Square. Where do the other boys live? Could you not name them in the same way?"

"Let me see. Arthur and Hugh—Montague Place, and Beaufort Gardens. That will be capital; 'de Montague' and 'de Beaufort' look very grand. Then the others; there are Sir Edward de Berkeley, Sir Ralph de Bryanstone, Sir Richard de Wimpole, and Sir Philip—I do not like 'de Lowndes.'"

"Sir Philip de Belgravia," suggested papa; and so it was arranged; and papa proceeded to draw a kind of shield, with all sorts of funny black flourishes, and wrote all the knights' names on it.

"Edith Weston should be Queen; she would be such a jolly one, and she has such stunning hair," said Walter.

"Oh, yes! we must have Edith. Could we not make her Queen, mamma?" cried Katie.

"I think the Queen must be chosen by lot, childie," said mamma; "or it would be an invidious distinction."

"The knights will choose her, then," said Walter, proudly; "I shall certainly vote for Edith, and try and get the other fellows to do the same."

"Should not each of the knights have a lady, for whom they fight, and whose colours they wear?" asked Katie.

"Yes; that's a good thought, Katie. I was just considering how to bring the little girls into the performance; it would be dull for them to be only lookers-on, and have no share in it. Yes; they shall draw lots for the knights, and you shall be my handy little work-woman, and help me to make some coloured bows, two of each colour one for the lady to wear, and the other for her to give her knight."

"That will be beautiful, mammie dear; and the knights must have helmets, and coloured scarfs, and—oh! a whole host of things."

"Then," said papa, "a whole host of things will be too many to discuss now, and here is dinner to discuss instead; so now young ones leave mamma and me in peace till dessert-time, when, if you can come down from knightly deeds and dresses, to think of almonds and raisins, you may show yourselves in the dining-room."

Need it be told how many times the children fought the battle o'er in the few days that intervened before the eventful Thursday? Even the usually much-longed for and gloated over Christmas presents scarcely diverted their thoughts from the all-important theme of "the passage of arms," as Katie loved to call it.

We have made no mention of the horses, but they were too important to be overlooked. Uncle Fred, papa's younger brother, who spoilt every child in general, and nephews and nieces in particular, was of course one; and cousin George was another. Mamma found five other kind friends, who were very happy to give the young knights a mount, only stipulating that they might be allowed knee-pads!

Uncle Fred drew up a code for the tourney; a prominent rule of which was, that under no circumstances should a knight strike or kick his horse, and that any one guilty of so un-knightly and dishonourable an act should be considered unworthy to compete in the renowned tournament; from which, as papa said, it was easy to see that a horse had a voice in the matter, and he went on to conjecture what would be the rules framed by other horses, could they, poor things, express their opinions.

Papa wrote out the challenge, beginning "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! This is to declare and proclaim, &c., &c.," and gave it to herald Bob to read, and that young gentleman being rather quick at jumping to conclusions, convulsed his audience by reading very solemnly, and with great emphasis, "Oyster, Oyster, Oyster;" on which Katie said they ought to "pat his head," and proceeded to explain that she intended a pun (*patties*), and papa said that if her puns wanted explanation she had better leave them out. And so with sense and nonsense the days passed on; and poor mamma and nurse stitched and pasted helmets, &c., and the children talked and laughed, and did not do much of anything.

CHAPTER II.

AND now the evening had come. The children were excited and eager—for mamma would not let them go into the dining-room, and they had heard some hammering, which stimulated their curiosity still more. Bob wanted to peep through the key-hole, but his brother told him he would be “a dirty little sneak” if he did, so he desisted, and, we will hope, felt ashamed of himself.

As soon as the children had all come, the knights were informed of the proud destiny that awaited them, and, to judge from their brightening faces, they thought the plan promised fun.

The two smallest boys, Tommy Feilding and Willie Ward, younger brothers of Sir Hugh de Beaufort and the Belgravian knight, were told off to their respective posts. Willie was page; he was a pretty little dark-haired fellow of six, and would be as charming a little page to look at as ever served a Queen of Beauty. Tom, who was older, was to be the second herald.

The Queen was chosen, and proved to be Edith, after all; but we venture to think there was coercion used (though not bribery), for Walter and Hugh stationed themselves by each unfortunate knight as he voted, and thundered into his ear, “Say Edith.” I doubt whether mamma would have allowed this, but she was busy with the finishing touches in the dining-room, and was obliged to leave the young ones to their own devices, under the auspices of her sister, “Aunt Nellie,” and some other grown-up guests.

Soon afterwards the boys were summoned to be equipped, and the Queen and her two maids of honour (Katie, and Susan Hunter) had to be adorned in their turn; and at last the time came, and the tournament was to begin.

It was certainly a very pretty and picturesque scene: let me try to describe it. Down the whole length of the floor a broad white tape was nailed to represent the lists. At the upper end of the lists, Sir Arthur de Montague was stationed on his good steed, his weapon (the bolster) firmly held under his arm; he was prepared to do battle on behalf of the Queen of Beauty against all comers. At the lower end of the lists, the rest of the knights crowded together, all mounted; the horses being occupied in settling various minor points of arrangement.

Over the throne of the Queen of Beauty a canopy of crimson with golden bands looked very imposing; what matter that it was only glazed calico, when the smallest effort of imagination converted it into silken hangings? The wall at the back of the throne was also covered with crimson (marvellously like the dining-room table-cloth). The lower part of it was bright with gorgeous emblazonry; coats of arms, of course, though some one audaciously whispered that that was the Chinese silk from the Summer Palace, that cousin George brought mamma from Pekin. But the throne itself—Could it be that that was the old school-room sofa, on whose ears (for if walls have ears, why should not sofas?) have fallen so many fragments of Katie's lessons? and which, to go back to earlier days, had been by turns—Robinson Crusoe's hut, a smuggler's cave, a ship, a besieged fortress, a shop, and what not besides? What could not mamma's magic fingers effect? They had transformed the old sofa into a throne splendid with scarlet and silken draperies; a raised seat in the middle for the Queen, and lower ones at the sides for her attendants. The little Queen looked very regal in her long scarlet train (which Katie's quick eyes recognised as mamma's opera cloak), an ermine tippet, and a crown set with turquoises and pearls, which accorded well with the golden hair and bright-blue eyes of the little damsel. The maids of honour had silver circlets, from which hung white veils, and blue scarfs over their shoulders fastened with large gilt bows, which had been the objects of Katie's admiration since she saw her mamma buy them for the large sum of sixpence each.

In the front of the Queen stood the little page, arrayed in a scarlet tunic, with a black velvet cap, and white feather. He seemed wonder-struck at his Queen's golden crown, and looked at her with great respect, mixed with a little awe, as she was perched high above his head.

The heralds stood one at each end of the lists, and looked very gay and somewhat grotesque in their yellow and scarlet tabards, which mamma made like square handkerchiefs fastened together on the shoulders with scarlet bows; black caps with red and yellow rosettes, and red stockings drawn over their shoes with bows on them, completed their attire. I must not forget their trumpets, which they were in no danger of forgetting, and which had little red and yellow flags on them.

The room was brightly lighted up, and the knights' silver helmets

(pasteboard with tin-foil), shone brilliantly. A coloured scarf and a helmet were the only additional equipments mamma gave them, as she thought armour would be in their way.

Papa, as he could not be a horse, said he would be Marshal of the Course; and the children were delighted at seeing him looking so quaint and grim in his black gown, tied round the waist with a large coloured scarf, and a great mace in his hand.

Papa was too wise to entrust Master Bob again with the challenge, so it was read by herald Tom instead; and it stated that the noble knight, Sir Arthur de Montague, was "prepared and willing to do battle with any knight of any country or place soever who should venture to deny that the sovereign Lady, Queen Edith, was the fairest and most peerless lady in the realm."

Now the trumpets were to sound to the charge. But, alas! herald Bob, who had an inveterate habit of twiddling, had so tormented and twisted the mouthpiece of his trumpet, that it would only give a spasmodic squeak. Herald Tom, however, blew his trumpet bravely; only having found the use of his lungs (and of his trumpet), saw no reason for leaving off.

Sir Ralph de Bryanstone was the first to meet Sir Arthur, but his career was short, as at the first touch of Sir Arthur's well-directed bolster, over went poor Sir Ralph, amongst the laughter and shouts of the audience. Then another, and another, and still all fell before Sir Arthur's victorious weapon, till Sir Walter de Russell appeared, and lo and behold poor Sir Arthur rolled off, and even lost his helmet!

Both heralds got so excited that, instead of keeping in their places, whenever a knight went down, they skipped into the middle to see the fun.

The little girls watched their knights with great interest, and one, little Maye Jervis, was so unhappy at seeing her champion vanquished, that she appealed to uncle Fred—

"Oh! please do give Sir Edward de Berkeley another ride, for he is my knight, and I do so want him to win;" which good-natured uncle Bob did; but, alas! for poor Maye, Sir Edward went over like a nine-pin as soon as Sir Walter charged against him; on which Maye exclaimed—

"Oh! he's down again—he's a bad boy; I won't speak to him."

The knights had several trials each, ending with a fierce encounter

between Sir Walter and Sir Hugh de Beaufort; in which Sir Walter was unhorsed, and Sir Hugh remained victor of the field.

He then rode up to the throne, and the Queen made a nice little speech, though she nearly giggled in the middle, and put a green wreath round the victor's helmet, and bestowed another token upon him as a prize, viz., a knife which mamma had provided, as she doubted how much a boy would care for a green wreath alone.

The Queen summoned the page to bring a silver goblet, and she pledged the knight, and then gave it to him. A voice from the audience exclaimed, "Give some to your horse," which Sir Hugh accordingly did, and then the other knights got hold of the cup, and it was passed about and finished, so that perhaps it was as well that mamma had taken the precaution to mix plenty of water with the sherry. The victor lastly received a little bouquet, with which he ambled off in search of his lady, and presented it to her with a low bow.

And now the tourney was over, and the knights dismounted, doubtless to the satisfaction of their steeds. Some of the latter had appeared so reconciled to their four-footed posture, that mamma afterwards declared that she heard uncle Fred and cousin George discussing the probabilities of a long frost.

I think no one was sorry when tea was announced. A little procession was soon formed. The Marshal led in the Queen, the page bearing up her train. Then came the maids of honour and their knights, and the other knights and maidens followed. The two heralds came last, blowing their trumpets as loud as possible, herald Bob having got the refractory screw put right by uncle Fred. It was certainly discovered that neither fighting, nor being thrown, had at all impaired the knights' appetite for twelfth cake.

The tea was followed by a Christmas-tree, and that was the wind-up of what Walter described as "the jolliest party we ever had."

And now, little readers, I must tell you, in conclusion, that this is a true tale of a true tournament, where many little knights distinguished themselves, and not very long ago either. The old house which was the scene of it has now passed into the hands of strangers, and probably the writer will never enter its walls again; but of the many memories that the thought of it recalls to her, none shine more brightly than the recollection of the faces of the knights and ladies at the Christmas Tournament.

F.

CHRISTMAS, 1869.



HIS is the season when the soil
 Seems closed upon the rotting grain,
 And all the farmer's irksome toil
 Seems only labour spent in vain.

This is the season when the earth
 Lies in a winding-sheet of snow,
 Nor promise of a fertile birth
 Gleams from the stiffen'd clods below.

Yet, at this season did the skies,
 When midnight's curtain had been drawn,
 Ring with the song of angel-cries,
 In light of more than morning's dawn;

And shepherds watching on the hill
 Heard more than song of human mirth—
 "Peace upon earth, to man good-will,
 To man good-will, and peace on earth."

Such was the song, and by the light
 Which shone like glory from the sky,
 Those shepherds went that wondrous night
 To a small sheltering hostel nigh;

Where in a stable, newly born,
 A swaddled infant softly lay,
 The herald of that final morn
 Which shall unveil th' eternal day.

O Babe no more, O Lord of all,
 Who came in flesh at Christmastide,
 To raise us from our fatal fall,
 And quicken us who else had died;

Come at this lifeless season, come,
 Come, Comforter divine, and fill
 Each Christian heart, and Christian home,
 With God's own peace, and man's good-will.

A. G.

THE CLOVE.



HAT a pity it is that the sweet perfume of the Spice Islands, instead of teaching men gratitude for the precious gifts of a beneficent Creator, should but make them fight and struggle for possession, like a pack of hungry dogs over the delicious aroma of some goodly mess, in honour of which they have been twisting their noses, and sharpening their temper, and their teeth, in the prospect of individual enjoyment!

Selfishness! selfishness! the ruling spirit of this world, must invade even the pretty little island of Amboyna, and there is not much room for it, either, for the whole place, with its mountain ranges and sheltered valleys, is but thirty-two miles long, and ten broad, they say; but it must be difficult to measure, because it is divided by a bay into two unequal peninsulas; and this bay runs in so deeply on the south-west coast as nearly to cut the island, not exactly in half, but into two slices, one thicker than the other, which form on either side of the bounding waves of the Eastern Ocean two lovely peninsulas, with the clean little town of Amboyna nestling within the bay.

The houses are built of wood, 'tis true, and are but one story high, but they must look cool and picturesque, with their roofing interlaced with branches, and covered with the graceful foliage of the palm.

Once, it is said, a Dutch governor wished to cut through the tiny isthmus, "the pass of Baquewala," which forms the head of the bay, and so divide the peninsulas of "Hittoe" and "Leytimor," to open up an easier route to the adjacent islands. He tried it, too, and by the aid of a little river prettily called "The Eye of the Pass," had nearly completed the canal he required, but the natives were superstitious, perhaps thought they had had enough of their oppressors, and wished to afford no facility for the visits of more. Be that as it may, they stopped the work, and the vessels have to cast anchor, and wait for their cargoes in the bay, just as they used to do.

"The Eye of the Pass," it seems, is not always filled with tears, for sometimes the four streams, which rise in the mountains of Leytimor

are in the dry season scarcely more than two feet deep, and the wild deer skip across them merrily; but when

“The rain it raineth every day,”

and the island is deluged by the storm, those rivers have it all their own way, and become not only respectable torrents, but great brawling cataracts, carrying pieces of sulphur from the mountain sides, and many a broken tree along with them, as they wildly rush to join the waters of the bay.

The trees which clothe the mountains are comparatively small, but for so small a place the variety of the wood is singular. The naturalist Rumphius, who is buried in Amboyna, is said to have possessed a cabinet inlaid with four hundred different kinds collected from the island. Nevertheless the Lingoa wood, which we call Amboyna wood, and admire in our work-boxes, chess men, &c., comes from Ceram, a large island close by, and when the people require timber for building purposes, they fetch it from Java.

The trees of our lovely little island might have flourished long enough in their quiet home, sheltering the wild inhabitants from the scorching heat, and ornamented by the brilliant hues of the birds fluttering among their branches, had not the wind, as it passed over the clove-tree, waved its leaves on their long light footstalks, and whispering through its aromatic flowers, carried the secret of their existence far away.

A party of Portuguese set out from Malacca in 1511 to Amboyna, where they were kindly received by the natives, and returned with a cargo of spices.

Ten years afterwards a squadron of Portuguese ships was sent to take possession of the Spice Islands, in the name of the King of Portugal, and for sixty years the Amboynese were subjected to their cruel tyranny.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Dutch took them from the Portuguese, and the oppressed people rejoiced that they had helped them to send away their old masters; but alas! the “toad was under the harrows” still, and the Dutch excelled in cupidity and cruelty even their former rulers.

Strife, of course, ensued, the Amboynese were ever in arms: and well they might be, for even those cherished clove-trees, which from genera-

tion to generation had marked the rise of native families, the loved "*Tantanamangs*," were cut down and destroyed.

These trees, by a native custom, were planted at the birth of every child, and thus became the register of the people.

How must the dusky mother have watched their growth, and believed in its influence upon the human twigs she was rearing beside them!

The trees were dear to the people, hallowed by affection and by family pride, which could point to a lofty tree as the living representative of some hero, who had perished in the strife for land and children, and for the children's *Tantanamang* trees.

The English took the island from the Dutch, and with various success contended for a share in the Spice Islands; but the Dutch obtained possession of it in 1814, and possess it still, although a number of schools, and the Bible printed in the Malay tongue, are "*Footmarks on the sands of Time*," to tell of English rule, and Gospel truth. And all this anarchy and bloodshed to keep possession of the clove-trees, the one object of native industry in Amboyna! Unaided, the natives could have cultivated cloves enough to supply all civilized society with the aromatic treasure, sufficient not only for medicinal purposes, but to improve our dainty dishes, and add a perfume to the manufactures of our perfumers. But their tormentors, the Dutch, took good care to prevent this. They burnt and destroyed every clove-tree on the adjacent islands which were not employed for their especial service, and among them any of the *Tantanamangs* which could not be made available to their greed.

Little thought the people of Cambello, in Ceram, when, like King Hezekiah, they proudly showed their treasure to the merchant princes, and displayed their plantations of cloves behind the "*Hill Massili*," that they should be deprived of the fruit of their labours, their trees destroyed: and when poor human nature rebelled, and made reprisals on the forts of their enemies, they are represented by Dutch writers as "possessing so wicked a spirit of disobedience that it would have been better, if instead of extirpating their trees alone, we had at the same time extirpated this revengeful and sanguinary nation."

The islands Honimon, Oma, and Naussalant, commonly called the "*Uliassers*," together with Amboyna, were the only places where the clove-trees were permitted to flourish; everywhere else within the

reach of their rapacity it was stamped out with unceasing care, lest the warehouses of Batavia and Holland should break down with the abundant supply.

Thus the company ordered, in 1769, that the number of clove-trees should not exceed 500,000, and in 1773 that 50,000 more should be destroyed. So that in 1775, after three exterminations, the number of trees were about 513,268, beside 22,310 Tantanamangs.

The island of Amboyna was divided by its conquerors into 4000 allotments, each one of which was expected to support 125 clove-trees, and carefully must the natives watch their falling flowers, for the *unexpanded flower* is the clove of commerce. The pulpy purple berries are useful only as a preserve, to ornament the dessert table of the affluent.


The opened flower displays a number of yellow filaments rising above four dark-brown petals; but the buds alone are useful, the petals must be closed over these delicate filaments to form the clove of our acquaintance, which in its folded bud is like a nail, if "what everybody says be true," for the Dutch call it "naghel," the Italians "chioda," the Spaniards "Clavo," and the French "Clou," from which our English "Clove" is evidently derived. Although I believe all these good people have christened it in a dried state, when any one may see it resembles a nail or tack. These flowers grow in bunches, from nine to fifteen or more, on a branch, and are gathered by the hand, or beaten down with reeds, when, falling upon cloths placed beneath the tree, they are quickly dried in the burning sunshine of Amboyna. The trees which bear them must be some of the loftiest in the islands, their trunks rising from fifteen to thirty feet in height, and very much resembling an English pear-tree. "The branches are slender, and, like our pear-trees, begin to rise about five feet from the ground, growing straight from the tree, and rising into a dense pyramidal head. The leaves are about four inches long, quite entire, smooth on both sides, reddish, and rather shining above, but paler underneath, sprinkled with minute resinous spots, tapering at the waist into a slender footstalk, nearly two inches long,"* which is considered the most aromatic part of the plant, for not the buds only, but the leaves, bark, and even the roots of this wonderful tree possess this delicious fragrance. Such were the trees the Dutch delighted to monopolize; but cleverly as they managed

* Curtis's "Botanical Magazine."

for a time to keep the exclusive trade, it has at last slipped through their grasping hold, and now the clove-tree is cultivated wherever human enterprise and industry have carried it to a suitable soil and climate.

The French introduced it into the Isle of Bourbon and the Mauritius, where it has succeeded so well, that when Mr. Bory de St. Vincent visited these islands in 1802, he saw the original tree, brought to them by M. de Poivre, loaded with cloves, and learned that in some years this single tree produced the extraordinary quantity of 125 lbs. of this spice. Now just calculate: it requires 5000 cloves to weigh a pound, and therefore if we select only the gathered flowers, without allowing any for fruit or seed, there were 625,000 flowers upon this single tree. Well might it be "at least forty feet high, throwing out innumerable branches, some of which falling down on all sides form a pyramid of verdure." Well might the successor to M. Poivre, the original proprietor of the spice estates, give a fête champêtre there, in honour of the extended cultivation of the spice-trees, while the inhabitants of Amboyna, whose trees yield but an average produce of 2½ lbs. for each tree, still hold their yearly festival in commemoration of the *destruction* of the clove-trees in all their surrounding islands.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

“ CONSTANT reader who feels deeply” must remember that observation and revelation are two quite different sources of knowledge, and that an argument drawn from the former is only weakened by claiming for it the higher insight of the latter. Such confused reasonings lack the great element of strength—truth. What St. Paul was divinely inspired to reveal can have no place in a parable from nature. Still observation leads us a great way—much further than unobserving people are apt to think, and the sooner this foundation is laid the better; so, at least, the Editor believes; more especially in days like these, when whispers from grown-up

so-called “philosophy” downstairs are sadly apt to find their way into the schoolroom, if not the nursery.

“Maraquita’s” kind offer is gratefully accepted. The part of “The Heavenly Jerusalem” Habakkuk specially wishes for is that which corresponds with “Jerusalem the Golden.” Address *Miss Norgate*, 18, Wellington Square, London, W. “Elaine” is also thanked, but Habakkuk will not trouble her.

“Veritas” will find a biographical corner as soon as Christmas and New Year amusements are over.

“Etta.” “The Little Corporal” must be inquired for at S. Low and Son, Fleet Street.

A correspondent answers Ethel Mary Haylock. "The Birthday," published, we believe, by Burns, some five-and-twenty years ago, was written by Lady Harriette Howard, daughter of the Earl of Wicklow. Unluckily for children, she died early, without having written more than this very touching and excellent little book. C. M. Y.

"Rose and Mary." We cannot undertake what is asked.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

From "Some Friends" in Tasmania.

"Sent in gratitude for many pleasant hours spent in the perusal of the dear little magazine entitled 'Aunt Judy.'"

1. Of wondrous faith and childlike love, he stood
A fit exemplar of the pure and good.
2. An iron ore, yet to the painter's art
I, depth of tone and shadows do impart.
3. On ocean's bosom, spreading forth my sail,
I warn the sailor of the coming gale.
4. A Saxon, noted for ingratitude,
In blood of countrymen his hands imbrued.
5. An Isle which glories in an eastern clime,
Bathed in the light of Nature's smile divine.
6. All numbers spring from me; for I alone
Am number's author and foundation stone.
7. The foe of order, and of strife the source,
My freedom license, and my mastery force.
8. No resting-place the present has for me,
Nor in the future can I hope to be.

If rightly read, these lines will prove to you
Australians love the upright and the true.
As here they place two names before your gaze,
Whose words to young and old exceed all praise.
Thus, in my letters first and last, behold!
Two women's names, of Nature's goodliest mould.

A lady writes to us with much interest of a sick children's home at Brighton, which from her account cannot be too widely known, as it is (she assures us) admirably conducted and does great good. It seems especially useful for *weakly* delicate children not ill enough ostensibly to be sent to a regular hospital. She gives the history of its establishment as follows:

"The perusal of a little book, 'How to nurse Sick Children,' suggested to a lady resident in Brighton the desire to relieve the sufferings of those invalid

children among the poor who require sea air; and she arranged in her own house, and at her own expense, a nursery for the reception of four such cases; and in this way, during six years, *two hundred little sufferers received, gratuitously*, the benefit of judicious treatment, good food, and sea air. The success of this experiment led her, in June, 1862, to seek the contributions of a few friends to add to her own resources, and to enable her to take a house, which held seven additional children; but this not proving adequate to the number of applications, it was thought desirable the following year to risk the increased expenditure which would be incurred by arranging a larger house, and in June, 1863, the little patients were removed to a home capable of holding eighteen children."

Visitors at Brighton are invited to call at this institution (No. 70, Montpellier Road), and to assist it, if they think well to do so, by donations.

Mr. Whitford reports as follows:

"The good hopes entertained last month concerning Ethel have not been disappointed. She is very much improved, and the house surgeon reports that, although she will be liable to fluctuations in the state of her health, and will for some years need to be tended very carefully, he has good grounds for hoping that she will quite recover from the effects of this very serious illness: she has been able to be up during some hours of the day for the past two or three weeks.

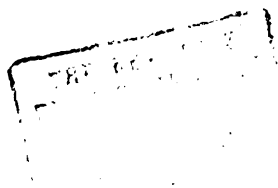
"On the 2nd of November an event occurred in the history of the 'Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot' which will not be forgotten—a visit from 'Aunt Judy' herself. While there was a kind word for each little sufferer, Ethel naturally claimed the largest share of Aunt Judy's attention; and the child's delight was great in helping to arrange a puzzle picture of 'Joseph and his brethren,' which was presented to her. Ethel had

often talked about Aunt Judy, and now felt much pleased in being visited by the lady who has so happily succeeded in enlisting the interest and aid of her numerous nieces and nephews on behalf of the poor children in her Cot. In the boys' ward there was much excitement when it was known who had come to pay them a visit. 'Little Peter' was brought to the Convalescent Room, and after a long interview, was rejoiced by a present of a 'bran new shilling,' which his poor crippled fingers succeeded in wrapping up in a piece of paper. When asked by Aunt Judy what he should do with the money, his reply, in a whisper, was '*buy sweets*,' a purchase that is not recognized by the doctors at the hospital as desirable for their little patients' welfare, so that Peter will have the bright new shilling (which he often takes out to look at) to carry home to his mother when he leaves the hospital."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to November 20th, 1889.

	£	s.	d.
Sophia Dora Spicer, Spy Park, Chippenham	0	16	9
Flo, Alice, and Geg, Uffington Vicarage	0	3	6
L. G. (collected)	0	5	1
J. E. M., Moseley	0	7	0
"Violet" (collected), Lowestoft .	0	6	2
Bunny, Rabbit, and little Tig, with a box of clothing	0	5	0
"Two readers at Liverpool" . . .	0	2	0
Miss Herbert, the Parsonage, Vauxhall, subscription	0	2	2
Ditto, Cousin Cecy, 1s., Three Friends, 10d., Donation from Uncle, 2s. 6d., also two pairs of home-knitted muffatees	0	4	4
Ernest, Constance, and Eleanor Branson, 3s., Nurse, 3d., Heatherleigh	0	3	3
Collected by Herbert Arcoll, the Meads, Eastbourne	0	9	4

	£	s.	d.
Miss Alice Cowie, 21, Stanley Crescent (monthly)	0	1	0
Claire	0	5	0
Rose	0	1	0
Herbert Lisbel, Kent	0	0	6
Bertha (collected), Surbiton . .	0	4	8
Clara (ditto), for Little Peter .	0	0	6
Mort, 1s., The Dun Cow, 1s., Bobby, 1s., Triton, 1s., Brenda, 1s., Fanny, 1s., A true believer, 9d., Whickham Rectory, Durham	0	6	9
"Little Red Riding Hood" . . .	0	0	6
"Aunt Bessie," Birkenhead . .	0	1	0
Collected by Ada Moultrie, Church House, Witney, for Ethel	0	3	6
Mary F—	0	0	4
"Sophonisba," collected 5s., and for Ethel 6d.	0	5	6
Margot, Eve, and Guy (collected)	0	8	11
Nellie Fowler	0	2	6
Sophia Dora Spicer, Spy Park, Chippenham, "Proceeds of her Home Bazaar for the Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot"	20	0	0
M. E. F., 1 Wellesley Terrace, Dover	0	5	0
"Lame Pigeon," 6d., "A Bee," 1s., for Ethel	0	1	6
Margaret Frances Home, Rawcliffe Vicarage. Last month	0	8	6
Mrs. Walter Broadwood, a valuable present of new warm clothing of all kinds.			
Miss Winwood, Cavendish Crescent, Bath, a valuable present of clothing, with picture cards and books.			
E. B., Tunbridge Wells, a "Drawing Limner" and book (unfortunately destroyed in transit by post).			
"A Friend," gift of books.			
A valuable parcel of flannels from the Manchester Manufacturing Company.			






SUNSHINE STORIES.

SUNSHINE STORIES.

By H. C. Andersen.

“ NOW I am going to tell a story,” said the wind.

“No ; with your permission,” said the rain, “it is my turn now. You have been standing at the corner of the street, howling with all your might and main quite long enough.”

“Is that all the thanks I get,” said the wind, “after having turned so many umbrellas inside out in your honour ; yes, snapped them in two when people wanted to keep you at a distance ?”

“I will tell a story,” said the sunshine, suddenly beaming : “Silence !” And it was said with so much majesty, that the wind laid himself down at his full length ; but the rain drizzled in the wind and said : “And we must endure it ! She is always breaking in, this Madam Sunshine. But we won’t listen. It is not worth our while to listen.”

And the sunshine began as follows :—

“There was once a swan who flew out over the rolling sea ; every feather on his body shone like gold. One feather fell down upon a great merchant-ship that was gliding along beneath under full sail : the feather fell upon the curly hair of the young man who had to look after the freight—the supercargo, they called him. This feather of the Bird of Good Fortune touched his forehead, and turned to a pen in his hand ; and he soon became a rich merchant, able to buy him spurs of gold, and transform his golden platters to a nobleman’s scutcheon. I have shone full upon it,” said the sunshine.

“On flew the swan over a green meadow, where the little shepherd-boy, a child of seven years, had laid himself down under the shade of the solitary old tree out there. And the swan in his flight kissed one of the leaves of the tree, and it fell down into the boy’s hand ; and the one leaf grew to three, then to ten, then to a whole book ; and he read in it all about the wonders of nature, about his mother-tongue, about faith and knowledge.

“At bed-time he laid the book under his pillow that he might not forget what he had read ; and the book bore him on to the school-

bench, on and on to the Professor's chair. I have read his name among those of the learned," said the sunshine.

"Away flew the swan into the deep forest solitudes, and rested himself there upon the still dark lakes, where the water-lily grows, where the wild wood-apples grow, where the cuckoo and the wood-dove have their homes.

"A poor woman was gathering fuel—fallen branches; she bore them upon her back, and carried her little child at her breast, and was now on her way home. She saw the golden swan, the Swan of Good Fortune, spring up from the rushy banks. What was that gleaming there? A golden egg: it was still warm. She laid it in her bosom, and the warmth remained; there was certainly life in the egg. Yes, there was a pecking inside the shell; she heard it, and thought it was her own heart that was beating.

"At home in her poor chamber she took out the golden egg. 'Tick tick,' it said, as if it was a costly gold watch; but it was an egg with quick life within. The egg split, a little cygnet covered with feathers like pure gold put out its head; it had round its neck four sparkling rings, and as the poor woman had just four boys, three at home, and the fourth the one she had carried with her into the forest solitudes, she understood at once that here was a ring for each of the children; and as soon as she understood it, the little golden bird flew away.

"She kissed all the rings in turn, and let every child kiss one of the rings: then she laid the ring he had kissed upon each child's heart, and at last placed it upon his finger. I saw it," said the sunshine; "and I saw what followed.

"The first boy set himself down in the clay-pit, took a lump of clay in his hand, turned it about with his fingers, and it grew into a figure of Jason, who had fetched the golden fleece.*

"The second of the boys ran straight out into the meadow, where the flowers were growing of all imaginable colours. He plucked a handful, grasped them so tight that the flower-juices spurted into his eyes, and wetted his ring; there was a yearning in his thoughts, and a yearning in his hand; and after many days all the great town was talking about the great painter.

"The third of the boys held the ring so fast in his mouth that

* It was a plaster cast for a statue of Jason that first brought fame to the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen.

sounds issued from it, echoes from the bottom of his heart; feelings and thoughts rose up in musical tones, soaring on high like singing swans, and diving down, like swans, into the deep sea, the deep, deep sea of thought. He grew to be a master of musical tones. Every land may now think, 'He belongs to me!'

"The fourth little fellow—why, he *was* a shrivelled atomy! He had the pip, they said, he must have pepper and butter, like the sick chickens. And they said the words with a peculiar accent of their own, 'Pepper-r-r and butter-r-r.' And that is what they gave him. But I gave him sunbeam-kisses," said the sunshine. "I gave ten kisses to his one. His was a poet-nature; he was both thumped and kissed. But he had the ring of Good Fortune, from the golden swan of Good Fortune. His thoughts flew out like singing butterflies, the symbol of immortality."

"It was a long story, that," said the wind.

"And tiring," said the rain. "Blow on me, that I may come to myself again."

And the wind blew, and the sunshine went on with her stories.

"The Swan of Good Fortune now flew away over a deep bay, where the fishermen had spread their nets. The poorest of them was thinking of marrying, and he did marry.

"The swan brought to him and his wife a piece of amber. Amber attracts,—and this attracted human hearts to their house. Amber is the most delightful incense,—and a fragrance rose around them there like that in church, a fragrance from God's sweet Nature. They had a deep feeling of domestic happiness, and enjoyed real Good Fortune; they were contented in their lowly lot, and so their life became one whole Sunshine Story."

"Shall we leave off now?" said the wind. "The sunshine has been telling stories quite long enough. I am tired."

"I too," said the rain.

And what, my friends, shall we who have heard the stories say?

We will say, "Now they are all over."

DANCING THE OLD YEAR OUT.



SISTER, come away and leave the dancers,
Leave the laugh for lighter lips than ours;
Would that we had wept instead of jested,
In the year's last hours!

Did you hear it, when the band was loudest?
Come away, for I can dance no more,—
There was sobbing, louder than the music,
From one at the door.

Did you see the shadow in the doorway—
A pale spirit—weeping mournfully?
Saying, "Pass me softly, O my children,
In an hour I die.

"Let me hear a prayer upon my death-bed,
Lay me chanting in the grave of years,
Keep your smiles to greet my doubtful sister,
Bury me with tears.

"I shall die at midnight, O my children!
O my careless children, fare-you-well!
When the clock strikes twelve times you'll remember
'Tis my passing-bell."


"Happy New Year!" as the dancers wished it,
That pale spirit fled along the floor
Wringing such sad hands!—Come home, sweet sister,
We will dance no more.

ALICE HORTON.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER IV.

WRECKED.

MORTEN RANILDSSEN went home, feeling too restless and irritated for sleep. He tried to persuade himself that the few animals belonging to the homestead required looking after, so he fidgeted about the place, in and out, though really all the time he knew there was nothing to be done. A strong temptation came upon him to do as so many of his comrades did—drown bitter thoughts at the public-house; but Morten had seen so much in his boyhood of the poignant misery and degradation following self-indulgence, and had registered within his soul so solemn a vow against sinful pleasures of any sort, that the recollection sufficed to restrain him now. No, whatever fate had in store for him, Morten would be master of himself.

He took a turn on the sea-shore by way of calming his mind: the glorious flood of moonlight seemed to bathe his forehead and cool it, and the balmy, yet fresh air of summer, the monotonous splash of the tide, were soothing too. After all, perhaps Michael was right. He was too young to settle down in this out-of-the-world place; well, of course he could enjoy seeing and doing more. He would go away for two years; but for six, as Michael had urged, that was out of the question: what might not happen in six years? Having formed his resolution he felt more easy in his mind, and turned homeward. The sandhills looked strangely in the moonlight, almost as white as if they had been covered with snow: he made his way through them, entered his house, and throwing off his coat lay down on his bed. In a few minutes he was asleep.

A hand tapping briskly at the window-panes, a familiar voice, raised far above its usual key, woke him. "Morten! Morten!" it cried; "wake up, Morten! wake up!" That voice mingled strangely with his dreams at first; but the tones rising shriller in the effort to wake him, he sprang upright. "Kirstin!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"A wreck!" she almost shrieked in low, terrified accents,—"*a wreck!*"

Morten did not wait to put on his coat. Hastening to take a flask of brandy from his stores, he was out of the house in a minute, and soon overtook the girl, who had hurried on to the shore.

"The storm woke me up," she said. "I looked out of window and could just see the ship: it is a large ship, making signals of distress. I woke father, and he is on the shore already. Hans went one way to call the Petersens, our neighbours, and I came for you. Now, don't wait for me, run!" Morten did not stay for a second bidding.

But Kirstin was not long after him: in a few seconds she, too, stood on the shore. It was two o'clock; the dawn was beginning already, but the air was misty. The sea, so calm a few hours ago when Morten had been cooling his feelings on the shore, was now in visible commotion. The waves grew larger and larger; the west wind, abroad in his might, sighed through the grass of the sandhills, tossed up the loose sand, and flung showers of sea-spray into the girl's face. Half-buried in the sand-reef lay the vessel. Michael, the Petersens, father and son, and one or two more fishermen were preparing to push off a boat to the rescue. It was on such an occasion as this that Michael Ericksen's strength, experience, and energy of will were displayed at best advantage. All gave way to him: he issued a few brief orders in his deep authoritative voice, and the others carried them out. Morten and a few others stood on the shore, waiting to see what was left for them to do: the number of spectators increased every minute.

Kirstin, not finding her brother who had been sent to fetch blankets, came and stood by Morten. Together they watched Michael's boat as it successfully surmounted the first sand-reef, and approached the vessel stranded upon the second; they watched the ship-passengers enter the boat: two of them were women, one of whom carried a child. Now for the boat's return over the sand-reef nearest the shore. It lay marked out, a wide streak of continuous foam: the boat plunges across it—an immense wave lifts its crest over the boat—it is overturned—rescuers and rescued are all alike plunged into the wild sea, yet only a stone's throw from the land. Slight fear for the fishermen, they are practised swimmers and know that the tide is in their favour.

The woman who carried the child had flung her arm round a piece of the ship; Morten's eye is upon the other. "'Oh, save her! save the poor lady!'" cried Kirstin. He plunged headlong into the sea; Kirstin saw him wrestling with the waves—saw him grasp hold of the poor sinking

woman, and knew that she would be saved. Her eyes then sought the other clinging to the wreck; the woman had been torn from her anchorage, and was soon engulfed by the waves, the child seemed floating towards the shore. Without considering her own danger, Kirstin sprang into the water: she could swim like a mermaid, but not in such a sea as this. She caught hold of the child, but the waves seized her, and her strength failed; she was flung with violence upon the shore, her arms folded round the child.

Kirstin had fainted; when she opened her eyes it was to see Morten holding his flask of brandy to her lips. "How could you be so mad?" he said, angrily.

"I did no more than you," she replied; "only I could not do it. Let me get up; where's the lady? where's the child?"

"The child is all right, take some of this at once." She obeyed for the moment. "Now let me go," and springing from him, she ran up to the spot where her father, brother, and some others were engaged restoring animation to the poor half-drowned woman whom Morten had rescued. "Yes, you had better go there," said Morten: "I can't deal with women, but I can see to this boy:" and he then bestowed his undivided attention upon the pale little child who lay beside him on the sand. His consciousness had returned, his foot was bleeding, and he moaned with pain.

"Hans!" shouted Morten, "bring me a blanket." Hans came accordingly. "Help me wrap it round him—so; now go and ask your father whether I shall carry him to his house or mine, for he must be put to bed, and the doctor must look to him. Kirstin will be a better nurse than old Else, otherwise I would take the little fellow in without asking." Hans executed his commission, and presently Michael Ericksen came up. His usual parsimony was quite overpowered by the greatness of the emergency—for a wreck is an occasion that always opens Jutland hearts, and shows what a fund of the milk of human kindness they contain. He bade Morten carry the child to his house without more ado, and sent Hans in search of the pastor as the most efficient doctor near at hand, and reliable in all difficulties.

The child's father, who, like most of the crew, had swum safely to shore, came up and expressed his thanks in Danish.

"It was Kirstin Ericksen, that young girl, who rescued your child," said Morten.

"And you who saved my wife—I know," said the stranger; "and you," turning to Michael, "who would fain have saved us all."

Michael, not much delighting in conversation with strangers, replied in a conclusive tone that he had sent for the pastor to speak to him, and the foreigner understood the hint to mean that till the pastor came he was to be silent.

Kirstin, meantime, was engaged in active co-operation with a few others of her own sex in restoring animation to the child's mother. The sun was just risen, and the red clouds of morning lighted up the scene: a throng of half-drowned, dripping men, most of them glad to refresh themselves with the cordials carefully provided by Hans and the Petersens, as well as Morten. The stranger who had been pouring out his thanks, now bent over his wife.

"See, she opens her eyes, she will live!" cried Kirstin, joyfully. The husband took his wife's hand, and said, "Esther!" and at the sound of his voice, she looked up with an expression of mute inquiry. "Alec is saved," he said in English; "thank God, all is right, Esther!"

"Carry her to our house now, she must have food," said Kirstin, and her recommendation was speedily acted upon. She led the way to Michael Ericksen's home; at the entrance they met Hans with the pastor, and also the schoolmaster, which latter functionary Hans had summoned on his own responsibility, secretly considering him the greater man of the two, as more enlightened and less old-fashioned. Kirstin was of a different opinion, but she was too busy just now to argue on any subject; she had much to do and might well be hurried. Morten had lighted a fire and begun to prepare some warm porridge. The little boy was lying on the floor wrapped in his blanket: he was still moaning with pain. His mother's eyes sparkled on seeing him, but she was too weak to stand, and could not go to him. "Oh, if I could but speak to her!" said Kirstin to Morten; and to her surprise, he went up to the lady and explained to her in broken English that he was going to put the little boy to bed, to get him warm, and rest his wounded foot; would she like the gentleman or the young girl to help? She understood him perfectly, and looking at her husband, said, "Go, Angus, go;" whereupon he followed Morten with the child to the sleeping-room, and Kirstin was left behind in charge of the mother. Now for the first time she could look at her: the sight of any helpless woman in such circumstances would have stirred up deep emotion; how much

more when she saw before her a slight, delicate form, with regular features, the countenance, even in its languor, beautiful in expression and sweetness. As one of the fishermen's wives supported her, Kirstin knelt by her side and carefully dried her hair. "Golden-hair like a mermaid's," she thought; "it lies braided on the smooth white forehead like the crown on a queen's head; and how soft it is! and what a sweet voice when she speaks—so pleasant to hear, though one knows not the words, and her dress so fine and so nice!" Kirstin was just at the age when girls of an enthusiastic temperament are ready to fall down and worship some one of their own sex if superior to themselves in education, in personal attractions, or mental gifts. Here was a lady fair of face, of gentle breeding, inspiring sympathy by her situation; the fisherman's daughter fell in love with her on the spot. Ever afterwards Kirstin would at any moment have given her life for this unknown and mysterious "Esther" whom Morten had rescued from a watery grave.

The stranger rallied more and more, and smiled when noticing Kirstin's eagerness to serve her. "Oh, Morten!" exclaimed the girl as he re-entered the kitchen, "will you ask her if she will condescend to wear clothes of mine? hers ought to be dried, but I cannot ask her." Morten executed the commission with praiseworthy gravity, but the lady's husband re-entering, replied for her in Danish, "Thanks, my good girl, help me take her to your room, and then dress her as you please, and make her lie down on your bed." And the matter was arranged without further reference to the stranger's wishes. There was then a short colloquy between the gentleman and Morten, which ended in a potion of some sort being administered, which had the effect of sending the patient to sleep.

When, after some hours, she awoke, it was to see her little boy, a pale delicate child of five years old, lying beside her. He was still unable to sleep, but his pain was better, and he could smile at his mother and answer her inquiries in a cheerful voice. They were not left together long; Kirstin was presently peeping in at the door to see if her guest were awake; she retired and summoned the gentleman, whom she had now learnt to know as Mr. Ramsey, to come and look at his wife and child. He stood by the bedside, caressing them both by turns, and Kirstin, as she waited at the door to see if she was wanted, thanked God out of a full heart that this loving trio had been spared to each other. Mr. Ramsey was not so good-looking as his wife and

son, both of whom had regularly handsome features, and were exquisitely fair; but his face was pleasant and sensible in expression, such a one as inspired confidence. Kirstin wished she knew English and could understand what he said.

But she could guess the subject of their discourse, for when, after an anxious inquiry made by the wife, answered by a sudden gravity on the part of the husband, she saw Mrs. Ramsey cover her face and weep, she felt that the sad fate of the little boy's nurse had been made known to her. The poor woman's corpse had been washed upon the sand by the tide just after Kirstin had left the shore. The captain, too, was missing, but most of the sailors had succeeded in swimming to land as Mr. Ramsey had done. Kirstin loved the lady all the more on seeing those tears.

However, she had much to do, and must return to her household duties, which were to-day on a larger scale than usual. In about an hour Kirstin came in the room again, and, addressing herself blushing to Mr. Ramsey, who could in some measure understand her, said the dinner was ready, would not he go into the family room? She could help the lady to rise, and then bring his dinner to the little boy in bed. Her speech was duly translated, and her hospitable cares were soon rewarded by seeing Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey both seated between her father and grandfather. She had neither time nor inclination herself to sit down; she flitted about, waiting upon all. Hans, too, was there, for school was not to be thought of on such a morning of excitement; and Michael had invited the pastor and schoolmaster to join them, as they could talk to the Englishman. Mr. Gröndal had excused himself on the ground of pressing occupation; but Mr. Nordenfelt, the grey-haired pastor, was only too pleased for the opportunity of lavishing his old-fashioned courtesies upon the fair lady, and exercising his rather peculiar English for her benefit.

Kirstin coloured with delight when the lady, her speech paraphrased by Mr. Nordenfelt, praised her cookery, and said she did not in the least care for butchers' meat, the lack of which in these out-of-the-way places the pastor had been deploring. The fish was good, the porridge she pronounced excellent, so was Kirstin's butter, and the red-grod or red-serve, a sort of national dish in Jutland, was quite new to her, and Kirstin must teach her how to make it. The pastor attempted to give a receipt: "Look, my lady, you take the juice of raspberry, or of

currant, or of cherry, or of all together if you please, and you boil them with rice—rice chopped up very small, you know, it is like flour, and then you put it into a mould with isinglass—there, now you laugh at me! it is shameful, I will no more teach you; it is Kirstin Ericksen shall teach you, or one of my lazy maids."

Michael now got up from table; the gentleman must excuse him, the sea was calm again, and he must go out, and there were his nets to be mended; Hans must help him a while and then be off to his master's.

"And I must be off, too," said Mr. Nordenfelt, "and I will not ask the lady to-day to see my farm, and my church, and my museum. She is not good, she must rest. But you, Mr. Ramsey, you will come with me?"

"Yes, I will come," said Mr. Ramsey; "but Esther, it seems hard to leave you to the mercy of the natives with whom you cannot interchange a word. I think I had better look up that handsome young fisherman who was your preserver, and who speaks English after a fashion."

"Morten Ranildsen will be fishing," objected the pastor; "he is one good lad and kind, but he cannot stay with the lady to-day."

"Oh! I shall do very well without the handsome young fisherman," said Mrs. Ramsey; "I have my little one to look after, and I shall be glad for you, Angus, to discuss those matters we were speaking of with our kind friend here, who has been doctoring my poor little boy."

And the "lady," it seemed, did very well in her husband's absence: she flitted about from the kitchen to the bedroom, petting her little boy. She astonished Hans as he sat mending his nets, his book in his lap, by addressing him in a few words of Latin—Hans ever after admired her as a woman of almost incredible attainments. She examined the grandfather's carvings, and watched him at work; she then, to Kirstin's utter dismay, insisted upon helping her in clearing away the remains of the late meal; and that done, she took up Kirstin's company work, the petticoat she had been knitting for poor Signete, and making her give some directions in pantomime, went on with the coarse work quite successfully and happily. Esther Ramsey had the blessed gift of being able to adapt herself to circumstances, and though her health was delicate, her spirits were elastic, and she was young

enough to enjoy thoroughly anything like an adventure. By the time her husband returned she was perfectly at home in her new abode.

"Well, it is a treat to have some one to speak to," said she; "there is a chance for your society being at last duly appreciated by your wife, Angus, for our poor little fellow is too full of pain to bear talking, and I have been tongue-tied all the afternoon. That's a nice-looking girl, and a good girl too, I am sure; but I had sooner undertake to teach English to her brother,—she colours up so, and seems so afraid of me. The brother looks intelligent and not much scared, but he has gone off to his work: the old man regards me as a mermaid, I think, he has just the look one would fancy in those who see mermaids: as for the fisherman himself, he is a sort of Neptune, born to rule the storm."

"They are certainly fine fellows, the fishermen here," said her husband. "I have just been to the shore and seen them go off. There they came all together, carrying their nets and oars: they laid them in the boat, which had been left under the shelter of the sandhills, set their backs against it, half on one side half on the other, to push it out into the sea, singing all the while a most extraordinary ditty; the burden seemed to be

" 'I to-morrow, thou to-day;
I drink and thou pay:' "

ending with 'Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!' in such deep bass tones and with the utmost gravity. And then immediately after the bacchanalian song they all take off their hats, kneel down, their faces towards the gunwale, and say a prayer in silence. Not a sound escapes their lips: they get up, silently push the boat farther into the water, and jump into it."

"And look at that girl now," said his wife; "actually dusting the bookshelf with a goose-wing! a new sort of duster, or rather a primitive one. Certainly this is more like learning the manners and customs of the natives than we had reckoned on."

"It is fortunate for us," rejoined Mr. Ramsey, "that, as we were fated to be shipwrecked on the Jutland coast, the mischance has happened in the year 1833, and not a few centuries earlier. We should have been greeted with a different sort of welcome then; rifled of whatever little was left us, even to the clothes on our backs, and soundly

beaten, without distinction of persons, if we dared to complain. Now, the pastor says, not a thing the waves wash ashore will be taken so long as any one of us lays claim to it. But the softening of manners in this country is something wonderful; there is not a milder, or more humane people than these Danes; even almost immediately after that abominable affair of the bombardment of Copenhagen, Englishmen were received here as hospitably as possible. It was not their fault but that of their government, the people said: true, but few nations would have been equally reasonable."

"Nevertheless, our host looks just like a descendant of the ancient Vikings," observed Mrs. Ramsey. "I should think he could be fierce enough upon occasion."

"Well, the pastor allows that he bears the character of a very opinionated and obstinate fellow, but if we trust his report, Esther, you have fallen on your feet. That girl, he declares, is the flower of his flock, the very best girl in the parish. She lost her mother when very young, and her father has kept her close to her household work, never suffering her to attend fairs or harvest-homes, which the pastor says are the ruin of young girls; and so, although it sometimes seemed rather hard, she has been kept from intercourse with giddy, unprincipled young people, and has thus preserved all the simplicity and freshness of a child. And yet, he declares, she has the capacity and self-devotion of a full-grown woman. He prepared her lately for confirmation, and I assure you the old man waxed quite poetical over her virtues, declaring, 'It is the purest soul I have ever known, transparent as crystal.'"

"Poetical indeed," said the lady, laughing; "and pray what does he say of your handsome young fisherman?"

"Morten Ranildsen, that is his name, bears an excellent character for steadiness, sobriety, and attention to his religious duties, which the pastor acknowledges is not usually the case with the fishermen of these parts. His mother, it seems, was renowned for her beauty. She gave the young man a stepfather who squandered all her property, ill-treated her and her son, and finally drank himself to death. The youth was away at the time: he returned to find his mother dying of grief, and to undertake the care of his little half-sister, to whom he has been a most tender and careful guardian. He has religiously avoided the errors of his stepfather, so that the proverb applies to him, 'He drinks like a

cow.' A cow, be it observed, Esther, never drinks more than she requires : that is not the case with the Petersens, the two fishermen who were Ericksen's mates in launching the boat for our rescue ; they, father and son alike, are said to be confirmed drunkards."

"You seem to have got everybody's history by heart, Angus," said Mrs. Ramsey ; "what a gossip the worthy pastor must be."

"Oh ! you may trust all these Danish fellows for knowing their flocks. A pastor in Iceland showed me a book kept as neatly as my ledger, in which was entered the name, residence, age, occupation, character, and even the number of books in possession of every man in his parish. However, we talked of other things and made all necessary arrangements. You see, Esther, the old man is a bachelor, and though his farm is tidy enough, his house shows the want of a presiding genius ; his servants are careless, and thus our little Alec would stand slight chance of being attended to by them. He will take me in, as there is not room for all of us at Ericksen's, but Kirstin will be the best nurse for Alec while he is so poorly, and when the little man is better we can all remove to the pastor's."

"And how are we to recompense the fisherman for the expense and trouble we have occasioned him ?"

"Well, there will be some difficulty in that, for Michael Ericksen is said to be haughty and not easily managed. Apparently we must do as he pleases in the matter : he is not badly off, though so parsimonious as to refuse to keep a servant ; he is supposed to be saving money that his daughter may be an heiress."

"I hope she may be one if it will make her happy ; she and the pastor's model youth should make a match of it."

"It shows the sympathy that exists between us, Esther, that the same idea occurred to me. But Mr. Nordenfelt did not encourage it. He said such an engagement would only end in disappointment, for Morten was poor, and Michael ambitious. The girl herself is luckily too much of a child to entertain thoughts of marriage."

"All the better for her. For my part I think Morten might do very well without an alliance with the Ericksens ; he is so handsome and clever, Kirstin is in comparison commonplace."

"I do not agree with you there, Esther ; he is older, and his character and feelings are more developed. His countenance is perhaps more expressive—but look at her now, see what beautiful eyes she has ;

as she gazes at you she seems like Pygmalion's statue waking into life."

At that moment Kirstin was kneeling in front of the fire, busied in preparing supper. In the interval between some of her culinary operations she had fixed her eyes upon Mrs. Ramsey, with a look of intense admiration, but upon seeing she had attracted the lady's notice she coloured and turned away her face.

Mrs. Ramsey also felt abashed, and turning to her husband said, "What can she mean by that look?"

"I think I can tell better than she could herself," he replied; "she has fallen in love with you, Esther. Luckily for my peace of mind it is not the handsome young fisherman, but the old fisherman's commonplace daughter, who has fallen under the spell of Queen Esther."

(To be continued.)

THE DISCONTENTED DONKEY.

A FABLE FOUNDED ON FACT.

IN a green and pleasant pasture, close to a parsonage house, and bordered on one side by umbrageous elms, and on the two others by the road and the parson's orchard, revelled at his ease an old shaggy ass.

He was an ass who had seen much of the world, and had experienced as many of the ups and downs of life, especially of the latter, as most of his species; for the fact was, that little else than hard words, hard blows, and hard work, together with scanty fare and the poorest lodging, had fallen to his lot. But great was the change in his fortunes when he was purchased to draw the old donkey-chair, in which the clergyman's wife, an invalid, used to take the air, and pay little visits of kindness to her neighbours, the poor villagers. At first, indeed, he could scarcely believe his senses when he found himself the sole occupier of the rich green paddock, and with so little to do too! for the chair was light, and the poor lady never went far, nor out of a walk, and that only in fine weather, and when she felt able, so that it may well be supposed that Master Ned thought himself "a very lucky fellow." And proud and happy he felt when drawing his kind mistress in the old chair, with her pretty daughter Eleanor merrily walking and chatting by his side. Not but that it must be owned the old ass, with his

shaggy coat, and the old battered chair, though in admirable harmony with one another, formed together an "equipage" (so to speak) anything but elegant or fashionable.

And thus passed days, weeks, months, and upwards of a year. But, as there is said to be a dark closet in every house, so in every state, a grievance, real or imaginary, is apt, sooner or later, to present itself, especially to a perverse or unoccupied mind. And thus it fell out that Ned, who had so little to do, had the more time for thought; but being intended by Nature for a worker rather than a thinker, he displayed much less skill in the use he now made of his brains, than in that he made of his sinews in times past. Moreover, he began to wax fat and headstrong from good living, and from the same cause began to grow more lazy, or at least, unwilling to work; and laziness and self-conceit (as such things will do in beings of capacities superior to those of old Ned) began to lead his mind into trains of thought and views of life somewhat at variance with sound logic or right feeling.

Now it happened that Ned, who was very wise in his way—that is, the way of an ass—had observed in his former traffic among men, that when any one met with a piece of good fortune, or "good luck," as it was more commonly called, he invariably attributed the same to some sort of cleverness, forethought, or talent of his own, or at least deemed it a kind of homage paid by fortune to his superior merit of one kind or another; but that, on the contrary, when any one got into any scrape or difficulty, he invariably laid the blame on "bad luck," or on the faults of others, on anything, indeed, rather than on his own vices, follies, or mismanagement.

Embued with these fine notions Ned began to think within himself that, as his was no common lot, surely his merit was of no common kind, and that, therefore, all the good things that had fallen in his way had come there by a kind of natural law, and were his by prescriptive right. And if any one thinks he reasoned "like an ass," let me assure every such individual that this is nothing but what is done every day by many a one who, forgetful of the Providence which has bestowed upon him happiness or success in life, looks round upon his fellows in lofty self-complacency, and accepts the good he enjoys almost as his due.

Having attained this state of feeling, and being puffed up with a mighty idea of his own importance, Ned began to think it "hard" that

he had no "companion;" he meant, no one to admire or praise him; "for what," thought he, "can be the use of superior merit if there be no inferiors to acknowledge and reverence it?" 'Tis true, there were the two dogs, Snap and Shuffle; but somehow, though they were all very friendly together, when Ned was drawing the chair and Eleanor was walking by his side, there seemed but little sympathy between them, for the two dogs always appeared—socially speaking, of course—to "look down" systematically on their fellow-quadruped; and even, so he thought, to turn up their dogs' noses in contempt of him. Then where they lived, or what they did for a livelihood, Ned could never imagine, though he puzzled over it a long time; but one thing was clear, namely, that Snap and Shuffle wore no harness as he did, and had nothing to pull or carry, and seemed, indeed, to have nothing to do but to run, frisking, jumping, and barking about, while their mistresses seemed never weary of caressing them.

Will it be believed that envy, together with discontent, was beginning to find its way into Ned's heart? Yes; so it was.

“Who and what were Snap and Shuffle, that they should have so easy and merry a life of it, while he was all day long either at work or alone in the green field? True, he had all he needed, but then what a superior sort of existence seemed to be theirs!” And so, instead of feeling grateful for the good things fortune had bestowed upon him, he began to yearn after something, he knew not what, that seemed to belong to another.

And thus it was, that finding himself without a companion of his own sort, he formed a speaking acquaintance with an old magpie, who frequented the elm-trees that skirted the paddock. At first it was but a slight interchange of civilities, as she hopped about the field looking for worms; but as the weight on his mind grew heavier the more he pondered over his "wrongs," he began to talk more freely, in order to relieve the burden of his thoughts.

Now the magpie was one of those busybodies who, for the sake of being listened to, are always ready with their advice, but who, as they have no fixed principles and no real regard for their neighbour, and as they are, moreover, shallow-pated and vulgar, generally contrive to advise what is either mischievous or impracticable; flattering or contradicting those who consult them, rather according to the caprice of the moment than the merits of the case.

To her, therefore, in a short time he confided the state of his mind, while she condoled with him, entering into all his views, and doing her best (or worst) to make the ungrateful ass still more discontented.

One fine morning, as the weather seemed set in warm and pleasant, the old gardener, who "minded" the donkey, thinking to give his mistress an agreeable surprise, took Ned to the stable, and clipped and currycombed his shaggy hide. At first the task seemed hopeless; but after a great deal of patience and painstaking, the gardener had every reason to be pleased with the result. Wonderful indeed was the change when, in place of the rough bear-like coat he had formerly worn, Ned issued forth from the stable in a neat and well-fitting suit of dark "pepper-and-salt," while his limbs, freed from their superfluous hair, seemed to have acquired a grace and symmetry they had never known before.

A few days after, the invalid lady ordered out the donkey-chair; and great indeed was her surprise and delight, and that of Eleanor, at sight of the improvement that had been wrought in old Ned. Even Ned himself, feeling lighter and friskier than he had felt since the days of his foalship, stepped along with unwonted vigour and consequence, and almost forgot, for the time, that he had a grievance in the world.

On their return home, they were met by the clergyman himself, who was so much pleased with Ned's improved appearance and jaunty air, that he said to his wife—"I think, my dear, that as Ned is turning out so well and is so steady, we will have him measured for a new set of harness, to fit nicely; and, to tell you a little secret, I have just been looking at a new and very neat donkey-chair, that I think will just suit you."

"Many thanks, my dear, for your kind present and kind thought," said the lady. "I shall be delighted to have a new chair, for this, if the truth be told, at times shakes me terribly;" then, turning to Eleanor, she continued, "And when your aunt comes, how glad she will be to have a nice chair to take her out to tea."

"Yes," said Eleanor; "and the children! won't they be pleased with the old donkey! I say, Neddy, why you're quite a smart young fellow again."

If Ned were self-conceited before, on a mere abstract view of his own merit, what, one may imagine, did he not think of himself now?

For a few days after this the poor lady was confined to the house, and the new carriage and the new harness were for the present forgotten.

The next time Ned saw his confidant, the magpie, he gave himself so many airs, that she thought he was not going to speak to her.

"Why, how now? what's this?" she cried. "What's in the wind now? Oh, I perceive, a new suit! So, you've been moulting! Why how quick you have been about it!"

"Yes, madam," replied Ned, with a slight lisp (trying to do the elegant); "I am really in hopes that justice will be done me at last."

He then related all he had heard about the new harness, the new carriage, the aunt, and the children.

When he had finished, the lady, after a few moments' consideration, replied, in a somewhat scornful tone—

"Why roast me," she cried (I am rather afraid she meant this for swearing), "if I don't believe that you know no more the true sense of what you have heard from those two-pronged creatures than the chick unhatched knows the meaning of the fox's bark."

"You don't say so!" says Ned, in considerable alarm; "why what is there to object to in what I have told you?"

"Object to!" she answered; "why everything to object to. Why, can't you see the dodge?"

"Dodge," said Ned (making believe to ignore the ungenteel expression), "what's that?"

"Come, you know well enough," said she; "and don't you know that the harness you wear is enough for the carriage you have to draw? and don't you know that the chair you draw is enough for your dignity and comfort, if not for your strength? Well then, what can a new harness mean but new chains, more firmly riveted, to compel you to more severe labour? And what can a new chair be got for, if not to hold a greater load, and so put upon you more than you can bear?"

"And then you mentioned an aunt and children. Well, I've had some experience of aunts; and though I've heard they have been civil enough to certain friends of mine who have been caught and kept in cages, yet they're fat unwieldy creatures after all."

"What!" interrupted Ned, "are all aunts fat?"

"Yes," said the magpie; "some of the fattest women I know are aunts. All aunts are fat, except the thin ones, and they are always

spiteful and stingy. And then there are children. I should think you have no need to be told what children are. Ask yourself then what this new 'badge of slavery' is to be like. *New harness?—new chains*, say I, *strong and new*. *A new chair?*—more likely a *waggon* that will hold your present mistress, Eleanor, the great fat aunt, and, who knows, perhaps, a dozen children, who will of course make it their business and delight to torment you all day long with whips, sticks, pins, and maddening noises. That's what you have to expect, with your fine folks and their fine promises. Oh, I wish you joy of your good fortune."

"But what am I to do?" said Ned, quite crestfallen. "I see it all now. How dull I must have been not to have known this at first! But tell me honestly, what would *you do* in my place?"

"Well," said the magpie, "I'll tell you what I'd do; I'd rise slowly, thus, on my hoppers; next, I would elongate and spread my wings to their utmost extent; then, scornfully bidding adieu to chains and tyrant, dogs, whips, guns, and harness, I would rise superior to all, and take flight to a more congenial situation. That's what *I'd* do."

"But," said Ned, "that's just what I can't do. There is a vital objection."

"What's your objection?" said the lady.

"Why, you see," said Ned, "that I cannot elongate my wings, and fly away as you describe, because—don't you understand?—I've no wings to elongate or fly away on; that makes all the difference, don't you see?"

"Why, yes," says the magpie, scratching her poll with the left claw, as if in thought, "that makes a difference, certainly; but then if you haven't wings, as I have, you have what I have not, hind-legs."

"Hind-legs?" said Ned, in astonishment (and forgetting the point in question), "have you no hind-legs? Are not your legs hind-legs?"

"Certainly not," said she; "how can there be hind-legs where there are no fore-legs? That's logic, isn't it?"

"Are you sure, madam," said Ned, whose perceptions were much clearer where his own vanity was not concerned, "are you sure that your argument does not 'prove too much?' For, if there can be no hind-legs where there are no fore-legs, surely there can be no fore-legs where there are no hind-legs. So your logic would leave you without a *leg to stand on*."

"That's just it," said the magpie; "we've had no legs to stand on since

the controversy began, for what we stand on are not *legs* but *hoppers*. I grant the term is new, but it is now universally adopted by the scientific amongst us, after centuries of disputation."

"And what then is the difference," said Ned, "between *legs* and *hoppers*?"

"Why," said she, "our philosophers define *legs* to be those trunk-like limbs by means of which so many creatures stand, walk, run, or kick; but *hoppers* they define as those light and elegant locomotive appendages on which, as on animated twigs of some waving tree, the graceful movement of hopping is performed—a form of motion peculiar to the nobler species of beings."

"But," said Ned (becoming argumentative on the strength of his fine coat), "I am sure I have seen certain men and boys hopping on their legs."

"Prongs!" screamed the magpie, correcting him. Ned went on, "And I know *you* can *run* on your *hoppers*. So then if one can *run* on *hoppers*, and *hop* on *legs* (or *prongs*), how does your definition of the two hold good?"

"Sir," said the magpie, with a sententious air, "there are mysteries in all sciences, beyond which the eye of bird or donkey may never penetrate. Let us drop the subject, if you please."

"With all my heart, my dear madam," said Ned; "drop what you will, I am content so long as I *fall upon my legs at last*. But you have not yet given me your advice in my distressing dilemma; what, after all, am I to do?"

"True," said the magpie; "I had forgotten. Well then, let me think."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, after a short pause, during which she had refreshed herself by picking up a few grubs. "As I was saying, since you have no wings, like a bird, use your legs, especially your hind-legs, like the ass you are. And for what purpose, indeed, have hind-legs been from time immemorial endued with the power of striking backwards, if not to assert and defend oneself? Watch then your opportunity, and use your limbs in such a manner as to show both friends and foes that you are not to be 'put upon' with impunity. Yes, let them see what you can be up to, let them know WHO YOU ARE. Assert the dignity of your race—for so many centuries maltreated and ill-appreciated—and let your cry be 'Justice to asses, and kicks and compound

fractures to their enemies, confusion to chain-makers, and death to all scarecrows."

"Madam," replied Ned, borne along, as it were, by this current of rhetoric, "how shall I ever be able to repay you for your kindness, your sympathy, and the refreshing advice you have given me? Words, indeed, fail me to express my profound admiration of your exalted talent, your incomparable wisdom, and your unrivalled eloquence. Henceforth I shall say to myself, when grazing on the highways or by-paths of life, it is in vain to look further, I have found the very *thistle of perfection*."

The force of this metaphor, it must be remarked, lay in Ned's special appreciation of the plant named, which had ever appeared to his rustic palate the most "piquant" morsel he had ever tasted in his life.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the magpie, with a languishing air.

"And if," continued Ned, "I could in any way oblige you——"

"Yes, you can," said she, "that is, if you do not object to inform me; but it is perhaps a delicate subject; however, reports have reached me—and one cannot shut one's ears to the remarks folks make (not that I am given to gossip, for that's a thing I hate), so that, in short, I should be glad to ascertain the fact."

"Oh, anything, ma'am, that I can inform you of, I shall be delighted to oblige you."

"Well then," said she, with a mincing voice, "is it true, as I have heard it asserted, that when you gentlemen give utterance to your sentiments in the impressive manner men call braying, you are obliged by some occult law of nature to uplift your tails till nearly on a level with your spine; so that, as it is said, if a large stone be fastened to the end of your tail, you are absolutely incapacitated from announcing your sensations or intentions to the world?"

"My dear madam," replied Ned, dexterously evading the question, "surely a lady of your discernment and liberality of thinking knows how to despise as they deserve the ignorance and calumnies of the vulgar? Braying, ma'am, with us, besides being the mode of expressing our emotions assigned us by Nature, is also with us the highest act of self-assertion, an act by which the individual announces his conviction of his right to the largest extent of space on earth or in air that he can possibly occupy—which I take to be, philosophically and metaphorically speaking, the essence of self-assertion in all cases. So

that when you are intending to bray, you first plant your fore-legs firmly on the ground and close together, your hoofs slightly projecting forwards; you next plant your hind-legs" (here—I am sorry to relate so unladylike an action—the magpie winked her right eye) "firmly in the same manner, with a slight incline outwards. And thus standing like an ancient Egyptian building—the primeval type of stability—you extend your jaw till nearly on a line with your backbone; you then slowly and majestically elevate your tufted tail to a position horizontal with your spine, and finally breathe forth that utterance at once so grand, so terrible, and so melodious, that the lion himself (as ancient authors say), the king of forest and wild, flies wonder-stricken from those awe-inspiring sounds!"

Here Ned, following up his description, proceeded to give a specimen of the power of his oratory, so thrilling, indeed, and so terrific, that the magpie, who had never before heard an ass's bray so near, flew off with tingling ears to the top of a high tree, from whence, bidding Ned farewell for the present, she flew home to repose her nerves, and to relate every word she had heard to each of her neighbours; while Ned, by no means dissatisfied with the "sensation" he had caused, continued his meal and his meditations. His mind was soon made up; and he resolved, on the first opportunity, to put in practice the advice he had received.

And fortune seemed to favour his intent, as, a few days after, he was again put in the chair, and was driven out as usual with the sick lady, Eleanor, and the two dogs.

For some time they proceeded quietly along, Ned wishing to assure himself of a really good opportunity for showing off, and perhaps, also some little misgiving as to the propriety of his experiment might have crossed his mind. Indeed, he began to think he was letting the time slip by, when what should he see but his friend "Mag," who, flying down from a tree in the hedge, gave three hops just under his nose, and flew up again into the bough, from whence he heard her mocking voice crying, "Now's your time, Ned!" "Who's afraid?" "Go it, Neddy. Go it, Ned!" "Never say die!" "Think of the waggon load, and the great fat aunt, and the dozen children!" "Think of chains and slavery!" "Assert your dignity once for all, and show the world who you are!"

Urged on by these taunts, Neddy commenced kicking violently

against the chair, which, however, he could not strike, as it was not within his reach, a circumstance that only made him look the more ridiculous. He then put his head for a moment between his front legs, and set off at a hard gallop; Eleanor running and calling on him to stop; the chaise clattering and jolting; the dogs barking with all their "steam on;" the magpie screaming; and the poor lady, though nearly shaken to convulsions, so alive to the absurdity of the scene, that she broke into a violent fit of laughter, which ended in hysterics.

And here we will take leave to remark, that in spite of the but too common contempt with which thoughtless persons (often as an excuse for cruelty) regard the race of donkeys, to "us" (the author, of course) there seems nothing despicable in the poor ill-used animal. But, on the contrary, so long as he patiently and faithfully toils on, fulfilling his humble duties in his humble sphere of life, there is something not only respectable, but even interesting; and there *are* associations connected with him, more than with any other quadruped, that ought, more often than they do, to soften the heart of every Christian towards the poor enduring brute. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that when an ass, at once silly and vicious, asserts himself, shows off his airs, or tries to "make a noise in the world," there is no creature living that makes such an arrant fool of himself. But, to continue.

On rushed Ned, kicking and caracoling, and trying to look as rakish as possible, in the most absurd manner, till at length, by way of climax, coming to a standstill at the gate of a farm-yard, he set up a resonant bray. (Whether he raised his tail or not, history does not say.) The farmer, who was busy in the yard, roused by the clamour, ran out with a grin on his face but a helping hand, and seizing the reins, put a full stop to Master Ned's erratic demonstrations.

The poor lady was lifted out of the chair, and accepting the farmer's invitation, sat down in the farm-house parlour, where she fainted. And so much was she excited by the jolting, laughing, noise, &c., of the adventure, that Eleanor absolutely refused to trust her mother again to so freakish a gentleman as Ned had shown himself. It was agreed, therefore, by all the party that Ned should be left behind with the farmer, who wanted an ass for rough work, and that a large and handsome donkey, which he had reared himself for a daughter who had lately married, should be lent on trial, in Ned's place; which was accordingly done.

Now it so fell out, that while the fate of Ned was thus being decided in the parlour of the farm-house, "the hand of destiny," as romance writers say, was at work, bringing about another and equally unlooked-for catastrophe in the road, even that of Ned's mischievous adviser, "Mag."

It is an old saying, and a well-known truth, that those who take delight in doing mischief, or in leading their neighbours into it, very frequently become victims to their own plottings, or, as the Scripture says, are taken in the snares they had laid for another. And so it happened to the magpie, who, chattering and looking on with supreme delight at Ned and his achievements, did not perceive that a sharp-looking lad had an eye very suspiciously fixed upon her, who, the next minute, picking up a small stone, shied it at her with such good aim, that it struck her on the side of her poll, and she fell, stunned, to the ground. She was only stunned; but when she recovered her senses, what was her dismay at finding herself a captive in the folds of a great, red, cotton pocket-handkerchief! In vain she tried to make her escape, while she heard the boy, her captor, say to another—"Eh! but it's a nice 'un. I'll tak' it hum to our missis, and shu'll put it into t'old cage to please t' bairns."

Ay! it had come to this at last.

As to what eventually became of Mag, we have at present no reliable information; but the last of her speeches that we find on record was the following:—"There," said she, as she was being carried off, "this comes of trying to help one's neighbours. Well, I renounce philanthropy for ever!"

It remains only to say that Ned was sold to the farmer, and returned to his old life, or at least to something like it; while the new donkey, giving every satisfaction at the vicarage, being docile, grateful, and steady, trotting gaily with the youngsters, and walking demurely with the elders of the family, was finally purchased (as also the new chair), and became a first favourite. He is, to the best of our belief, alive and well at the present moment, and is particularly fond of bread and apples, of which he gets a good share, to say nothing of winning a prize at the last agricultural show.

AFTERPIECE AND MORALS.

Now I really believe that, without too closely imitating Master Tom in Aunt Judy's cat story, I might say with truth, that a thousand—or,

at any rate, a hundred—well, positively a score—at the very least, a dozen valuable (or invaluable) morals might be extracted from the foregoing history; but as Aunt Judy's space, as well as the patience of her readers, is but limited, I will content myself with making a selection of seven, which here follow:—

MORAL THE FIRST.

When you are well off and reasonably happy, be 'grateful for the good things you have, and don't grumble for what you have not, for the chances are that you have at least as much as you deserve.

MORAL THE SECOND.

Remember, whatever betide you, that neither success nor good fortune is always a test or reward of merit; although it sometimes happens that those whose merits do not rise with their fortunes live to find their fortunes descend to the level of their merits.

MORAL THE THIRD.

Beware of taking advice from chattering pies; that is, from persons ever ready to give an opinion, but who, from the nature of things, are quite incompetent to understand or advise you properly.

MORAL THE FOURTH.

Avoid hasty conclusions from the words or actions of others, especially when reported by chattering pies.

MORAL THE FIFTH.

When you've got a grievance (or think you have one), never try to set yourself *right* by doing *wrong*.

MORAL THE SIXTH.

And never try to "show your spirit" by kicks or cantankerous conduct, especially to your best friends.

MORAL THE SEVENTH.


Beware of self-conceit; and when you feel most desirous of showing the world (*i. e.*, the little world you live in) "who you are," be sure you don't prove yourself to be but an ass after all.

H. S. E.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

A FANTASIA.

(Continued from p. 90.)

T was a cracker like the preceding one that the grandmother and the parson pulled together. The old lady had insisted upon it. The good rector had shown a tendency to low spirits this evening, and a wish to withdraw early. But the old lady did not approve of people "shirking" (as boys say) either their duties or their pleasures; and to keep "a merry Christmas" in a family circle that had been spared to meet in health and happiness, seemed to her to be both the one and the other.

It was his sermon for next day which weighed on the parson's mind. Not that he was behindhand with that part of his duties. He was far too methodical in his habits for that, and it had been written before the bustle of Christmas week began. But after preaching Christmas sermons from the same pulpit for thirty-five years, he felt keenly how difficult it is to awaken due interest in subjects that are so familiar, and to give new force to lessons so often repeated. So he wanted a quiet hour in his own study before he went to rest, with the sermon that did not satisfy him, and the subject that should be so heart-stirring and ever new,—the Story of Bethlehem.

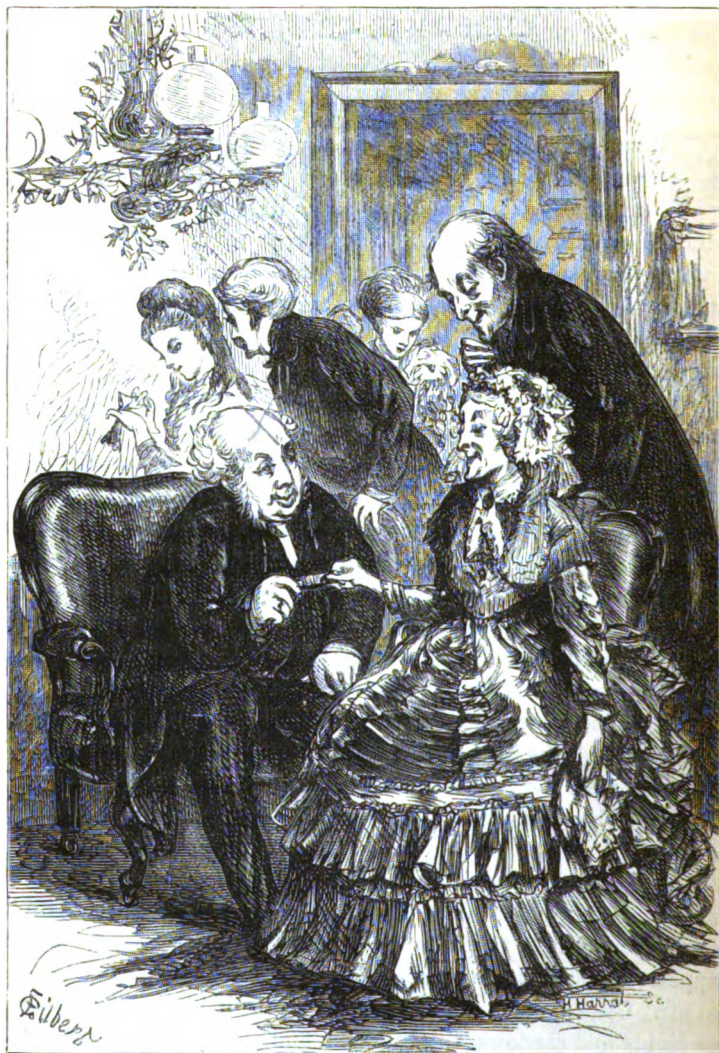
He consented, however, to pull one cracker with the grandmother, though he feared the noise might startle her nerves, and said so.

"Nerves were not invented in my young days," said the old lady, firmly; and she took her part in the ensuing explosion without so much as a wink.

As the crackers snapped, it seemed to the parson as if the fragrant smoke from the yule log were growing denser in the room. Through the mist from time to time the face of the tutor loomed large and then disappeared. At last the clouds rolled away, and the parson breathed clear air. Clear, yes, and how clear! This brilliant freshness, these intense lights and shadows, this mildness and purity in the night air—

"It is not England," he muttered; "it is the East. I have felt no air like this since I breathed the air of Palestine."

Over his head, through immeasurable distances, the dark-blue space was lighted by the great multitude of the stars, whose glittering ranks



have in that atmosphere a distinctness and a glory unseen with us. Perhaps no scene of beauty in the visible creation has proved a more

hackneyed theme for the poet and the philosopher than a starry night. But not all the superabundance of simile and moral illustration with which the subject has been loaded can rob the beholder of the freshness of its grandeur or the force of its teaching; that noblest and most majestic vision of the handiwork of God on which the eye of man is here permitted to rest.

As the parson gazed he became conscious that he was not alone. Other eyes besides his were watching the skies to-night. Dark, profound, patient, eastern eyes, used from the cradle to the grave to watch and wait. The eyes of star-gazers and dream-interpreters; men who believed the fate of empires to be written in shining characters on the face of heaven, as the "Mene, Mene," was written in fire on the walls of the Babylonian palace. The old parson was one of the many men of real learning and wide reading who pursue their studies in the quiet country parishes of England, and it was with the keen interest of intelligence that he watched the group of figures that lay near him.

"Is this a vision of the past?" he asked himself. "There can be no doubt as to these men. They are star-gazers, magi, and, from their dress and bearing, men of high rank; perhaps 'teachers of a higher wisdom' in one of the purest philosophies of the old heathen world. When one thinks," he pursued, "of the intense interest, the eager excitement which the student of history finds in the narrative of the past as unfolded in dusty records written by the hand of man, one may realize how absorbing must have been that science which professed to unveil the future, and to display to the eyes of the wise the fate of dynasties written with the finger of God among the stars."

The dark-robed figures were so still that they might almost have been carved in stone. The air seemed to grow purer and purer; the stars shone brighter and brighter; suspended in ether the planets seemed to hang like lamps. Now a shooting meteor passed athwart the sky, and vanished behind the hill. But not for this did the watchers move; in silence they watched on—till, on a sudden, how and whence the parson knew not, across the shining ranks of that immeasurable host, whose names and number are known to God alone, there passed in slow but obvious motion one brilliant solitary star—a star of such surpassing brightness that he involuntarily joined in the wild cry of joy and greeting with which the men of the East now prostrated themselves with their faces to the earth.

He could not understand the language in which, with noisy clamour and gesticulation, they broke their former profound and patient silence, and greeted the portent for which they had watched. But he knew now that these were the wise men of the Epiphany, and that this was the Star of Bethlehem. In his ears rang the energetic simplicity of the gospel narrative, "When they saw the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

With exceeding great joy! Ah! happy magi, who (more blest than Balaam the son of Beor), were faithful to the dim' light vouchsafed to you; the Gentile church may well be proud of your memory. Ye travelled long and far to bring royal offerings to the King of the Jews, with a faith not found in Israel. Ye saw him whom prophets and kings had desired to see, and were glad. Wise men indeed, and wise with the highest wisdom, in that ye suffered yourselves to be taught of God.

Then the parson prayed that if this were indeed a dream he might dream on; might pass, if only in a vision, over the hill, following the footsteps of the magi, whilst the Star went before them, till he should see it rest above that city, which, little indeed among the thousands of Judah, was yet the birthplace of the Lord's Christ.

"Ah!" he almost sobbed, "let me follow! On my knees let me follow into the house and see the Holy Child. In the eyes of how many babies I have seen mind and thought far beyond their powers of communication, every mother knows. But if at times, with a sort of awe, one sees the immortal soul shining through the prison-bars of helpless infancy, what, oh! what must it be to behold the Godhead veiled in flesh through the face of a little child!"

The parson stretched out his arms, but even with the passion of his words the vision began to break. He dared not move for fear it should utterly fade, and as he lay still and silent, the wise men roused their followers, and led by the Star, the train passed solemnly over the distant hills.

Then the clear night became clouded with fragrant vapour, and with a sigh the parson awoke.

* * * * *

When the cracker snapped and the white end was left in the grandmother's hand, she was astonished to perceive (as she thought) that the white lace veil which she had worn over her wedding bonnet was still in her possession, and that she was turning it over in her fingers. "I

fancied I gave it to Jemima when her first baby was born," she muttered dreamily. It was darned and yellow, but it carried her back all the same, and recalled happy hours with wonderful vividness. She remembered the post-chaise and the postilion. "He was such a pert little fellow, and how we laughed at him! He must be either dead or a very shaky old man by now," said the old lady. She seemed to smell the scent of meadow-sweet that was so powerful in a lane through which they drove; and how clearly she could see the clean little country inn where they spent the honeymoon! She seemed to be there now, taking off her bonnet and shawl, in the quaint clean chamber, with the heavy oak rafters, and the jasmine coming in at the window, and glancing with pardonable pride at the fair face reflected in the mirror. But as she laid her things on the patchwork coverlet, it seemed to her that the lace veil became fine white linen, and was folded about a figure that lay in the bed; and when she looked round the room again everything was draped in white—white blinds hung before the windows, and even the old oak chest and the press were covered with clean white cloths, after the decent custom of the country; whilst from the church tower without the passing bell tolled slowly. She had not seen the face of the corpse, and a strange anxiety came over her to count the strokes of the bell, which tell if it is a man, woman, or child who has passed away. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! No more. It was a woman, and when she looked on the face of the dead she saw her own. But even as she looked the fair linen of the grave clothes became the buoyant drapery of another figure, in whose face she found a strange recognition of the lineaments of the dead with all the loveliness of the bride. But ah! more, much more! On that face there was a beauty not doomed to wither, before those happy eyes lay a future unshadowed by the imperfections of earthly prospects, and the folds of that robe were white as no fuller on earth can white them. The window curtain parted, the jasmine flowers bowed their heads, the spirit passed from the chamber of death, and the old lady's dream was ended.

* * * * *

Miss Letitia had shared a cracker with the widow. The widow squeaked when the cracker went off, and then insisted upon giving up the smart paper and everything to Miss Letitia. She had always given up everything to Mr. Jones, she did so now to Master MacGreedy,

and was quite unaccustomed to keep anything for her own share. She did not give this explanation herself, but so it was.

The cracker that thus fell into the hands of Miss Letitia was one of those new-fashioned ones that have a paper pattern of some article of dress wrapped up in them instead of a bonbon. This one was a paper bonnet made in the latest *mode*—of green tissue paper; and Miss Letitia stuck it on the top of her chignon with an air that the widow envied from the bottom of her heart. She had not the gift of “carrying off” her clothes. But to the tutor, on the contrary, it seemed to afford the most extreme amusement; and as Miss Letitia bowed gracefully hither and thither in the energy of her conversation with the widow, the green paper fluttering with each emphasis, he fairly shook with delight, his shadow dancing like a maniac beside him. He had scattered some more powder on the coals, and it may have been that the smoke got into her eyes, and confused her ideas of colour, but Miss Letitia was struck with a fervid and otherwise unaccountable admiration for the paper ends of the cracker, which were most unusually ugly. One was of a sallowish salmon colour, and transparent, the other was of brick-red paper with a fringe. As Miss Letitia turned them over, she saw, to her unspeakable delight, that there were several yards of each material, and her peculiar genius instantly seized upon the fact that in the present rage for double skirts there might be enough of the two kinds to combine into a fashionable dress.

It had never struck her before that a dirty salmon went well with brick red. “They blend so becomingly, my dear,” she murmured; “and I think the under skirt will set well, it is so stiff.”

The widow did not reply. The fumes of the tutor’s compound made her sleepy, and though she nodded to Miss Letitia’s observations, it was less from appreciation of their force than from inability to hold up her head. She was dreaming uneasy, horrible dreams, like nightmares; in which from time to time there mingled expressions of doubt and dissatisfaction which fell from Miss Letitia’s lips. “Just half a yard short—no gores—false hem—(and the melancholy reflection that) flounces take so much stuff.” Then the tutor’s face kept appearing and vanishing with horrible grimaces through the mist. At last the widow fell fairly asleep, and dreamed that she was married to the Blue Beard of nursery annals, and that on his return from his memorable journey he had caught her in the act of displaying the

mysterious cupboard to Miss Letitia. As he waved his scimitar over her head, he seemed unaccountably to assume the form and features of the tutor. In her agitation the poor woman could think of no plea against his severity, except that the cupboard was already crammed with the corpses of his previous wives, and that there was no room for her. She was pleading this argument when Miss Letitia's voice broke in upon her dream with decisive accent :

"There's enough for two bodies."

The widow shrieked and awoke.

"High and low," explained Miss Letitia. "My dear, what *are* you screaming about?"

"I am very sorry indeed," said the widow; "I beg your pardon, I'm sure, a thousand times. But since Mr. Jones's death I have been so nervous, and I had such a horrible dream. And, oh dear! oh dear!" she added, "what is the matter with my precious child? Macready, love, come to your mamma, my pretty lamb."

Ugh! ugh! There were groans from the corner where Master MacGreedy sat on his crackers as if they were eggs, and he hatching them. He had only touched one, as yet, of the stock he had secured. He had picked it to pieces, had avoided the snap, and had found a large comfit like an egg with a rough shell, inside. Every one knows that the goodies in crackers are not of a very superior quality. There is a large amount of white lead in the outside thinly disguised by a shabby flavour of sugar. But that outside once disposed of, there lies an almond at the core. Now an almond is a very delicious thing in itself, and doubly nice when it takes the taste of white paint and chalk out of one's mouth. But in spite of all the white lead and sugar and chalk through which he had sucked his way, MacGreedy could not come to the almond. A dozen times had he been on the point of spitting out the delusive sweetmeat; but just as he thought of it he was sure to feel a bit of hard rough edge, and thinking he had gained the kernel at last, he held valiantly on. It only proved to be a rough bit of sugar, however, and still the interminable coating melted copiously in his mouth; and still the clean, fragrant almond evaded his hopes. At last with a groan he spat the seemingly undiminished bonbon on to the floor, and turned as white and trembling as an arrowroot blancmange.

In obedience to the widow's entreaties the tutor opened a window, and tried to carry MacGreedy to the air; but that young gentleman

utterly refused to allow the tutor to approach him, and was borne howling to bed by his mamma.

With the fresh air the fumes of the fragrant smoke dispersed, and the company roused themselves.

"Rather oppressive, eh?" said the master of the house, who had had his dream too, with which we have no concern.

The dogs had had theirs also, and had testified to the same in their sleep by low growls and whines. Now they shook themselves, and rubbed against each other, growling in a warlike manner through their teeth, and wagging peaceably with their little stumpy tails.

The twins shook themselves and fell to squabbling as to whether they had been to sleep or no; and, if either, which of them had given way to that weakness.

Miss Letitia took the paper bonnet from her head with a nervous laugh, and after looking regretfully at the cracker papers put them in her pocket.

The parson went home through the frosty night. In the village street he heard a boy's voice singing two lines of the Christmas hymn—

"Trace we the Babe Who hath redeemed our loss
 From the poor Manger to the bitter Cross;"

and his eyes filled with tears.

The old lady went to bed and slept in peace.

"In all the thirty-five years we have been privileged to hear you, sir," she told the rector next day after service, "I never heard such a Christmas sermon before."

The visitor carefully preserved the blue paper and the cracker motto. He came down early next morning to find the white half to put with them. He did not find it, for the young lady had taken it the night before.

The tutor had been in the room, before him, wandering round the scene of the evening's festivities.


The yule log lay black and cold upon the hearth, and the tutor nodded to it. "I told you how it would be," he said; "but never mind, you have had your day, and a merry one too." In the corner lay the heap of crackers which Master Mac Greedy had been too ill to remember when he retired. The tutor pocketed them with a grim smile.

As to the comfit, it was eaten by one of the dogs, who had come down earliest of all. He swallowed it whole, so whether it contained an almond or not, remains a mystery to the present time. J. H. E.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

 EARLY one morning, in the month of July in the year 1794, at which time France was suffering from the many disasters of the Revolution and the murder of her king, Louis XVI., a cart loaded with hay was passing slowly along the road between the towns of Thouars and Nantes. A carter reposed lazily on the top of the sweet-smelling hay. On approaching a thickly-covered heath or common, the man's attention was caught by marks of blood, and the appearance of the turf being much and recently trodden. He jumped from the cart, and on advancing a few steps he saw what seemed to be part of a lady's silk dress. On approaching this object, which was partially concealed by a thicket of brambles and gorse, he discovered stretched on the ground the body of a lady, who had apparently been recently murdered. Near her lay two children, one a little boy of about three years old, and a little girl somewhat older. The children slept by their dead mother, for a while unconscious of their loss, as well as of the scene which must have preceded it. Having satisfied himself that life was extinct, the carter turned to examine the sleeping children, the style and richness of whose dress told plainly that they belonged to the higher class—that class which was at that period the special object of the hatred and fury of the misguided people, who made a boast of murdering and plundering all who ranked amongst the aristocracy of that unhappy country.

After contemplating the children for a short time as if uncertain how to act, the peasant exclaimed aloud—"Well! I can't leave these poor little creatures here to perish."

Scenes of horror were too common in those days for the man to do more than cast a look of pity on the lifeless body before him, but he quickly raised the children and placed them gently on the soft hay of his cart; then giving a sharp crack of his long whip, the horse proceeded on the way. The noise of the whip and the motion of the cart

aroused the children. On awakening they looked first at each other, then on the strange bed on which they found themselves lying, then at the cart and the carter, whose rough appearance was certainly not calculated to reassure them—a quantity of red hair, as well as beard and moustache, gave him a somewhat forbidding appearance. The poor children, bewildered and terrified, burst into tears, exclaiming in piteous accents, “Mamma, Mamma, where are you? Mamma, come to us!”

“Hold your tongues,” said the carter, somewhat sharply, “your mamma is gone—by my faith! I don’t quite know where she is gone—but she may come back by-and-by, but not if you make that noise; so be quiet and I will give you something to eat, for I should think you must be hungry.” The children, frightened by the peasant’s look and manner, were now silent, and he proceeded to unfasten a basket hung on to an iron bar of the cart, from which he took a piece of coarse, black bread such as served for the common food of the peasants of these parts, and offered a piece to each of the children. The little girl, unaccustomed to such food, looked at it without attempting to take it. “It’s all I have to give you,” said the man, “and you had better eat it than die of hunger.” As he still held it to the child, she noticed that her frock was spotted with blood, which looked fresh and wet, whilst other marks of the same kind were dry and brown.

“Are you hurt?” said he kindly, as he pointed to the marks; “where does this come from?”

The child uncovered her arm, and on her doing so, the man saw two cuts, one of which appeared somewhat deep. He quickly undid his neckcloth, and tenderly and gently wiped away the blood, and then bound up the soft white arm with his rough fingers, so as to stop the bleeding. This little operation won the child’s confidence, and, raising her dark-blue eyes to his face, she said, “Then you are not a robber?”

“I hope not,” replied the peasant, smiling.

“And you will not kill me nor little Claude?”

“No, no, my poor child,” said he, kindly; “and now that you are not frightened at me, tell me what had happened to you when I found you.”

“Some frightful men attacked us with great swords; they had such big, black beards—they hit me here on my arm, and then I don’t know

what they did. They frightened me so that I shut my eyes; then I heard mamma scream, and I can't recollect anything more."

The carter now seated himself by the child, putting his arm round her as if to protect her from the rough jolting of the cart. "May we not go back and look for mamma?" added the child, unconscious of her fate.

"Yes, yes, but not now—besides, you must eat something first." As if encouraged by these words, the poor little girl began to eat, as well as she could, the hard, dry bread, at the same time offering a piece to her brother. The little fellow refused it, the tears again running down his face.

"You must not cry, Claude," said his sister, "or this man will be angry with us, and won't let us look for mamma."

"I want to go to mamma—where is she, Malie?" said the poor child.

"Is your name Malie? it is a queer one."

"No, no," replied she, laughing as she repeated the name, "it's only little Claude who calls me so because he can't speak plain: he's only three years old, but I'm five; I'm called Marie, after the Holy Virgin."

"Well then, Ma'mselle Marie," said the peasant, good-humouredly, "can you tell me something more about what happened to you?"

The little girl waited till she had eaten her last mouthful of the hard bread, then drawing her little brother closer to her and laying his fair curly head on her lap, she said as she kissed him, "Now, Claude, darling, go to sleep, I will take care of you. There, that's it," she added, as the little fellow did as she bid him; then turning to her rough but kind conductor she said, "I can't recollect much, only I know that yesterday, when it was very late, mamma took us to walk with her on the road to Nantes. She seemed to be watching for some one, for once or twice she said sorrowfully, 'Alas! I don't see him—oh! I wish I could warn him;' and when I said, 'Who, mamma?' she did not answer, and did not seem to hear me. Then little Claude was very tired, and mamma took him up in her arms, and he fell asleep. I too was so tired I could hardly walk, but still mamma went on. Then suddenly, when it was nearly dark, those dreadful men came. They struck mamma; she said, 'Oh, do not hurt my children!' I said, 'Don't hurt mamma.' Then one of them hit me with his sword here, on my arm; then I fell down and went to sleep, so that I can't re-

member anything more ; and now I want to find mamma—do let us look for mamma !” added the child, as her eyes again filled with tears.

“ Well, well, well,” replied the carter, scarcely suppressing the emotion he felt at the child’s sad tale, “ we won’t talk any more now ; your brother is asleep and you must try and sleep too.” So saying, he jumped from the cart, and, lighting his pipe, pursued his way on foot and in silence, only occasionally urging on his horse.

CHAPTER II.

THE little party soon reached Nantes, a town on the Loire, rendered celebrated by the horrors perpetrated there during the Revolution. A man, or rather monster, of the name of Carrier, was deputed by the National Convention to wreak their vengeance on the unhappy people of Nantes, amongst whom were a considerable number of Vendéans. The people of La Vendée long stood out for the royal authority, and were only compelled after a fruitless resistance to submit to the new government. Fifteen thousand persons perished in Nantes in the short space of one month, and the total number of victims is believed to have exceeded thirty thousand in that town during the Reign of Terror.

As our little party entered Nantes, the carter observed groups of men and women stopping to read bills posted on the walls. He easily conjectured from the looks and manner of those so occupied, no less than by their gloomy silence, that fresh atrocities were threatened by Carrier, who was then exercising his wicked power in the unhappy town.

“ Whose children are those that you have in your cart ?” inquired a gendarme* of the carter.

“ Mine,” replied the peasant.

“ You lie,” returned the other ; “ these children are richly dressed, and it’s plain that you are but a peasant. I shall denounce you to the Convention to teach you to speak the truth.”

“ By my faith,” said the carter, terrified by this threat, “ I meant when I said *mine* that I found them, and that, therefore, they belong to me—I can’t tell who else they belong to.”

“ Have you read the notice which you may see there ?” inquired the

* A police soldier.

gendarme, as he pointed to one of the bills on a wall near to where they were standing.

"That would be rather difficult, citizen," replied the carter, "as I don't know a letter."

"Well then, friend, I will tell you that Carrier, having got rid, in one way or another, of numbers of the hateful aristocrats, the republic is troubled with more children than they know what to do with, and it is decreed that they shall be got rid of like their parents. The Loire will soon rid us of them, but Carrier, by way of a bit of clemency, has given notice that any citizen wishing to take any of these children may do so on giving his name and address."

This condition seemed to alarm the carter, and fears for his own safety probably prevented his showing further inclination to befriend the poor children he had so far protected. Following the gendarme, he therefore conducted Marie and her brother to an appointed place in the town, then turned away without daring to show the sorrow he felt on leaving the two poor little children amongst many others to their probable fate. Finding herself deserted by the only one to whom she looked for help and protection, Marie would have abandoned herself to the terror and sorrow which took possession of her, but she felt her poor little brother clinging trembling to her, his face raised appealingly to hers. Young as she was she forgot her own fears in her anxiety to comfort the little fellow who looked to her for help. Looking around Marie now perceived that the large open space or square was crowded with children of all ages, who, by their dress and general appearance, were plainly of the same class as herself. Many as young as herself and Claude were crying bitterly, vainly calling on those who could never again reply to them. Some who were older wept silently, better aware of the terrible fate that awaited them, and of the hopelessness of their position.

Marie seated herself on the ground, and, drawing Claude to her, she put her arm round him and endeavoured to soothe him with kisses and caresses. When she had somewhat quieted the poor child she was able to notice what was passing around her, and her attention was attracted by several women who were going about amongst the groups of children, stopping to examine them, their dress and appearance; now and then she saw one of these women take a child in her arms and leave the place with it. Marie not only watched, but

listened to what was going on near her; a deadly paleness overspread her young and sweet face as she presently gathered from the conversation of some of these women, that all the children not rescued by them were to be ruthlessly drowned in the Loire. Child as she was, she now understood the fate that awaited her and her innocent brother. She knew not where to look for help, but with a child's simple faith she murmured: "Holy Virgin, save me and my little brother!"

At that moment a woman with a basket well filled with fruit came close to where Marie was seated: the child timidly called to her; the woman turned, and her face assumed a look of pity as she observed two such young and helpless ones left apparently alone in the world. As she drew towards them, Marie ventured to ask, the tears starting to her eyes, "Is it true that we are to be thrown into the river?"

"Alas, my poor child!" exclaimed the woman, looking cautiously around.

"Oh! then," said Marie, clasping her small hands, and raising her face, bathed in tears, to the fruit woman, "save my little brother; take poor little Claude."

"And why should I take him instead of you?" asked the woman, whose heart was touched by this mark of childish love.

"Because Claude is papa's favourite, besides I could not bear to see him die. No, no, pray, pray save my brother. Claude," added she, "you will go with this good woman."

"No, I won't leave 'ou, Malie."

"But they will throw me into the water, Claude," replied Marie, now crying bitterly.

"Well, then," said the child, clinging to her, "I will be thrown in with 'ou."

"But then I shall die," said Marie.

"Then I'll die with 'ou," persisted the little fellow.

"I wish I could save you both," said the fruit woman, as she wiped away a tear, "but I can only take one."

"Then take Claude," said Marie, unhesitatingly.

The child's courageous devotion only tended to confirm the woman in her desire to rescue her, and she attempted to take her hand as if for the purpose of leading her away. Marie shrank from her, and, clasping Claude tightly in her arms, she impetuously exclaimed: "Save my brother, or let us die together."

Such resolution and devotion in one of such tender years drew tears from the good woman's eyes; she seemed to hesitate in her purpose, and to forget for a while the difficulty she had in maintaining herself and an old blind mother; she only now thought of saving from a terrible death the two children who besought her pity.

"I will go and ask leave to take you both; I daresay they won't refuse," said the good woman, whose tears were now falling fast; "I shall come back soon, so do not stir from this place, or else I might not be able to find you." So saying, she put some of the fruit from her basket on Marie's lap, and then hastened away. The poor child thankfully received the nice fresh fruit, having tasted nothing for so many hours but the coarse dry bread she had eaten so unwillingly. An hour passed away; another hour, and still the woman came not. With the hopefulness and confidence of childhood, Marie continued to watch for her reappearance, trying to beguile the time by alternately soothing and amusing her poor little companion. In this way she struggled against the weariness and fatigue she felt; she had now been many hours without rest, and suffered much from the pain of the wounds in her arm. Little used to hardship of any kind, the trial was great for one of such tender years, and poor little Marie's powers of endurance were fast giving way; a feeling of drowsiness came over her, and she would gladly have laid down even on the hard ground and slept but for her little brother, and the fear of what might happen to him. Feeling at last that she could no longer keep awake, she said: "Claude, you must not go away; you must keep close by me." The little fellow drew closer to her.

"Listen to me, Claude," said Marie; "if I go to sleep and any one tries to take you away, you must try and remember your name, so that I may find you again."

"I called Claude," said the child, confidently.

"No, no, say after me, Claude de Beaurepaire."

"Beau-paire," said he.

"Beau-re-paire," again repeated his sister.

"Paire," said little Claude.

Ere Marie closed her eyes, she again repeated, "Beau-re-paire."

(To be continued.)

BURIED CITIES DISINTERRED.

(See the December Number.)



Y dear friend, I am going to give you a little account of all the wonders which we have seen lately on our tour among buried cities. On leaving home we went first to Llandaff, the town in which Falstaff met with the most full and affectionate response to his inquiry for recruits. After having examined the curiosities of the place, we went to Oban, the town which Alexander did rob and pillage on his journey to the north; going there by way of St. Asaph, in which town we were shown a picture of Fair Rosamond, drest as a physician, frightening Queen Eleanor on her death-bed. From Oban we went to Neath, in which town was Cymbeline a thief-catcher before becoming a king. We then went to St. Bees, and were told, that from that town may the African coast be espied on a sunny day. As, however, the weather was wet, and we did not care to stay, we proceeded directly to Redcar, in which town all the cats are the colour of red carrots. On our way we stopped first at Bedford, in which town long ago, we were told, the Knave of Hearts was soundly drubbed for daring to steal the tarts, and secondly at Oldham, where we enjoyed the cold ham sandwiches and stout for which that place is so justly famed. From Redcar we went to Derry, where they make harder rye-bread than any other town in Europe, and then to Dover, which we found, however, so infested and overrun with blackbeetles that we instantly left and went to Preston, in which town as they told us did little Bo-peep rest on a haystack, while engaged in seeking her flock. Finding Preston, however, very dull, we went to Crewe, a place where they sell linen yarn by the acre, week days and Sundays. You may be sure, however, we did not approve of such practices, and therefore proceeded to Reading, where men revere a dingy coat as much as a new one. Leaving Reading we went to Chelmsford, where the inhabitants all use wych-elms for dancing-poles, and after to Chester, where they told us all heart-aches terminate happily. We next travelled to Wigton, the town which first exported a wig to Nova Scotia, and afterwards to Rugby, which town has forbidden the sale of any unpalatable drug by Act of Parliament. After resting ourselves at Rugby, we proceeded to Elgin, in which town the Volunteers propel ginger-beer corks at the rifle practicés. Though this is less objectionable than firing off ramrods we had no inclination to remain, and made the best of our way to Wigan, a place in which incessant irruptions of the long-horned earwig annoy all church goers continually. We then came home by way of Ashby, at which station the most delicious ices are termed trash by the querulous traveller; I can assure you that we did not find them so; but when we arrived at home, we were very much pleased with our delightful tour, and were much obliged to Aunt Judy for giving us the opportunity of making it.

Your's &c.,
EDITH NORRIS.

STORY OF HANNIBAL.



HAMILCAR was a great Carthaginian general, and hated the Romans, as all good Carthaginians did, for the Romans and Carthaginians were ancient enemies. While he lived he did all he could to extend the dominions of Carthage from Africa into Spain, and before he died he made his son Hannibal swear by a dreadful oath that he would never cease to wage war against the Romans. Hannibal was then only nine years old. Hamilcar died in the year 220 B.C.: but it was not till B.C. 221 that Hannibal obtained command of the forces in Spain.

The Carthaginians were a people who had come from Asia, and settled in the north of Africa: they were originally related to the Babylonians.

The Romans at this time claimed dominion over the whole of Italy, parts of Gaul, or France, and Spain. Now in B.C. 128 the Romans being hard pressed in war by other nations, in order to make friends with the Carthaginians, granted them by treaty the right of conquering and settling in Spain, as far as the river Ebro, but they were not allowed to go any further. All this, of course, was without the consent of the native inhabitants, but the Romans were not much accustomed to consider the wishes of other nations when their interests were concerned.

Hannibal soon conquered for the Carthaginians all Spain south of the Ebro, and then began to think of his promise to his father.

The Roman historian Livy gives him an exceedingly bad character, but we can find nothing in his history to justify it. He calls him faithless, cruel, and irreligious. These, I think, are the chief charges against him. On the other hand, he cannot help giving him credit for courage and endurance as a soldier, and ability as a general.

He seems to have been genial and even polite in manner, and not to have shrunk from sharing the utmost dangers and privations with his soldiers. His cloak wrapped around him served him on the bare ground instead of bed. And he was singularly moderate and even abstemious in his habits. As a general he was undoubtedly one of

the greatest in every way that history has produced. He was also noted as a scholar in several languages.

Hannibal's first object was to make such a quarrel with the Romans as must lead to war, and the means were not far off. There happened to be a town called Saguntum, south of the Ebro, which was in alliance with the Romans. This he threatened to attack, apparently without orders from the Carthaginian senate. The people of Saguntum sent ambassadors to Rome for assistance. The Roman senate, after some deliberation, sent ambassadors to Hannibal to warn him not to attack their allies. If he refused to listen, they were to go on to Africa and demand his recall from the Carthaginian senate. This they did, but in the meantime Hannibal took Saguntum after a siege of eight months, the horrors of which are fully described by Livy, who blames the Romans for wasting time in embassies, instead of sending assistance to their allies. Having utterly destroyed Saguntum, and levelled its walls to the ground, Hannibal retired to New Carthage, in Spain, with immense booty. Then the Romans sent other ambassadors to Carthage to demand that Hannibal should be given up to them, because he had broken the treaty. There was a strong party in favour of Hannibal and another against him; and it is probable that had he been less successful, or had his prospects been less brilliant, or their hatred of the Romans less violent, Hannibal would have been sacrificed; as it was, irritated by continual delays and evasions, the Roman ambassador standing in the full assembly made a "lap" in his toga, or gown, and held it out, saying, "Here I offer you peace and war, take which you like." And a great shout answered, "Give us which you like." So the Romans departed, having declared war, and Hannibal was preparing at New Carthage for the invasion of Italy.

In carrying out this project, the actual foemen to be met were perhaps the smallest impediment to the invader. Two giant ranges of mountains were to be crossed. First, the Pyrenees, then the broad and rushing rivers of Gaul, and last of all, before the plains of Italy could be reached, the eternal snow of the Alps was to be passed. It was only a gigantic mind that could have seriously purposed such a scheme, and its accomplishment required a development of mind and body which could rarely be found, but which was found in Hannibal.

The war which was begun with the taking of Saguntum is called by Livy the most memorable in which the Roman people were ever engaged. It lasted seventeen years: during this time the whole of Italy was laid waste. Rome itself narrowly escaped destruction, and yet the Roman people emerged from the struggle stronger and more united than they were before.

Hannibal's first efforts were directed towards making the countries at home secure against invasion and revolt. He took the precaution, therefore, of sending a large body of Spanish troops to Africa, for the defence of Carthage, while he entrusted the defence of Spain to Africans. This was managing very cleverly, for the Spaniards in Africa were really hostages for the good behaviour of the others, and he also thought that both would be better soldiers if they were away from their own homes. Then Hannibal set out on his great undertaking, and reached the river Ebro, the Roman boundary in Spain. There, as we are told, he saw in his sleep a youth of divine figure, who said, "Jupiter has sent me to conduct you into Italy; follow me, therefore, nor turn your eyes to any side." Then Hannibal at first was filled with terror, but felt obliged to obey the figure; but afterwards, out of natural curiosity, he looked back and saw a huge serpent gliding along in his rear, and overthrowing and destroying everything which came in its way, and after it followed a dark cloud with loud thunderings in the air.

Then Hannibal asked what was the meaning of this, and his guide answered that it meant the devastation which he and his army were to bring upon Italy, and then told him to continue on his course without questioning further the decrees of the gods.

Overjoyed at this vision, he led his forces in three parts over the Ebro, having with him in all ninety thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. He then proceeded to conquer the tribes at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains; but when he at length began to enter the mountain passes, and the rumour became confirmed that the war was directed against the Romans, many of his troops began to desert. After crossing the Pyrenees, the great tract of Gaul lay between his army and the Alps, a country covered with dense forests, and inhabited by savage and warlike tribes. These, however, were not unfavourable to Hannibal, for when the Romans sent messengers to them begging that they would help the Roman people and prevent Hannibal from

crossing their country, they laughed them to scorn, saying, "Why should we, by opposing Hannibal, bring the miseries of war upon ourselves, to save the Roman people, who have ever been fair and false to us?" So the Gauls for the most part were not unfriendly, only when Hannibal came to the river Rhone, some of them tried to stop him from crossing. Hitherto Hannibal had managed to get on very nearly unobstructed, by means of threats and promises, and of presents when both failed. In the meantime the Romans had sent out an army under Scipio, which lay not far off on the other side of the Rhone.

So Hannibal got his army across the best way he could, first in boats and rafts, and some by swimming, and they gained the bank in spite of the opposition of the Gauls.

But there was one rather amusing difficulty, namely, how to get the elephants across. Elephants were much used in war at that time by such nations as possessed them: they were at that time quite a novelty to the Romans, and must have caused great terror and confusion.

Livy says that there were various accounts of the way in which the elephants were got over at last. Some said that the keeper tortured one until it chased him into the water, and was carried away by the current to the other side, the rest following. Others said that they were driven on to a raft covered with earth, which was then towed across by ropes, and he describes the unwieldy animals as crowding together in terror at the sight of water all round them, and sometimes falling off, when "they felt their way cautiously to land."

During the passage of the Rhone, a small body of Hannibal's cavalry were engaged in a skirmish, in which they were defeated by the Roman army, which lay at some distance.

Hannibal was for some time in doubt whether or not he should fight with the first Roman army he met, but at last he determined to cross the Alps first, and fight his first battle on the plains of Italy.

Three days after Hannibal had left his camp on the banks of the Rhone, Scipio and the Roman army arrived there; but the Carthaginians were by that time far on the road towards the mountains, and it was useless to pursue them, so the Romans retreated to their ships, intending to sail round and meet them on the other side.

When the Carthaginian host first caught sight of the Alps they were astonished and disheartened by the appearance of this mighty obstacle in their path. Most of the soldiers had been born and bred in hot

countries, where such things as frost and snow were unknown. They were from the burning north of Africa, or the sunny clime of Spain, where the winters were merely cooler summers, and lasted only a few weeks. No wonder, then, that they viewed with apprehension those bleak icy slopes, or that their courage and endurance failed them when actually experiencing their horrors. Added to all this, their first entrance was made in the face of an opposing enemy, who were as much at home among the mountains as the Carthaginians were strangers. These hardy mountaineers stood on the crags, and overwhelmed the invaders with different missiles, and although they were not numerous it was found very difficult to dislodge them. When these first difficulties were overcome there still remained the work of making roads for the various animals which accompanied the army to traverse. But Hannibal struggled on, his army decreasing daily—many perishing from cold, others set upon in narrow defiles by the fierce mountaineers and slaughtered—some buried in snowdrifts, and others falling from precipices; and yet, in the space of fifteen days only, the passage of the Alps was accomplished, and an invading army burst by this unexpected road on the territories of the Romans. Hannibal crossed the Ebro with a force of ninety thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. He reached Italy with twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse. Thus in less than five months, without having fought any actual battle, he lost by disease, hardship, and desertion more than seventy thousand men, or more than three-fourths of his whole army. With his small remaining force he was invading a country which could easily raise an army ten times the size of his own.

The time for fighting had now come. Hannibal in a public speech, after congratulating his army on their courage and success hitherto, by reminding them of their situation, encouraged them to fight as their only chance of safety. Hemmed in between two seas (the Adriatic and the Mediterranean), with the Alps behind them and the Po, a river mightier and more rushing than the Rhone, in front of them, there was nothing to be done but conquer or die on the place where they stood—"Hic vincendum aut moriendum milites!" It is a text that has often been preached upon by generals, but never with better reason than here. He then wound up by placing before them the happy results of conquest, in such a fair and fertile country as Italy, over such a wealthy nation as the Romans. He also drew a comparison between

himself and Scipio, the Roman general, and showed that while he was accustomed to "make himself at home" with his soldiers, the Roman, if both armies were placed side by side, would not know which of them was his own!

This speech was most successful, and greatly encouraged the soldiers.

Meantime, Scipio was taking similar means to encourage his own soldiers.

The little river Ticinus lay between the armies, and this the Romans proceeded to cross, and the Carthaginians lay ready to receive them about five miles off.

Just before his account of the battle, the historian Livy breaks off to give an account of certain wonderful and unusual things which were said to be signs of some coming disaster. A wolf entered the Roman camp, and after tearing to pieces everything it met, escaped unhurt. A swarm of bees pitched on a tree immediately over the general's tent.

In our days it is only an old woman here and there who takes notice of such things, but at that time it was different; persons called sooth-sayers accompanied a Roman army, whose business it was to notice and find a meaning for any unusual circumstance that happened, and also to point out means by which any evil influence might be averted.

The Romans, therefore, before beginning the battle, stopped to perform certain sacrifices to turn away the effects of these "omens," as they were called.

In this first battle on the soil of Italy, Hannibal was victorious, owing to his superiority in cavalry, for the Romans were famous chiefly as foot soldiers.

The younger Scipio, afterwards called Africanus, for his success against the Carthaginians in Africa, here distinguished himself by saving his father's life, although himself a mere boy at the time.

The Romans withdrew to their camp, and in the night following retreated as cautiously as possible towards the river Po, and it was some time before Hannibal discovered their retreat or pursued them.

On the river Po the Romans had a bridge formed of rafts, by which they had before crossed, and over which they now retreated. The other consul soon after joined Scipio with another army; but, unfortunately, the two Roman generals did not agree. Scipio was dis-

heartened with the late defeat which he had sustained, and the wound which he had then received was not yet healed. Sempronius, the new comer, had not met the Carthaginians in battle, and was very anxious to do so, feeling confident of victory.

The tribes of Gauls who inhabited the north of Italy at that time, refused to take any part of the conquest, and were evidently waiting to join themselves to the side which conquered.

When Hannibal found that they would not give him assistance, he ordered some of his troops to lay waste their land. The Gauls upon this sent to ask help of the Romans, saying that it was for their sake that they were suffering.

Scipio did not approve of helping them, as he doubted whether they were sincere or not; but Sempronius at once, while his fellow-general hesitated, led part of the troops against those Carthaginians who were engaged in plundering and ravaging the country, and drove them to their camp in confusion.

The best policy for the Romans would appear to us to have been, not to fight a battle except in a favourable situation, but only to prevent, if possible, the enemy from gaining supplies, and so to weaken them by degrees.

Accordingly we read that Hannibal was most eager for a battle, and the rashness of Sempronius—for this was the name of the other consul—soon gave him the opportunity he wanted. Sempronius took great credit to himself for the victory which he had gained over the Carthaginian plunderers, and felt just as eager to fight a battle as Scipio was unwilling.

Between the two camps there was a small brook. On the bank of this Hannibal concealed a number of troops, and then sent some of his African cavalry across openly, as if to attack the Roman camp. As soon as these came into action with the Romans they had orders to retreat across the brook as if defeated.

Sempronius easily fell into the snare, and pursued them with a large part of the army. Then Hannibal's ambuscade rose up against the Romans, and the battle began. They fought for a long time with pretty equal success, but at length the Romans, wet and weary with wading the stream and fighting, were unable to hold their ground against the fresh troops coming up from the enemy's camp, and the victory remained with Hannibal. This was the battle of the "Trebia."

There seemed to be now no protection left for Rome, and the panic in the city was very great. The only armies which might have kept the enemy from advancing on Rome were defeated and dispersed, and the Carthaginians seemed to have Italy at their mercy.

And now the winter came on, during which it was necessary for both sides to suspend fighting, in consequence of the weather. Each were occupied in strengthening themselves for the struggle in the spring.

(To be continued.)

THE TOUR OF THE BUNNIEWINKS—*continued.*



THE next morning there was a thick mist, which annoyed Mr. Bunniewink dreadfully, because he meant to have gone that day to see the Cheese-wring and the Hurlers, and the waiter told him, "if he went in a mist he would see nothing, and would probably be lost in a pixy bed" (bog). Mr. Bunniewink was so cross with the Cornish weather that he would not eat any fried potatoes and bacon for breakfast, because it was a Cornish dish, and had cold boiled mutton instead. As Mr. Bunniewink was cross, Mrs. Bunniewink shut herself up in her own room, and put her boxes tidy, and was comforted.

But Zummy and Drummie were dreadfully dull; so to amuse themselves they went in the omnibus to meet every train, and as three up, and three down trains came in every day between eight a.m. and eight p.m., they had twelve drives to and from the station, and they never paid for one of them, but told the 'bus man that their papa was staying at the inn and would pay him.

In the evening the mist cleared a little, and Mr. Bunniewink put on his goloshes, and his macintosh, and his comforter, and was going out for a turn by moonlight when the omnibus conductor came and asked him for twelve shillings for the young lady and gentleman's twelve drives to and from the station.

Mr. Bunniewink got into a dreadful rage. He scolded the conductor for conducting Zummy and Drummie, the driver for driving them, Mrs. Bunniewink for not keeping them in, and the master of the inn for letting them out, and Zummy and Drummie for going at all, and everybody tried not to laugh while Mr. Bunniewink scolded,

of Mrs. Bunniwink
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except Mrs. Bunniwink and the children. She trembled, and they cried. When Mr. Bunniwink had finished scolding, he sent Zummy and Drummie to bed without any supper, and sent the twelve shillings to the 'bus man by the waiter.

There was a mist again the next morning, and the waiter told Mr. Bunniwink that mists often lasted three days. He looked horridly cross, and as soon as ever he had finished breakfast he went out, and bought some lesson-books, and made Zummy and Drummie do lessons all day—"to keep them out of mischief and omnibuses." They did not enjoy the lessons. However, the mist cleared that evening, and the next day was lovely, and they all started in a fly for the well of St. Kayne, which is a very remarkable well indeed.

If the husband drinks first of its waters, he will rule his wife perpetually (as is right), but if the wife drinks first she will rule her husband. And they say, once on a time, a couple were married in St. Kayne Church, who were so anxious about this, that the moment the ceremony was over, *he* rushed off to the well to drink the charmed water, leaving his bride in the church, but she quietly took a bottleful from her pocket, and drank it off then and there. So, as the Cornish folks would say, *She was master* ever after.

The road between Liskeard and St. Kayne was very bad, and Mrs. Bunniwink was so much alarmed that she made Mr. Bunniwink, Zummy, and Drummie, all three sit with their backs to the horses, while she had the front seat to herself; but she did not sit on it, she caught hold of the loops on either side, and swung herself from side to side, according to the joltings of the carriage: her face became very red in consequence. But sitting backwards made Mr. Bunniwink feel so ill that he determined never again to yield to his wife in anything whatever; and no sooner was he out of the fly than he rushed off to the well to make sure of being the first to taste its magic waters.

But in his hurry and bustle he caught his foot in a stone, and fell headlong into the pretty little well, and when he was in he was so fat that he could not get himself out. Zummy and Drummie had followed their papa as fast as they could, but when they saw him stuck in the arch of the well they were frightened. Drummie immediately caught hold of his right foot to pull him out backwards, but the boot came off in her hand. Zummy ran back at once to the fly to tell his mamma that his "papa was drowned."

Mrs. Bunniewink flew to the spot, and when she got there, she fell weeping on the bank and crying out—"Oh, my Bunnie, Bunnie, Bunniewink! oh my Bun!"

By this time a man had come up, who helped Mr. Bunniewink out of the well, none the worse for his fall; but he had swallowed such an enormous lot of water that he felt sure Mrs. Bunniewink would never even venture to contradict him again. They now got their luncheon out of the fly and ate it by the roadside, and returned to Liskeard very pleasantly in the heat of the afternoon.

They all went to bed and went to sleep, but in the middle of the night Mr. Bunniewink awoke, and remembered that he meant to have gone to the Cheesewring the day before, and they had gone to St. Kayne instead. So he tried to wake his wife.

"Maria!" she snored; "Maria!" she snored a little louder; then he gave her a little push—"Mrs. Bunniewink!" and she started up immediately screaming out, "Thieves! fire! murder!" as loud as possible; but she would not open her eyes, for fear of seeing the thieves or the fire or the murderer.

Mrs. Bunniewink kept on screaming and Mr. Bunniewink kept on saying "hush," until all the chambermaids, headed by the master and mistress, and followed by boots, came to know what was the matter. But Mrs. Bunniewink kept on screaming until she was so tired she fell asleep, because she could not keep awake any longer. The very first thing the next morning Mr. Bunniewink ordered a fly for the Cheesewring, and they started immediately after an early breakfast. As this was to be the last expedition in the tour, Mr. Bunniewink determined to make it a long one. After some time they stopped on the moor, and the driver got down and opened the carriage door. Mr. Bunniewink began to look angry, and asked why he stopped in that manner.

The driver touched his hat and said, "The Hurlers, sir."

"What Hurlers?" said Mr. Bunniewink.

"What Hurlers, sir? why the Hurlers, sir—those young men who would play to hurling on Sunday, and were turned to stone as they played." And he pointed across the moor to some granite posts standing up against the sky on the open moor.

Then Mr. Bunniewink determined to go and look at the wonderful Hurlers, so they walked across the soft turf to the stones, which ever so

many years ago, one fine Sunday morning had been strong young men, and who, forgetting whose day it was, had in the midst of their sin been suddenly turned to stone. Some were standing upright and some



lying on the ground. They were glad soon to get away from this desolate spot.

Mr. Bunniewink would not let the driver rest his horses at the

Cheesewring Hotel, because he would not be seen at a public-house; so they went on to Phoenix or Clinicum mine, where the captain, who lived in a house in the midst of the mine, kindly let them put up the horses while they went to see the Cheesewring and granite works.

Mr. Bunniewink gave Mrs. Bunniewink his arm, and desired Zummy and Drummie to take one another's hands, and so they started. Just as they were going to cross the tramway from the granite works to Moorswater, two trucks heavily laden with great blocks of granite came down the incline at a great rate, and if they had been on the line they must have been run over. Mrs. Bunniewink screamed, and Mr. Bunniewink began to scold the place—and the truck, and the tramway, and everything; but as there were only Zummy and Drummie to listen, Mr. and Mrs. Bunniewink soon left off screaming and scolding and began to climb towards the Cheesewring; and they found they could not do it arm-in-arm, the hill was so steep and there were so many granite rocks, large and small, scattered about. They struggled on, and got very hot, and seemed no nearer; at last they met a man and asked the way; and he "reckoned they were strangers," and undertook to show them the road. And on the way he took them to Daniel Gumb's house. Daniel Gumb was a very remarkable man, who lived about one hundred years ago, who had a great many sons and daughters, and who did not like paying rent, rates, and taxes, so he went with his wife and family and made a kind of dwelling among the rocks, and cut out geometrical figures on the flat big stones, and studied the stars, and so lived until he died. His descendants live in common houses like other folk, and Daniel Gumb's house is a lion.

After this they came to the Wring, a low wall of stones, mostly of a size a man can carry, built firmly up without mortar, round the top of the tor, or hill, and a little way down from the top is the wonderful pile of rocks called the Cheesewring—the smallest stone at the bottom, and each stone growing bigger till you come to the biggest of all at the top, and yet all so steady that it has stood the storms of centuries. They looked, too, at the other great rocks scattered around, some with little basins hollowed out on them, said to have been used by the Druids to hold the blood of their sacrifices.

They looked, too, at the country round, all across the county, from Lundy Island, on the north, to Plymouth Sound on the south, and Dartmoor looking blue in the hazy distance; and beneath them were

valleys and corn-fields; and nestling among their trees in the valleys were the granite church towers, every stone of which must have been carried miles and miles by loving hands, from the hills where the old Druids worshipped their false gods, to build fair temples for the Lord. And well would it be if, for every church they saw, three more could be built.

When the Bunniewinks had looked at the stones and the view, they went on to the granite quarries, and were astonished at the big blocks of stone, and the big stones used to move them. And Mr. Bunniewink refused to believe that stone was sent thence to Ceylon and Copenhagen. While he was arguing about this with the man who had sent off the stones, suddenly everybody began to run away as fast as they could.

Mr. Bunniewink would keep on talking, till the man he was talking to caught hold of him and made him run for "dear life," and pulled and dragged him up the hill to the place where Mrs. Bunniewink, Zummy, and Drummie had been conducted by their guide. Poor Mr. Bunniewink was out of breath with rage and running, but he had scarcely stopped when there was a report equal to three claps of thunder, and the ground almost shook under their feet. Then he found they were blasting off a large block of stone with gunpowder, and as the pieces flew about in every direction he might very likely have been killed by some bit falling on his head had he been allowed to stay in the quarry.

As soon as they had recovered the shock of the blasting, they made their way back to the mine, and immediately ordered the fly to be got ready while they saw the mine; but as it takes longer to see a mine than to put two horses into a carriage they kept it waiting a long while.

They first saw the copper ore, which looked only like mud and stones, brought up from the mine in kibbles or iron buckets; one coming up as the other goes down, and worked by engines, which always have a man attending on them, and live in houses, and are kept as hot and bright as possible, do all their work by steam, and are always called "she," and spoken of in an affectionate manner; and they really do seem almost alive. They saw the Bal girls breaking up the pieces of ore, small enough for the stamps. They saw the stamps stamp it to a sparkling black powder ready for smelting, and they saw the bright-green arsenic works.

Then they started for Launceston, and Mrs. Bunniewink was so much frightened by the hills that she screamed the whole way, until they reached a farm called Darley, where they stopped to see an oak-tree one thousand years old, and so large that a party can drink tea inside it. But as soon as she was in the fly again she began screaming again, until, as usual, she screamed herself to sleep.

They were glad to reach Launceston after a very long drive, and Zummy and Drummie much admired the graceful white hart which always sits over the door of the principal inn and gives it its name.

Mr. Bunniewink would hardly wait for them to have some tea before he hurried them off to see the church and the castle: for he had determined to reach London again the next evening, and to be delayed by no further sight-seeing or expeditions after seven o'clock that evening. He got into a great rage when the master of the inn suggested to him that Werrington Park, Trebartha, and Cartha Martha were all well worth visiting. He said "No; Launceston was the limit of his tour, and neither landscape nor friendship should tempt him to change his plans." And so they missed some of the loveliest scenery in Cornwall.

Zummy and Drummie enjoyed the castle very much. It was delightful running up the flights of steps to reach the remains of the old Roman keep; but they were disappointed that Mrs. Bunniewink would not let them climb the little staircase within the ruined walls. They also saw three old gateways, one at each entrance to the castle green, and one in the town.

Then they went to see the church, and were delighted with the outside; which was grey granite again, and every stone carved—tall beautiful ferns on either side the windows, and under the east window a figure of St. Mary Magdalene, to whom the church is dedicated. And the inside was looking pretty too, with the beautiful harvest festival decorations.

It was now a quarter to seven, so Mr. Bunniewink made them return to the inn: as seven was the latest hour at which he intended to look at anything in Cornwall, he wished to be in the inn before that hour struck. However, Zummy and Drummie had much pleasure in seeing the little men on the market-house clock (which was just opposite their sitting-room window) strike the hour with their hammers on the clock when seven o'clock came. Mr. and Mrs.

Bunniewink now had dinner, and Zummy and Drummie supper, but they all ate roast chicken and apple tart.

The next morning they started for home by the express train, and no sooner were they settled in the railway carriage than Mr. Bunniewink drew down all the blinds, and declared they must remain down all the way to London; for the tour was ended, the sights were seen, and they were going home. Zummy and Drummie found this very dull, so they consoled themselves by making boats and bicky boxes of the precious Guide-book, and they made one hundred boats and one hundred boxes between Launceston and Swindon, and then Mr. Bunniewink found them out, and scolded them all the way to Paddington, when everything was forgotten in the bustle of arriving.

They soon reached home in safety, in a cab, feeling that they had made a successful tour, and believing themselves to be very great travellers indeed.

R. A. E.

TALK UPON BOOKS.



THIS "dead" season of the year it is perhaps all the more refreshing to open a beautiful green book of country rambles, describing the sights and sounds of the more life-abounding months. "Country Walks of a Naturalist with his Children," by the Rev. W. Houghton, Rector of Preston on the Wild Moors, Shropshire (Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster Row), is certainly a volume calculated to carry one's thoughts and hopes forwards out of dark December into sunshiny May, now; and when May comes what a charming companion it will prove to young people of intelligent and inquiring minds! To begin with, it is adorned with eight coloured illustrations, the frontispiece, a delicately-tinted landscape in which we see the naturalist papa sitting on a grassy bank explaining something to two elder children, while the third is amusing itself a little way off picking flowers on its own account. Other of the illustrations are copies reduced in size (by permission) of some

of the plates in Mr. Gould's justly called "magnificent" work on British birds. It is needless to add they are beautiful. And the book abounds in smaller woodcuts besides.

As to the literature, papa does not aim at scientific instruction in any particular branch of natural history, but at giving his (and other) children a taste for it by furnishing correct and amusing information upon whatever strikes their attention in their different rambles. And we think he has carried out his object admirably and most entertainingly. We wish he would try an experiment upon the next batches of toad and frog tadpoles he meets with, and examine them through a moderate lens. We fancy he will find the *frog* tadpoles speckled with what looks like gold dust, but the toad ditto black all over. *Vide* page 47 of this very pretty among pretty books.

For reading children, still happy in the title of "the little ones," we cannot imagine a more charming present than "Daisy and Her Companions" (Bell and

Daddy, York Street, Covent Garden). It is by the author of "Grandmamma's Nest," and "Uncle Jacob," which latter appeared in our June and July numbers. And highly as we spoke of "Grandmamma's Nest," and well as we thought of "Uncle Jacob," we have almost a warmer feeling still for "Daisy." It is a refined and charming tale—a tale of more feeling than incident perhaps, though the incidents are enough, and the charm throughout is the naturalness and truth of the sketches. "Daisy" is the child of English parents resident in India, and at three years old is sent over to her maiden aunt to be brought up in England. Aunt Adeliza is no conventional aunt of either the overgood or the overbad type, but a dear old soul, who with the old family nurse does the best she can for little Daisy. Do the children ask who Daisy's companions were? Well, they may see them outside the book on the cover, viz., there is her doll, her cat, one of her birds, and her rabbits. But these do but indicate the collection in part, for Daisy had in her so-called solitary life heaps of companions. Our young readers will see how when they read the book. At the end the papa and mamma come home with a little five year old sister Salome, and then sweet little Daisy has her hands and her heart quite full. The concluding chapter, in which the return is described, is quite affecting, and altogether the picture of the unloneliness of an only child's life when judiciously managed, is as instructive as it is interesting.

It is always pleasant to see those we love well dressed and looking their best. "Rosa Matilda" in her print morning gown is a very dear girl, everybody knows, but "Rosa Matilda" as she enters the drawing-room attired for her first ball, to show herself off to her grandmother, astonishes even her friends, and brings tears of admiration to the old


lady's eyes. Now we hope and believe that the "Lost Legends of the Nursery Songs," by M. S. Clark (Bell and Daldy, 6, York Street, Covent Garden), have sufficiently endeared themselves to our young readers as they passed through the pages of "Aunt Judy" to make them rejoice over the really beautifully-hand-some green and gold volume which contains the whole set together—nay, indeed, with the addition of five new ones. The tales have been remarked upon for their rich play of fancy, and some of them are brimming over with fun, as "Dickory Dickory Dock," and "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" Then the illustrations are quite exceptionally pretty; and it is interesting to know the designs of all are by Miss Clark herself, while they have been done ample justice to by the skill of the artists employed. It is a fine Christmas present, indeed, for a large family party to enjoy during the six weeks' holidays of the season.

Although no short notice can do "Madam How and Lady Why," by the Rev. Charles Kingsley (Bell and Daldy, 6, York Street, Covent Garden), justice, Aunt Judy must yet offer her testimony of respect and admiration for so happy an effort to introduce young minds to the wonders and glories of the world in which we live. If any parents would know in what spirit this is done, let them read the preface to the now collected volume of papers which appeared under the above title in a contemporary magazine. It—the preface—contains passages worthy to be written in letters of gold. Not but that we have a small crow to pluck with Mr. Kingsley. He calls Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home" one of the "very stupid, old-fashioned boys' books" of half a century since. "Evenings at Home" has been reprinted, and is an entertaining book still, despite the undoubtedly "prim and sententious" style in which it was written. But what child can fail to be amused, even in this advanced age,

with "Travellers' Wonders," "The Transmigration of Indur," and many others not to be recalled in a moment at this distance of time? But this is a trifle. Mr. Kingsley is great where he is serious, from page xii. to xv., and this is what all parents should read. Of the book itself, of the way in which often very abstruse information is conveyed, it is enough to say it is done in Mr. Kingsley's happy style of humorous teaching, which almost certainly leaves behind it a much larger residuum of knowledge than mere dull didactic teaching can ever do. He has had great difficulties to contend with, no doubt, for he treats of what the world was in remotest antiquity, from what is

seen of it now—and this takes in a wide field indeed—and bears upon all the modern theories of science. Nevertheless, Madam How and Lady Why contrive to keep up the ball of amusement, so that the little ones can sip the honey while the older ones are thriving upon the higher food beyond. The volume is admirably illustrated, and very beautifully "got up," though we should have been tempted ourselves to have reversed the outsides of this and "The Lost Legends." It is idle to end by wishing it the success which a new volume from the author of the "Water Babies" is sure to command.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"LANCHE CREMORNE," (or some schoolboy in disguise?) Your name is easier to read than your nature.

1st. You must look to younger wits than those of a doctor of divinity for the authorship of "B. R. A. G." Suppose you give the credit to the son.

2nd. The magazine is by no means intended for girls only, but for all young people from six years old upwards. You may carry the *upwards* as far you please, for we flatter ourselves we contain good for grown-up minds as well as infants. There are plain cakes, and there are cakes with a sugar crust.

3rd. "What *on earth* is there wrong in talking slang? You can't *for the life of you* see the sin!"

Fie for shame, Miss Blanche! Your expletives "on earth," and "for the life of you," are quite unnecessary to the sense of your inquiry, and come very near a genteel sort of swearing. Leave *that* off, at any rate. Now about the moral wrong and sin of talking slang. There is none, unless you are doing it in defiance

of your natural "parents and guardians." Talking slang is no more *sinful* than is eating with your knife, leaving out your *h's*, talking with your mouth full, or otherwise offending against the conventional rules of refined society. Societies have a right to form their own rules, remember, and to set up their own tests. So much for rights. Now for reasons against using slang terms. 1. They are always bad English. 2. They constantly pervert words from their true significance to make them mean something they do not naturally mean. 3. They are sometimes *imbecilely* irrational, as in the case of O. K., and P. R. I. G., about which Blanche inquires. Aunt Judy neither knows nor cares what the initials mean, and does not intend to inquire. A fourth objection to slang is its tendency to ape swearing, as hinted at above. Aunt Judy advises Blanche to study the various meanings of the word *unladylike*. She could say more, but she forbears, hoping the letter was in reality a schoolboy's joke.

"Camilla Pendil." Your mother is the proper person to decide about the age for

coming out. Seventeen is a usual one, but the custom is not universal. There cannot be a rule about playing music by heart, but there may be a fashion. It is a nice thing to be able to do, though to be able to *play from sight* is better still.

Aunt Judy is asked what periodical "Gordon Thompson" illustrates. She does not know.

"Habbakuk" is informed that a letter and copy of Mr. Moultrie's "Heavenly Jerusalem" were forwarded by Maraquita at the address given, *Miss Norgate, 18 Wellington Square, London, W.*, but the letter has been returned, with the announcement that the address was not known at any Wellington Square. The MS. did not accompany the letter, and Maraquita fears is lost.

"The Young Maori," "Waratah," and "Tasmanian Minnie," are thanked for promising help to Aunt Judy's Cot. Is Juliana Horatia Gatty the same individual as Juliana Horatia Ewing? Yes. What does the young Maori mean by asking if there are any real Scaramouches? There are plenty, but no particular ones sat for this picture. Tatting is a nice thing, but is not Tasmania a long way to send it from? If our friend would give us real pleasure, she will send half a dozen seaweeds instead. Does she not know that Tasmania is an algologists' paradise?—that on some parts of the coast lonely red plants are washed ashore as large as cabbages? Alas! that such exquisite things should be offered to human hands so often in vain! If Tasmanian young ladies did but know what a boundless field of pleasure and interest lies within their reach! "Rigdumfundo" is one of the courtiers in the old farce of "Chrononhotonthologos," by Carey. "Ellie and Walter" is by Mrs. Stewart. May Aunt Judy entreat the three young friends to remember that *crossed* letters on their paper are very difficult to read? There was nothing

sufficiently distinctive in "Christmas in Tasmania" to make it worth inserting.

"Rosa" and others. The little book, "How to Nurse Sick Children," is published by Messrs Longman, and the price is 1s. 6d. It was written some years ago by one of the principal physicians of the Great Ormond Street Hospital, who devotes the profit of the sale to that institution. Our young friends can procure it either from the publisher or of Mr. Whitford *by post* for 20 postage stamps.

Two correspondents send us a printed address, "A Plea for Children to Children." It describes the distressing poverty of the population in the neighbourhood of Soho, and asks the assistance of rich children towards the maintenance of a "Sick and Starving Child's Dinner Table," which has been established to afford assistance in some of these sad cases. Donations will be thankfully received by the Rev. J. C. Chambers, Vicar of St. Mary's, 1, Greek Street, Soho, W.; by the Sister Superior, St. Mary's Home, Crown Street, Soho, W.C.; of whom also any information may be obtained.

Our young readers will, we are sure, be both touched and interested by the following report of the Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot:—

"When last month's report of the occupant of the Cot was written, good hopes were entertained that little Ethel was steadily recovering, although it was said, 'she will be liable to fluctuations in the state of health.' Since that time a severe attack came on, and it is with much sorrow that we have now to say that poor Ethel has been called away from this world. She had not been so well for a few days previous to Saturday, December 4th, but the symptoms were not such as to call for any serious apprehension. On that evening she became so ill as to cause alarm, and her father was sent for immediately: he remained with her until her death, which took place a

few hours afterwards; and although deeply feeling the loss of his child, he expressed his gratitude for all the care and kindness shown to her; for recently many gifts from the readers of Aunt Judy's Magazine had been sent to her.

"Seldom has the death of any patient been more felt throughout the hospital, both by the children and the nurses, for Ethel had endeared herself to them all; and having been ill so long, and got through so much, it was hoped that she might ultimately recover. Poor little Ethel is the first of the 'Aunt Judy's Cot' patients whose case has terminated in death: she was the *fourteenth* patient who occupied the Cot.

"Little Peter, who has recently returned to the hospital, is to be the next occupant of the Cot.

"The near approach of the termination of the second year of the establishment of the Cot calls for some statement of the results of the exertions made by its supporters. It is very gratifying to be able to report that, large as the amount that was received during the first year towards the establishment of the Cot, the total sum received during the second year is still larger—the total amount received during each year being respectively

	£	s.	d.
1868 . .	252	18	0
1869 . .	278	18	3

Making a total of 531 16 3

Of this sum £20 0s. 6d. was given in 1868 as intended *annual subscriptions*; and under the same head in 1869 the sum of £18 12s. 6d.

"It will be remembered that during the *first* year eight patients were under treatment in the Cot, being an average of six weeks' stay of each child: in the *second* year six patients only have occupied it, thus giving an average of two months to

each child, which is to be attributed to the long period during which little Annie G—— and poor Ethel were under treatment.

"The names of the patients during the year are

1. Elizabeth . . . (9th).
2. Sarah . . . (10th).
3. Annie G—— . . (11th).
4. Emily . . . (12th).
5. Elizabeth M—— (13th).
6. Ethel A—— . . (14th).

As in the previous year, contributions have been received from nearly all parts of the world; to enumerate one half the names of places would make a long list.

"It is very gratifying to observe that the interest of the contributors to the Cot fund is sustained; a very large majority of the friends who subscribed in the year 1868 are to be found in the lists for 1869, while upwards of 500 *new* contributors also appear in the last-named year. The managers of the hospital desire to record their grateful thanks to the subscribers for their free-will offerings, as well as to the editor of 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' for her deep interest in the Cot, and the large share of her personal superintendence that has so materially contributed to its success.

"SAMUEL WHITFORD, *Secretary*."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to December 17th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.
Violet Bethell, South Lytchett House, Poole	0	0	6
Agnes Maud Parmiter, Winchester, for Ethel	0	0	6
"Mary," The Cedars, Derby	0	9	0
Annie	0	5	0
Mary, Agnes, and Gertrude	0	3	8
Poor Women at a Mothers' Meeting at Ch. Ch., Westminster	0	3	0
Rosie Stedman, Manor House, Pakenham, Bury St. Edmunds	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Two New Zealand Children . .	0	6	0	Bessie and Edith, Teddington.			
Two big and six little W.'s (annual)	0	10	0	A Christmas Box	0	8	0
Tilly Slowboy, and Three little Chatterboxes	0	13	0	Mary, Stella, and Eldred, Rich- mond. Contents of Money Box	0	2	6
A. S. B., Sunday morning box, Orchard Hill (monthly) . .	0	5	6	Little Mary, in Jamaica . . .	0	10	0
Miss Alice Cowie, 21, Stanley Crescent (monthly)	0	1	0	Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Maid Marian	1	6	0
"Katie, and Mary, and M." . .	0	5	0	Riquette à la Houppes	0	5	0
"Tan, Blue, Ken, Doll, Mids, and Tansie"	0	3	0	Rosie Stedman's mamma. Six pairs of home-knitted socks, and three scarlet flannel bodices.			
The children of Southborough Lodge	0	2	0	Gilbert, Austyn, and Ethel F. Cope. Worked slippers, a doll for Ethel, a small doll's house, and some scrap books.			
Nellie, Flax Bourton	0	2	6	Little Bell, Derby, picture books.			
"Polly Mivens and her brother," Dalston	0	0	6	Anonymous, two scrap books.			
A gift from some little children, living in San Paulo, Brazil .	2	0	0	Anonymous, a box of toys, per Great Western Railway.			
Mary Joanna Chawner, The Abrialls, Leamington	0	2	0	May and Fidgetina, Court Hill, Potterne, some volumes of "Children's Paper," &c.			
"Katie, Marion, and Bob," Ash- burton, Devon	0	10	0	M. P., Plymouth, a scrap book.			
"Two little girls"	0	0	4	May, Agnes, and Gerty, a scrap book.			
Harry, Margaret, and Tom, Leamington	0	8	9	Julia G——, some small jackets.			
"A Christmas Box from one of Aunt Judy's nieces," Man- chester	0	5	0	William and John, two scrap books.			
Charlie and Luceine, Swainston, Isle of Wight	0	8	0	Lizzie, Emmie, Eleanor, and Agnes, a box of Christmas presents.			
"Agnes," Castle Cary	0	2	3	Jessie, some worked muffatees.			
Miss Muriel Hoare, 1, Upper Hyde Park Street	0	3	6	Lily, Glamorgan, a comforter and pair of muffatees.			
Miss Bailey's Pupils, 6, Baring Place, Exeter	0	5	0	Riquette à la Houppes, a shawl and frock.			
"The Cheshire Cat"	0	5	0				
Helen, Halesworth (quarterly).	0	16	6				
J. M. G., Chichester	0	1	8				



1888, 1889



WHAT THE THISTLE LIVED TO SEE.

WHAT THE THISTLE LIVED TO SEE.

By Hans Christian Andersen.



P at the grand manor house there was a beautiful garden, well stocked with rare trees and flowers; guests at the house were delighted with it, and people who lived round about, both from the country and the market town, came on Sundays and holydays to ask permission to see the garden; whole schools, even, visited the place for the same purpose.

Outside the garden, close to the fence that ran along by the footpath, there stood an immense Thistle. So large was it, and so widely spread out from the root into its several green branches, that it might well be called a thistle-bush. No one took any notice of it except the old donkey that pulled the dairymaids' milk-cart. He made a long neck in the direction of the Thistle, and said, "You are lovely! I could eat you!" but the tether was too short to let him get near enough to eat it.

There was a large party at the house; aristocratic relations from the capital, some of them young and graceful girls. Amongst these was a lady from a long distance; she came, in fact, from Scotland, and was of a noble family, and rich in lands and gold—a bride well worth winning, said more than one young man, and their mothers too.

The young people amused themselves on the lawn, playing croquet; then they wandered about amongst the flowers, and each of the young ladies picked a flower and put it in the buttonhole of one of the young men. But the Scotch damsel looked round about for a long time, and declined one after another: none of the flowers seemed quite to her taste. At last she looked over the paling, just where the Thistle-bush stood outside with its reddish-blue hardy-looking flowers; she saw it, and smiling, asked the son of the house to pick one of these for her.

"It is the flower of Scotland," she said; "it blooms in the nation's coat-of-arms; I should like to have one."

So he plucked the finest, and pricked his fingers as much as if the sharpest briar thorn was growing on it.

She put the thistle-flower in the young man's buttonhole, and he felt himself highly honoured. Every one of the others would gladly

have given his garden flower to possess that given by the delicate hands of the young Scotch lady. And if the son of the house felt himself honoured, what did not the Thistle-plant feel? it was like dew and sunshine going right through it.

"I am something more than I think," it said to itself. "Indeed, my proper home is inside the fence, and not outside. One is strangely neglected in the world! but now I have got, at any rate, one of my family over the fence, and actually into a buttonhole!" To every bud as it came out and unfolded itself it related this event, and many days had not gone by, when the Thistle-plant heard—not from the people, nor from the birds' twittering, but from the air itself, which treasures up and communicates sound alike from the garden's most hidden pathways and from the chambers of the house, where doors and windows were standing open—that the young man who had received the thistle-flower from the dainty hand of the Scotch girl had now gained her hand, and her heart as well. They were a handsome couple, and the match was a good one.

"It was I who made it," observed the Thistle-plant, as it thought of the flower which it had given for the buttonhole. Every flower as it came out had to hear the circumstance.

"I shall certainly be transplanted into the garden!" thought the Thistle; "perhaps squeezed into a flowerpot—the most honourable position of all!"

And as the Thistle-plant thought about it, it seemed so real, that it said in complete conviction, "I am going into a flowerpot!" It promised every little bud as it came out that it, too, should go into a flowerpot, possibly into a buttonhole—that being the highest honour that could be attained; but not one of them got into a pot, still less into a buttonhole. They drank in air and light, feasted on sunshine by day and dew by night, bloomed, were courted by bees and hornets, —who were looking after the dowry, the honey in the flowers;—and the honey they took, but the flowers they left alone. "A pack of adventurers," said the Thistle-plant. "I wish I could stick them through, but I can't!"

The flowers hung their heads and pined away, but new ones came instead.

"You come as if you had been summoned on purpose. I am expecting every minute that we shall be on the other side of the fence."

One or two innocent daisies and a long thin piece of canary-grass stood and listened with profound admiration, and believed all it said.

The old donkey that belonged to the milk-cart looked longingly towards the blooming Thistle from the edge of the pathway, but his tether was too short to reach it.

And the Thistle-plant thought so long about the thistle of Scotland, of whose family it reckoned itself, that at last it fancied that it came from Scotland itself, and that it was its own parents who had grown in the royal coat-of-arms. That was a great thought, but a great thistle can of course have great thoughts.

"One is often of such distinguished descent that one does not need to know it," said the nettle which grew close by, and which had, moreover, a sort of suspicion that it might become muslin,* if it were properly treated.

And summer went, and autumn went: the leaves fell off the trees, the colours of the flowers got brighter and their scent fainter. The gardener's boy sang on the other side of the fence

"Up and down, to and fro,
That's all the Calendar can show."

The young pine-trees in the wood began to get impatient for Christmas, but Christmas was still a long way off.

"I am standing here yet," said the Thistle. "It looks as if nobody thought about me, and yet I made that match; they were betrothed, and they had the wedding, quite a week since: yes, I don't make a step forwards,—in fact, I can't!"

Still several weeks passed; the Thistle was standing with its last solitary flower, large and full: it had shot out near the root. The wind blew coldly over it, the colours faded, the glory departed; the flower-cup, large as the blossom of an artichoke, looked like a silvered sun-flower.

Down the garden came the young couple, now husband and wife; they went along by the fence, and the young wife looked over it.

"That large Thistle is still standing there," she said. "It has no more flowers now."

"There is still the ghost of the last," said he, pointing to the silvery shining remains of the flower—a flower itself.

* In Danish, and German also, muslin is called "nettle-cloth."—Tr.

"How beautiful it is!" said she; "we must have one like this carved in the frame of our picture."

And once more the young man had to get over the fence, and break the flower-cup off. It pricked his fingers, for he had called it "the ghost." And so it came into the garden and up to the house, and into the drawing-room. There there was a painting, "The young married couple." In the bridegroom's buttonhole a thistle-flower was painted. They talked about this, and about the seed-cup which they had brought in—the last, and now silvery glistening thistle flower, which the carver was to imitate in the frame.

And the air took their words out and bore them far around.

"What one *does* live to see!" said the Thistle-plant. "My first-born attained to a buttonhole, my latest-born to a frame: where shall I get myself?"

And the donkey stood by the side of the pathway and made eyes at the Thistle.

"Come to me, my heart's dearest! I cannot come to you, the tether is not long enough."

But the Thistle-plant did not answer; it stood more and more full of thought; it thought and it thought all the time to Christmas; and then the thought put forth its blossom.

"When one's children are well inside, a mother is contented to stand outside the palings."

"That is a creditable thought!" said the Sunbeam. "You, too, shall have a good place!"

"In a flowerpot or a frame?" asked the Thistle.

"In a Fairy Tale!" said the Sunbeam.

And this is it.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER III.



OW long the poor little girl had slept it would be difficult to say, but when the good fruit woman returned to the spot where she had left the two children, only Marie was there, still sleeping soundly. Little Claude was nowhere to be seen; probably

he too had slept, and been taken away by some one attracted by his rich dress and beauty.

The fruit woman raised Marie gently in her arms, fearing to awaken her lest her cries for her brother should attract notice; she quietly left the place and hastened to her own home, where she hoped to comfort and console the poor child who had in so short a time been deprived of all she cared for, and who was now thrown on the pity and kindness of a total stranger. Happily for Marie, her kind friend was one who could feel for her sad and helpless condition. On awaking and finding herself alone in a strange place, and getting no answer to her calls for Claude, poor Marie gave way to sobs and cries that now seemed beyond her control. It was long before she could be pacified, and at last only by the hope—how vain a one the child knew not—that they might find her brother.

Time passed on, and our little Marie had become reconciled to her new position, and had attached herself to the kind woman, Jeanette by name, who had so befriended her. She, too, loved the child, but found her kind act had added greatly to the difficulty with which she had hitherto maintained herself and her blind mother; still she was far from regretting what she had done; she, however, thought that her adopted child might now in some way help to lighten the burden.

"Marie," said she to her one day, "it will not do for you to be idle, you must learn to work now."

"Work!" exclaimed Marie, "it's only poor people who work."

"And are you not poor, my child?" replied Jeanette.

"No, mamma is rich, so I can't be poor."

"Your mother is dead, Marie," said the good woman, gently but decidedly; "and you would have died too if I had not taken you; and now you are as poor as I am, and I have nothing but what I work for."

"But I can't work; I have never been taught to work, and I don't like it," persisted Marie.

"Marie," said Jeanette, sorrowfully, "you are a big girl now, and I can't earn enough to keep us all; I thought as you got older you would help me."

"So I will," interrupted Marie, as she threw her arms round her friend's neck, kissing her repeatedly; "tell me, *bonne mère*, what you want me to do."

"Oh! it won't be difficult," said Jeanette, pleased with this proof of her adopted child's affection and docility; "see this pretty basket; well, I shall fill it with flowers and fasten it round your waist, and then you must ask every one to buy, and say, 'Buy my pretty flowers, if you please!'" As if still further to encourage the child, she added, "and perhaps some day in going about the town you may meet your brother, for I think he must have been taken by some one whilst you were asleep, before I came back."

The tears started to Marie's eyes, and her face brightened as she exclaimed, "Oh then quick, quick! give me a basket, *chère bonne mère*, and let me go. Yes, yes; I will look everywhere for Claude, and oh, if I find him, then if you would let him live with us, I would work so hard."

CHAPTER IV.

WE now find Marie endeavouring to earn her own bread, as many hundreds of the descendants of the noblest families in France were driven to do by the troubles of that unhappy period when the land was wholly in the power of the revolutionary tyrants who had either murdered or driven into exile all who had either rank or fortune.

Marie soon got accustomed to her new employment; her engaging appearance and manner, as she offered her pretty bouquets, attracted many customers, so that she generally ended the day with an empty basket, and the little pockets of her apron well filled. She was well pleased with her success and at the satisfaction it afforded to the kind woman who was to her as a mother; but the great longing of her own heart was unsatisfied; she neither saw nor heard anything of little Claude; still the hope of finding him accompanied her as she daily started on her allotted task, which had, however, become far from an irksome one.

CHAPTER V.

IN the year 1800 peace and tranquillity once more dawned upon France, and hopes were entertained that the days of terror and republican tyranny were at an end. Many, in consequence, of those who had been proscribed, or who had fled to save their lives, ventured to return to their country, to find, alas! in too many cases, their homes destroyed, their lands possessed by strangers, and their families either dead or banished in poverty to other countries. It was on the 15th of August

of that year that the inhabitants of Nantes ventured once again to celebrate the Festival of the Virgin Mary, and the town once more wore a holiday appearance, the people for the time at least forgetting the dark scenes of which it had been the theatre.

According to the custom in Roman Catholic countries, Marie's birthday, or fête day, was kept on the festival of the saint after whom she was named; Marie was therefore dressed in her holiday suit on the day we speak of, and had obtained leave to attend in the little shops instead of going on her daily errand. She was busily occupied in making up bouquets and in tastefully arranging the fresh and tempting-looking fruit, when a little boy, her first customer that morning, entered and begged her to prepare a bouquet for him, of such flowers as he should select.

"I must have a rose," said he; "oh! and this pretty pink." Marie interrupted him, and pointing to a bit of heliotrope, asked if he would have that too. "Yes, I should like that," said the child, "if it would not make it too dear."

"But you would like it to be pretty," said Marie, "as I dare say it is for your mother."

"I have no mother," replied the little fellow, with a sigh.

"Oh! I am sorry;" but a stranger at that moment entering the shop, Marie turned to attend to him, asking him what he required.

"Some of your fruit, my little girl," replied the stranger, "for the day is hot and I am tired and thirsty."

"Choose whatever you like, sir," said Marie; "no, not those, the finest are here," she added, as she uncovered some peaches over which fresh vine leaves had been placed. Then offering a seat to the stranger, she again turned to her little customer, asking with childish curiosity who his bouquet was intended for.

"For my sister," replied the little fellow.

"Ah! then you have a sister?"

"I hope so," was the reply.

"What!" exclaimed Marie; "are you not sure of it? that is odd."

"I do not know where she is," said the boy.

"Then how can you give her the bouquet?"

"My sister's name is Marie," was the reply; "and I have an image of the Virgin at home, and as her name is Marie, I will put my bouquet in her hands, and she will keep it for my sister Marie."

"What is your own name?" interrupted Marie, eagerly.

"I am called Claude," replied the child.

"I too had a brother Claude, but I lost him one day, one terrible day that many children were thrown into the Loire."

"That was the day I lost my sister." Marie let fall the bouquet she was arranging, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, "Oh! tell me what do you recollect about that day!"

"I believe I was only four years old then," said Claude, "but I can remember everything as if it was yesterday. Mamma was killed as we were walking near a wood, then some one put me and my sister into a cart of hay, and gave us some black bread, which I couldn't eat; then we were left in a large place full of children. Marie fell asleep, and a good, kind gentleman came and took me away, and I have been with him ever since."

"Then you are my own brother, my dear little Claude!" exclaimed Marie, as she rushed to him and threw her arms round his neck, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh, then," said the little fellow, as he returned his sister's embrace and clapped his hands with delight, "I can give you my bouquet, my real sister Marie; oh! I am so happy."

During this little scene the stranger had been attentively watching the two children; he now approached Marie, and in a tone of anxiety he asked, "My little girl, can you tell me what other name you had besides Marie?"

"Oh, I remember," interrupted Claude, "Marie told me it was Paire."

"No, no," said his sister, smiling through her tears, "Beaurepaire."

"Then, thank God, He has given me back my children. Yes," said he, as he laid a hand on the shoulder of each, "I am your father, the Baron de Beaurepaire; I was to have been arrested the night you speak of, and was warned not to return home. I was assured that no one would harm my wife or little ones;" the baron paused, overcome by emotion: "but no one was safe," he added after a while, "in those terrible days; she, alas! perhaps came to prevent my return and so urge me to escape."

It will easily be believed that grief for his wife's sad fate cast a gloom over the happiness of recovering his children. Marie, too, wept as she saw her father's grief, and recalled the events of the night that deprived her of her mother.

CHAPTER VI.

Too much absorbed by their own feelings of surprise and joy, not unmingled with those of sorrow, none of the little party had noticed the entrance of Jeanette from the room at the back of the little shop. The good woman was not slow in perceiving what had occurred; she had never contemplated the return of the father of her adopted child, and great was her grief at seeing she was likely so soon to lose one for whom she felt all a mother's affection.

On being released from her father's embrace Marie perceived the kind woman weeping silently at the further end of the little shop; she flew to her, and throwing her arms round her neck, she kissed her affectionately, saying as she did so—

"Come, *bonne mère*, come to papa and little Claude." Monsieur de Beaurepaire advanced to meet her, and taking both her hands in his, he said, in a voice of deep feeling, "My good woman, I know not how to thank you for what you have done. I owe my child's life to you; how can I repay you for the happiness I now feel—how can I show my gratitude?"

"When I saved the dear child from death I looked for no reward, I did not wish for any," said poor Jeanette, still weeping bitterly; "I only wanted to save them, so young and so helpless, from a terrible death."

Tears started to the baron's eyes as he heard of the fate from which the kindhearted woman had rescued his children. "Oh, sir," she continued, "if you had seen the poor little creatures, as I did, left there to die, and then one would not be saved without the other, oh! who would not have done as I did? I wanted to take both, and my only sorrow was not to have been able to find Marie's brother, and now I shall lose *her*!"

"But your little Marie will always love you, *chère bonne mère*," said she, and interrupting her and renewing her kisses and words of endearment. Monsieur de Beaurepaire was well aware that time only could soften poor Jeanette's grief at having to part with her adopted child; but he insisted on her going to stay for some days with Marie at her future home, thinking this would lessen the pain of the parting which was inevitable. He then told her he had only lately returned to Nantes, and had made every effort to obtain tidings of his wife and children; that very morning he had been employed in

endeavours to trace them, till, overcome with heat and fatigue, he had stopped at the little shop to rest. "It must have been Providence," said he, "who guided me here, and my little Claude's bouquet did the rest."

"I have given one every year," said the boy, "on Marie's fête day."

"Ah! I shall keep this one," interrupted Marie, as she embraced Claude; "I will put it in a glass case and keep it all my life."

Having arranged with Jeanette that she should accompany Marie, Monsieur de Beaurepaire left them to make their preparations, and hastened with Claude to thank the kind man who had so befriended him. He was agreeably surprised to find in Claude's protector an old and valued retainer of the family, who was rejoiced to learn that he had been the means of rescuing the child of one whom he had known and served in happier days, but of whose fate he had been wholly ignorant.

The little party were shortly assembled at a small villa which the Baron de Beaurepaire had taken near the town of Nantes. Jeanette passed some days there and left loaded with presents from her adopted child and the baron.


On returning to her own home, Jeanette looked in vain for the little shop: where was she—what had become of it? All was presently explained: her old mother stood at the door of a pretty-looking shop. During the good woman's absence, the baron had improved and ornamented her little dwelling; a new and large bay window had taken the place of the old and small one. Inside all was refitted, and a pretty assortment of glass and china vases set off to advantage the beautiful flowers and fruit with which the shop was well stocked. Jeanette's delight was great, greater still when she recollected she owed it all to her adopted child's affection and to her father's gratitude. The good woman's happiest days were those on which Marie came to see her, or that she spent with Marie at her own home.

Jeanette had done a good and Christian-like act, looking for no reward; but, as is sometimes the case, even in this life, she had her recompense, and she could, moreover, look for that mercy hereafter which is promised to those who show it: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

L. M. D.

AMELIA AND THE DWARFS.

By the Author of Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances.

 MY godmother's grandmother knew a good deal about the fairies. Her grandmother had seen a fairy rade on a Roodmas Eve, and she herself could remember a copper vessel of a queer shape which had been left by the elves on some occasion at an old farm-house among the hills. The following story came from her, and where she got it I do not know. She used to say it was a pleasant tale, with a good moral in the inside of it. My godmother often observed that a tale without a moral was like a nut without a kernel; not worth the cracking. (We called fireside stories "cracks" in our part of the country.) This is the tale :

AMELIA.

A couple of gentlefolk once lived in a certain part of England. (My godmother never would tell the name either of the place or the people, even if she knew it. She said one ought not to expose one's neighbours' failings more than there was due occasion for.) They had an only child, a daughter, whose name was Amelia. They were an easy-going, good-humoured couple; "rather soft," my godmother said, but she was apt to think anybody "soft" who came from the southern shires, as these people did. Amelia, who had been born farther north, was by no means so. She had a strong resolute will, and a clever head of her own, though she was but a child. She had a way of her own too, and had it very completely. Perhaps because she was an only child, or perhaps because they were so easy-going, her parents spoiled her. She was, beyond question, the most tiresome little girl in that or any other neighbourhood. From her baby days her father and mother had taken every opportunity of showing her to their friends, and there was not a friend who did not dread the infliction. When the good lady visited her acquaintances, she always took Amelia with her, and if the acquaintances were fortunate enough to see from the windows who was coming, they used to snatch up any delicate knickknacks, or brittle ornaments lying about, and put them away, crying, "What is to be done? Here comes Amelia!"

When Amelia came in, she would stand and survey the room, whilst

her mother saluted her acquaintance; and if anything struck her fancy, she would interrupt the greetings to draw her mother's attention to it, with a twitch of her shawl, "Oh, look, mamma, at that funny bird in the glass case!" or perhaps, "Mamma, mamma! There's a new carpet since we were here last;" for, as her mother said, she was "a very observing child."

Then she would wander round the room, examining and fingering everything, and occasionally coming back with something in her hand to tread on her mother's dress, and break in upon the ladies' conversation with— "Mamma! mamma! What's the good of keeping this old basin? It's been broken and mended, and some of the pieces are quite loose now. I can feel them!" or—addressing the lady of the house—"That's not a real ottoman in the corner. It's a box covered with chintz. I know, for I've looked."

Then her mamma would say, reprovingly, "My *dear* Amelia!"

And perhaps the lady of the house would beg, "Don't play with that old china, my love; for though it is mended, it is very valuable;" and her mother would add, "My dear Amelia, you must not."

Sometimes the good lady said, "You *must* not." Sometimes she tried—"You must *not*." When both these failed, and Amelia was balancing the china bowl on her finger ends, her mamma would get flurried, and when Amelia flurried her, she always rolled her r's, and emphasized her words, so that it sounded thus:

"My dear-r-r-Ramelia! You MUST NOT."

At which Amelia would not so much as look round, till perhaps the bowl slipped from her fingers, and was smashed into unmendable fragments. Then her mamma would exclaim, "Oh, dear-r-r-r, oh dear-r-Ramelia!" and the lady of the house would try to look as if it did not matter, and when Amelia and her mother departed, would pick up the bits, and pour out her complaints to her lady friends, most of whom had suffered many such damages at the hands of this "very observing child."

When the good couple received their friends at home, there was no escaping from Amelia. If it was a dinner party, she came in with the dessert, or perhaps sooner. She would take up her position near some one, generally the person most deeply engaged in conversation, and either lean heavily against him or her, or climb on to his or her knee, without being invited. She would break in upon the most interesting discussion with her own little childish affairs, in the following style—

"I've been out to-day. I walked to the town. I jumped across three brooks. Can you jump? Papa gave me sixpence to-day. I am saving up my money to be rich. You may cut me an orange; no, I'll take it to Mr. Brown, he peels it with a spoon and turns the skin back. Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown! Don't talk to mamma, but peel me an orange, please. Mr. Brown! I'm playing with your finger-glass."

And when the finger-glass full of cold water had been upset on to Mr. Brown's shirt-front, Amelia's mamma would cry—"Oh dear, oh dear-r-Ramelia!" and carry her off with the ladies to the drawing-room.

Here she would scramble on to the ladies' knees, or trample out the gathers of their dresses, and fidget with their ornaments, startling some luckless lady by the announcement, "I've got your bracelet undone at last!" who would find one of the divisions broken open by force, Amelia not understanding the working of a clasp.

Or perhaps two young lady friends would get into a quiet corner for a chat. The observing child was sure to spy them, and run on to them, crushing their flowers and ribbons, and crying—"You two want to talk secrets, I know. I can hear what you say. I'm going to listen, I am. And I shall tell, too." When perhaps a knock at the door announced the nurse to take Miss Amelia to bed, and spread a general rapture of relief.

Then Amelia would run to trample and worry her mother, and after much teasing, and clinging, and complaining, the nurse would be dismissed, and the fond mamma would turn to the lady next to her, and say with a smile—"I suppose I must let her stay up a little. It is such a treat to her, poor child!"

But it was no treat to the visitors.

Besides tormenting her fellow-creatures, Amelia had a trick of teasing animals. She was really fond of dogs, but she was still fonder of doing what she was wanted not to do, and of worrying everything and everybody about her. So she used to tread on the tips of their tails, and pretend to give them biscuit, and then hit them on the nose, besides pulling at those few, long, sensitive hairs which thin-skinned dogs wear on the upper lip.

Now Amelia's mother's acquaintances were so very well-bred and amiable, that they never spoke their minds to either the mother or the daughter about what they endured from the latter's rudeness, wilful-

ness, and powers of destruction. But this was not the case with the dogs, and they expressed their sentiments by many a growl and snap. At last one day Amelia was tormenting a snow-white bulldog (who was certainly as well-bred and as amiable as any living creature in the kingdom), and she did not see that even his patience was becoming worn out. His pink nose became crimson with increased irritation, his upper lip twitched over his teeth, behind which he was rolling as many warning Rs as Amelia's mother herself. She finally held out a bun towards him, and just as he was about to take it, she snatched it away and kicked him instead. This fairly exasperated the bulldog, and as Amelia would not let him bite the bun, he bit Amelia's leg.

Her mamma was so distressed that she fell into hysterics, and hardly knew what she was saying. She said the bulldog must be shot for fear he should go mad, and Amelia's wound must be done with a red-hot poker for fear *she* should go mad (with hydrophobia). And as of course she couldn't bear the pain of this, she must have chloroform, and she would most probably die of that; for as one in several thousands dies annually under chloroform, it was evident that her chance of life was very small indeed. So, as the poor lady said, "Whether we shoot Amelia and burn the bulldog—at least I mean shoot the bulldog and burn Amelia with a red-hot poker—or leave it alone; and whether Amelia or the bulldog has chloroform or bears it without—it seems to be death or madness every way!"

And as the doctor did not come fast enough, she ran out without her bonnet to meet him, and Amelia's papa, who was very much distressed too, ran after her with her bonnet. Meanwhile the doctor came in by another way, and found Amelia sitting on the dining-room floor with the bulldog, and crying bitterly. She was telling him that they wanted to shoot him, but that they should not, for it was all her fault and not his. But she did not tell him that she was to be burnt with a red-hot poker, for she thought it might hurt his feelings. And then she wept afresh, and kissed the bulldog, and the bulldog kissed her with his red tongue, and rubbed his pink nose against her, and beat his own tail much harder on the floor than Amelia had ever hit it. She said the same things to the doctor, but she told him also that she was willing to be burnt without chloroform if it must be done, and if they would spare the bulldog. And though she looked very white, she meant what she said.

But the doctor looked at her leg, and found it was only a snap, and not a deep wound; and then he looked at the bulldog, and saw that so far from looking mad, he looked a great deal more sensible than anybody in the house. So he only washed Amelia's leg and bound it up, and she was not burnt with the poker, neither did she get hydrophobia; but she had got a good lesson on manners, and thenceforward she always behaved with the utmost propriety to animals, though she tormented her mother's friends as much as ever.

Now although Amelia's mamma's acquaintances were too polite to complain before her face, they made up for it by what they said behind her back. In allusion to the poor lady's ineffectual remonstrances, one gentleman said that the more mischief Amelia did, the dearer she seemed to grow to her mother. And somebody else replied that however dear she might be as a daughter, she was certainly a very *dear* friend, and proposed that they should send in a bill for all the damage she had done in the course of the year, as a round robin to her parents at Christmas. From which it may be seen that Amelia was not popular with her parents' friends, as (to do grown-up people justice) good children almost invariably are.

If she was not a favourite in the drawing-room, she was still less so in the nursery, where, besides all the hardships naturally belonging to attendance on a spoilt child, the poor nurse was kept, as she said, "on the continual go" by Amelia's reckless destruction of her clothes. It was not fair wear and tear, it was not an occasional fall in the mire, or an accidental rent or two during a game at "Hunt the Hare," but it was constant wilful destruction, which nurse had to repair as best she might. No entreaties would induce Amelia to "take care" of anything. She walked obstinately on the muddy side of the road when nurse pointed out the clean parts, kicking up the dirt with her feet; if she climbed a wall she never tried to free her dress if it had caught; on she rushed, and half a skirt might be left behind for any care she had in the matter. "They must be mended," or, "They must be washed," was all she thought about it.

"You seem to think things clean and mend themselves, Miss Amelia," said poor nurse one day.

"No, I don't," said Amelia, rudely. "I think you do them; what are you here for?"

But though she spoke in this insolent and unladylike fashion,

Amelia really did not realize what the tasks were which her carelessness imposed on other people. When every hour of nurse's day had been spent in struggling to keep her wilful young lady regularly fed, decently dressed, and moderately well-behaved (except, indeed, those hours when her mother was fighting the same battle downstairs); and when at last, after the hardest struggle of all, she had been got to bed not more than two hours later than her appointed time, even then there was no rest for nurse. Amelia's mamma could at last lean back in her chair and have a quiet chat with her husband, which was not broken in upon every two minutes, and Amelia herself was asleep; but nurse must sit up for hours wearing out her eyes by the light of a tallow candle, in fine-darning great, jagged, and most unnecessary holes in Amelia's muslin dresses. Or perhaps she had to wash and iron clothes for Amelia's wear next day. For sometimes she was so very destructive, that towards the end of the week she had used up all her clothes and had no clean ones to fall back upon.

Amelia's meals were another source of trouble. She would not wear a pinafore. If it had been put on, she would burst the strings, and perhaps in throwing it away knock her plate of mutton broth over the tablecloth and her own dress. Then she fancied first one thing and then another; she did not like this or that; she wanted a bit cut here or there. Her mamma used to begin by saying, "My dear-r-Ramelia, you must not be so wasteful," and she used to end by saying, "The dear child has positively no appetite;" which seemed to be a good reason for not wasting any more food upon her; but with Amelia's mamma it only meant that she might try a little cutlet and tomato sauce when she had half finished her roast beef, and that most of the cutlet and all the mashed potato might be exchanged for plum tart and custard; and that when she had spooned up the custard and played with the paste, and put the plum stones on the tablecloth, she might be tempted with a little stilton cheese and celery, and exchange that for anything that caught her fancy in the dessert dishes.


The nurse used to say, "Many a poor child would thank God for what you waste every meal time, Miss Amelia," and to quote a certain good old saying, "Waste not want not." But Amelia's mamma allowed her to send away on her plates what would have fed another child, day after day.

(To be continued.)

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER V.

FISHING IN THE NISSUMFIORD.

 KIRSTIN had never been so happy in all her life before. Light-hearted and contented indeed she had hitherto been, for the one grief of her childhood, the loss of her mother, was too far back to cloud her mental horizon; and her child-like, unselfish love for her father, brother, grandfather, and her two young companions, Morten and Karen, together with her affectionate reverence for her pastor, had, it seemed, sufficed to fill her heart. But now three new creatures were born into her world, as it were, one of them commanding a new and most engrossing sort of feeling, and her heart and whole nature seemed to expand to take it in, and give it room. Mr. Ramsey inspired the same sort of regard as she had already given to her father and the pastor: after the first day of their intercourse she felt no shyness, no constraint in his society, and it was such a blessing that he could understand her, and serve as interpreter between her and the lady. Alec, the pale, delicate child, was like another Karen to her—a being to protect, cherish, and fondle; but Mrs. Ramsey, with whom could she be compared? The love and admiration she inspired were feelings altogether new and most delightful. At first the object of this intense admiration received the girl's homage with amused indifference; as has been seen, she thought Kirstin less interesting than either her quick-eyed brother or the handsome young fisherman, Morten Ranildsen. But as day by day Alec's illness obliged her to protract her sojourn—as day by day she watched the girl's tenderness towards her child, and anxious efforts to amuse him—as she noted her ready submission to her father, her untiring sweetness of temper with her brother, her eagerness to learn whatever any one was willing to teach her—as, too, Kirstin's shyness wore off, and she was able to greet the strangers with a beaming smile instead of drooping eyelids and burning cheeks, Esther Ramsey retracted her verdict. No, Kirstin Ericksen was not commonplace, though so ignorant and unformed. They now began to converse a little, for Mrs. Ramsey had a turn for languages, and very quickly

picked up phrases of Danish: the vocabulary of Jutland peasants she found easily acquired, the same words and expressions recurring constantly and resembling English in pronunciation, although not in spelling.

Kirstin's incessant "War so artig," or "War so god"—"Be so good"—prefacing every little attempt at service, particularly amused Mrs. Ramsey. "I suppose there is something understood," she said to her husband; "it must mean 'Be so kind as to accept this from me,' does it not?"

"Very likely it may," was the reply; "I have become too much accustomed to it at the hotels to notice it: folks say the same everywhere in Copenhagen as well as in Jutland. The phrase that has always struck me as odd is their answer when you wish them 'Good day,' viz., 'Tak for sidste'—'Thanks for the last;' what can you make out of that?"

"I should think between friends it might mean, 'Thanks for the last kindness you showed me,' or 'for the last entertainment you gave me,' which is it?"

"The latter explanation is the right one, I believe. But between strangers the phrase is utterly senseless."

"You were not here this morning at breakfast, Angus; I was so delighted. That boy Hans dropped a piece of bread and did not trouble himself to pick it up, but the old grandfather starts up and puts it back on the table, saying, 'Pardon, Lord, if we have slighted Thy good gift,' and then he looks reproachfully at Hans, and says, 'We must not lay even the Bible on bread;' which, I imagine, is a proverb among them. But Hans shrugs his shoulders and looks superior: I fancy he learns that sort of thing from his schoolmaster."

"Well, since the other sort of thing delighted you so much, Esther," said Mr. Ramsey, smiling, "you are well off here, for in simplicity these Jutland peasants are the same as they were in the middle ages, however much they are altered for the better in other respects, such as hospitality to strangers. But you were always, as we say, 'thankful for small mercies,'" he added, stroking her head.

"More than for great ones perhaps, Angus," she replied, and her eyes filled with tears. "Ah! I cannot yet bear to look back and think of that dreadful shipwreck, and how nearly my darling had shared the fate of his nurse. Angus," she added, after a pause, "I have promised

to go for a walk with Kirstin, while little Karen is playing with Alec : will you come too and act as interpreter?"

"Willingly."

They left the two children on the floor together, the little boy with a heap of shells in his lap, watching the tiny blue-eyed nursemaid while she strung a number of birds' eggs into a necklace. It was a pretty sight, yet a sad one to the mother; for though Karen was evidently a delicate child, and the flush on her cheek was rather hectic than healthy, she looked even robust compared with the fragile form and colourless complexion of poor little Alec Ramsey. His mother sighed as she turned away; she had need of all her elastic spirits, her sanguine nature, to combat the despondency with which the doubtful state of her only little one filled her.

But the soft beauty of the summer afternoon soon restored her usual cheerfulness. They walked along a part of the fiord that runs far inland. Kirstin observing that the water here was hardly at all salt, almost sweet, the strangers had the curiosity to taste it, and found it was as she had stated; the freshness of the little streams intersecting Jutland in every direction here predominating over the saltiness of the German Ocean. Mr. Ramsey asked her if she knew whether the tides made a difference so far inland; she replied, "Yes; when the west wind blew the current in that direction the water rose 'so high' in the course of the day." "I see," he replied; "about four feet higher than now." The two stood looking into the calm blue mirror: Mrs. Ramsey seated herself upon a stone. "It is quiet to-day," said Kirstin; "if we had taken the other side of the fiord we might perhaps have heard the bell ringing under the water."

"What bell?" asked Mr. Ramsey.

"Ah! perhaps you will say, like Hans, it is all nonsense. But you see yonder is Thim Church?"

"Yes, I have passed it."

"Well, at Thim Manor House, in olden time, lived Sir Peter Gyldenstierne, of whom many tales are told. But this is certain, that the largest church bell in all Jutland hangs in Thim Church, and that Sir Peter brought it from Sweden during the wars. He saw two beautiful bells in a Swedish church, and wanted to carry them away, and did not know how to get them from the tower without damaging them. Then a Swedish peasant said he would tell him how, only he must

promise to provide for him all his life long; and Sir Peter gave the promise, and the peasant advised him to have a great mound of sand heaped up underneath, and to let the bells drop down gently one after the other upon the sand, which was done. But when the Swede claimed the promised reward, Sir Peter thrust his sword through the peasant's body, saying, 'Here is thy provision, thou traitor to thy country!' However, he gave a large sum of money to the man's widow. And the bells were sent by ship to Thim Church; but on the way the ship ran aground, and they were obliged to throw one bell overboard: the other bell hangs in Thim Church."

"And do you say you have heard the bell ringing under the water?" asked Mrs. Ramsey.

Kirstin coloured. "Sometimes I have fancied I heard it ringing on a quiet afternoon like this, or in the evening when I was bathing by moonlight in the fiord; and it seemed to sound so sad and soft, as though longing to hang with its sister-bell in Thim Church tower. Grandfather used to fancy this too, but Hans always laughed at us."

"And what other tales are told about Sir Peter Gyldenstierne?" inquired Mrs. Ramsey, for whose benefit her husband had translated the story of the bell.

"He was a very great man; he was Marshal of the kingdom; he was in love with a proud young lady of noble birth, who, when he asked her to marry him, replied, she would not give him her hand until he had built her a house on the spot which she would point out; and when he said he was ready to build wherever she wished, she drew a ring off her finger and flung it into the fiord, saying, 'As impossible as it is for me to get back that ring, so impossible is it for you to raise your mansion on the spot where it shall be found.' But after some time the ring was discovered inside a fish, so Sir Peter, after all, was able to build Thim Manor House on the spot where it was found when the fish was dragged to land."

Kirstin had addressed herself to Mrs. Ramsey in this story, trying to make her understand it at first-hand, and helping herself out with pantomime. In the course of the story she had possessed herself of the lady's hand, and gently drawn off one of her rings. "If I had been the knight," she concluded, "I would not have owed the ring and the lady to the fisherman who caught the fish, I would have dived after it night and day till I found it myself." She held up the ring to examine

it; a sudden gust of wind, such as will spring up in the quietest days on the western coast of Jutland, caught her dress and blinded her eyes with sand: she turned quickly round, the ring fell from her hand into the blue waters of the fiord.

"Oh, my ring!" exclaimed Mrs. Ramsey, "my precious ring! the first you gave me, Angus: I am so sorry!"

"Never mind," said her husband, "I will get you another like it." As for Kirstin, after her first cry of dismay she looked too blank to utter a word. Her first impulse was to undress herself and plunge into the fiord straightway, but Mr. Ramsey's presence rendered that impossible, and as the lady now got up, saying, "We will not stay any longer in this unlucky place," she had no choice but to follow, though the tears stood in her eyes with vexation. Mrs. Ramsey exerted herself to console her and divert her thoughts: "Why, Kirstin, did you not preserve to me a more precious jewel when you brought Alec on shore? never mind that trumpery trinket: how pretty that cottage looks with the stork's nest on the roof; I must make a sketch of it to show Alec;" and she took her husband's note-book and began a drawing on one of the blank leaves. Kirstin watched her progress with such interest as nearly to forget the ring, and then Mrs. Ramsey said, "What was that you were telling Mr. Ramsey about the stork's nest, Kirstin? try and tell it again so that I can understand it."

"It was only that people in these parts say that storks and swallows are holy birds, and their nests should never be disturbed, for they bring a blessing to the house they build upon. But the lapwing, they say, is an unblessed bird, and never to be welcomed, because it is supposed to have been originally a girl, who, when in service, although well treated, stole a pair of gold scissors from her mistress, and when accused of the theft said wickedly, 'If I have taken it, let me become a bird to fly over moor and moss, and cry "Thief, Thief;"' and so it was, she became a lapwing: and as a proof that she stole the gold scissors, the feathers of the lapwing's tail are shaped like a pair of scissors, and her cry sounds for ever like 'Thief, thief.' I know that tale is not true," added Kirstin; "but there is one story about birds I should like to think true, and that is about the turtle-dove."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Ramsey.

"It is a song:—

"When on the cross Our Lord lay dying,
 Above His head three birds came flying;

One white, one grey, both fled together—
The third a dove of softest feather.
While from the awful sight retreating
The two first birds in haste were fleeing,
This turtle-dove, so true and tender,
Some service to her Lord would render.
She o'er the cruel tree would hover,
Those tortured limbs she fain would cover;
She viewed the sacred blood fast flowing,
Her heart with love and pity glowing;
Coo, coo, coo, coo! is all she utters
While o'er Him her soft pinion flutters;
Coo, coo! in tones that sigh and languish,
Coo, coo! for shame and bitter anguish.
Since then her tones still echo sadness
Though all around ring mirth and gladness."

"That is a beautiful legend," said Mrs. Ramsey; "I am so glad to have heard it."

"And you do not think it superstitious of me, as Hans says it is, to believe in such stories?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Ramsey, "that it is quite natural that you should do so, brought up as you have been, hearing them told by all around you from your birth. Only be careful to believe nothing unworthy of the kind Creator and Father who loves all His creatures, and who will not suffer evil spirits to have such power as some people are too ready to believe. And these stories, although untrue as matters of fact, often contain a lesson for us; thus, you say you do not believe the thieving servant girl was changed into a lapwing; neither do I; yet not the less true is it, that God hates sin and will punish it. And it may well be said that to leave storks' and swallows' nests undisturbed brings a blessing on the house where they build; for must not He, by whom not one sparrow is forgotten, love those who are kind to His harmless creatures?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Kirstin, delighted; "I never thought of that; I shall tell Hans what you say—thank you for telling me. But the story of the Turtle Dove, what ought I to think about that?"

"I can well imagine," said Mrs. Ramsey, "that this bit of rhyme originated with some devout mind ever brooding over the mystery of the Passion, and seeking sympathy in the plaintive sights and sounds of Nature. The note of the dove is indeed the saddest of birds'

notes, and might easily remind a thoughtful listener of the saddest event in the world's history. Just as in a warmer climate the old monks working in their gardens found one flower which seemed to them to unite images of the cross, the three nails, the five wounds, and the crown of thorns." Seeing Kirstin look puzzled, she exerted herself to explain to her the peculiar formation of the passion-flower, and with Mr. Ramsey's help at last succeeded, for the cloud cleared off the girl's forehead, and she exclaimed, "Oh, how much I should like to see that flower! and the pastor, too, how he would love it! do you think he has seen it?"

"I have no doubt he has seen it," replied Mr. Ramsey, "for it is not at all uncommon, only this northern part of Jutland is so bleak very few plants will thrive. But that reminds me, Esther, will you not come and see the good old man to-day? or are you tired?"

She replied she was not at all tired; and it was agreed that they would go to the pastor's forthwith, while Kirstin went home to see after little Alec. And having complete reliance upon her care and tenderness, three hours elapsed before the little boy's parents returned.

Mrs. Ramsey brought back pretty sketches to show to her darling. There was first the archway through which you entered the square court, surrounded with farm-buildings, a few lime-trees growing in the centre, and the parsonage house itself opposite the archway—the watch-dog chained near the entrance, the cocks and hens strutting about, &c. Then there was a picture of the other side of the low, one-storied house, looking out on the old-fashioned garden with its few hardy shrubs. Then a sketch of the humble church near the shore, with its simple bell, hanging without a tower. And, lastly, there were neatly-drawn fac-similes of some of the treasures in Mr. Nordenfelt's museum, ancient ornaments worn by the Vikings, or their daughters, curious relics, of which the worthy pastor had been a diligent collector all his life, his affectionate parishioners readily contributing to his store whenever it was in their power.

Alec had all these pictures explained to him, and meantime Mr. Ramsey approached Kirstin and told her that they had arranged to remove to the Parsonage, in order that he and his wife and Alec might be together again, and Alec sit in the sheltered garden and enjoy fresh air. But as they would want a nurse for the little boy would not she go with them?

Kirstin opened her eyes very wide, and Mr. Ramsey went on to explain that of course he would pay a girl to do Kirstin's work at home. She now understood; she blushed crimson, and looked on the ground. "Will you not come?" asked he, gently. "Oh, with so much pleasure!" she stammered in reply; then, shaking her head, she added, "Father will not have it."

And Kirstin was right. When the proposal was made to Michael Ericksen he gave a decided negative. "Why could not the gentleman engage a girl for a nurse, and leave his daughter alone—he wanted her himself." It was explained to him that the child was ill; that he was used to Kirstin and fond of her; and that his parents trusted Kirstin as they could not trust a stranger. Michael's answer was prompt: he, too, trusted his daughter, and could not trust a stranger; he would not have a girl from the village in his house. At this point in the negotiation Alec, who had great quickness of apprehension, suddenly discovering from some of his mother's phrases of mingled English and Danish that it was his fate that hung in the balance, set up a cry for Kirstin.

"I want Kirstin! I love Kirstin! it was she brought me out of the water; I will not go away from her. Come here, Kirstin!" But for the first time the girl did not obey his call. Her heart full to overflowing, she ran out of the house to indulge her tears, and not looking where she was going, stumbled against her brother, who was just returning from school. She confided her trouble to him; would he get their grandfather to intercede for her, for she really longed to go with the English people a little while, and nurse their child.

"I have told you already several times, Kirstin, they are not English people at all—they are Scotch. So Mr. Gröndal says, and I suppose you don't set up for knowing better."

"But Scotland is in England, I thought," persisted poor Kirstin.

"No such thing: they both together make up one island. You might as well call a Jutlander a Sleswiger: but it's of no use telling you things, you're so stupid."

"I know I am stupid," replied the humble-minded sister; "but, Hans, I should not be so stupid if I were more with them, they are so kind and so patient, and teach me so much. Oh, won't you speak to grandfather?"

"I'll see about it;" and Hans went in with an important step. "But

remember, Mr. Ramsey is a Scotchman—a merchant, Mr. Gröndal says, settled in Hamburg.”

The negotiations were concluded more favourably than Kirstin had hoped; but she remained in ignorance of her happy fate, for on re-entering the cottage she was sent to put the little boy to bed, and he, more clamorous than ever for his Kirstin, kept her singing to him long after. When, however, the child fell asleep, and she returned to the kitchen, and began making the usual preparations for supper, she found everything arranged satisfactorily.

The Ramseys were to remove to the Parsonage on the morrow, and as her father was going to sea, she was to be allowed to go with them and remain till the usual hour of the fisherman's return. He must have her, he said, in the evening and early morning, but during the next week, at least, she might, after finishing her morning's work, go to the Parsonage; the kind old grandfather undertook to serve up his own dinner and also his son's if at home. Hans could take his dinner at his master's, Kirstin, hers at the Parsonage. Whether these arrangements were effected by the diplomacy of Hans, his sister never knew, but she was not the less pleased and surprised, and quietly took her seat by Mrs. Ramsey while her father carried on a familiar chat with his guests.

“Is it true,” inquired Mr. Ramsey, “that the herrings have forsaken the Liimford?”

“Quite true,” was the reply; “it was the canal, the horrible canal the folk must needs make to join it, that poisoned the water to them, and drove them all away: they have never come there since. But they come to us in the Nissumfiord still: twice a year they come, in March and again in autumn, but then only a few, seeking shelter from larger fish who would devour them. In the spring the herring-fishery lasts four weeks.”

“Yes; you werè always famous for it in this country. Fancy, Esther, when it pleased the Danish king and his ministers to cast off allegiance to the Pope, and the people were informed to that effect, the general saying throughout the country, was, ‘It won't make the herrings dear!’ there's a phlegmatic nation for you!”

“Well, the lives of thousands depended on the herring fishery; nobody's life, I presume, depended on the Pope's good pleasure,” responded Michael, sententiously.

The removal of the Ramseys to the Parsonage took place on the following morning. This was another epoch in Kirstin's life, for the familiar intercourse that now began between her and the inmates of the Parsonage was very improving to her in many ways. She learned neater ways of doing household work from the pastor's maidens, and also became initiated into some of their culinary secrets. And the pastor himself, pleased to see his favourite daughter so frequently, made more particular inquiries about the progress of her education, and promised, when the Ramseys should leave, and she had again more leisure, to lend her books, and set her copies and sums himself. Time for lessons she certainly had not now: she had to rise earlier and went to rest later than ever before, but she was so happy! Her smile was so bright, her voice, when she sang the same old songs as before, seemed to have gained in strength and compass, and still more in feeling. The pastor said once, looking at her as she left the room on an errand given her by Mrs. Ramsey, "If the phrase were not almost a sacred one, I should say the child was transfigured."

One evening, Mrs. Ramsey having rambled farther than usual, felt tired, and on her way home entered Michael's cottage to rest herself. She found in the kitchen no one but the old grandfather, and passing through into Kirstin's little room, lay down on the bed, always so spotlessly clean. Perhaps she closed her eyes and slept half an hour, anyhow it came upon her quite as a surprise when she heard voices in angry altercation. One was familiar to her: it was Michael's; but the other was unknown, and the words being Danish she could scarcely catch their meaning. She could only hear Michael's oft-repeated, "No, no, not for him; never think of it, I will not have it so." At last she rose up hastily and entered the kitchen; Michael saw her and would fain have broken up the colloquy, but the other, whose back was to the door, went on with words which seemed extremely affronting to Michael. At this moment the outer door burst open, and Kirstin rushed in almost breathless with eagerness, her colour raised, and her eyes sparkling. "They told me you were here; oh! look dear lady, here is your ring—your emerald ring!" And taking hold of Mrs. Ramsey's hand, she placed the lost ring on her finger, repeating, "Oh, I am so glad—so glad!"

"My ring, Kirstin! how did you come by it?" said the owner, in amazement.

"I have bathed morning and evening in the fiord just where it fell, feeling about for it as long as my breath lasted. Oh yes, dear lady, did not I say if I had been the knight of old time, no hand but mine



should have recovered my lady's lost ring; and you are my lady, although poor Kirstin cannot be your knight, not even so much as your squire." And Kirstin pressed Mrs. Ramsey's hand to her lips in a fit of rapture.

"You are a dear girl," said the latter; "but you shall not do that," and for the first time she kissed Kirstin's cheek.

The sight of the young girl's innocent, child-like joy had an instantaneous effect upon the two angry men. The quarrel ceased, and the stranger, whom Mrs. Ramsey recognised as the elder Petersen, a good seaman, but often the worse for drink, muttered a few more words to himself as he looked at her, and, his head bent down, his look askance, left the house. Michael's stern, set face softened as he watched his daughter's interview with the lady, but he spoke no more than a civil good-night, and that rather coldly.

When Mrs. Ramsey was gone, he addressed his daughter abruptly. "Tell me, Kirstin, has Niels Petersen met you often lately when you have been coming home from the Parsonage?"

"Twice, father, I think; not oftener."

"Remember then, if it chance so again, that you do not speak to him."

"I do not want to speak to him, father; he is a bad man, and I don't like him."

CHAPTER VI.

MORTEN AND THE MAN FROM MOEN.

A FEW days later, Michael Ericksen astonished the world by presenting himself early one morning at the Parsonage, and requesting an interview with Mr. Ramsey. As usual, his words were few, his manner unceremonious. He had given leave for his daughter to assist in nursing the little sick boy during one week; that time had been protracted to three weeks; the child was now better, and could, he supposed, dispense with her services; in any case, he wanted Kirstin at home again, and at home she must stay: he did not intend her to go to service, and so much gadding to and fro was unfit for girls. Mr. Ramsey heard him out to the end of this speech; but when Michael, having delivered it, turned on his heel to go, as having settled the matter, he politely begged the fisherman to spare him a few minutes, and made his speech in return. True, Alec was better, much better; that was owing to Kirstin's tender care, without which the confinement of constant attendance upon him would have been very trying to his wife. Their obligations to himself and his daughter were such as could not be repaid; but would not Michael accept of some small acknowledgment such as might serve to increase Kirstin's portion? No;

Michael shook his head : he did not keep an inn ; he could not have refused to receive the poor little wounded boy and his mother, but he had no mind to take in all waifs and strays that the sea might cast ashore, and paid he would not be, and he had always said that his daughter should not serve for hire. Michael's manner was so ungracious as almost to nullify the favourable impression that might have been made by his sturdy independence and disinterestedness. Fortunately, Mrs. Ramsey chanced to enter at this point in the discussion : her beaming smile and sweet voice seldom failed to soften the fisherman's rugged nature ; and when her husband had explained their conversation to her, she entreated so prettily in her broken Danish that Kirstin might at least be allowed to accompany them in an excursion they proposed to make before leaving the pastor's house, that Michael did not gainsay her. Perhaps he might have had another motive for not objecting to any plan that would simply take her altogether away for a week, but he did not say so. Finally the matter was thus arranged : Kirstin was to stay at home until the Ramseys had made their plan, and would themselves then fetch the girl, and keep her with them until the party returned from their excursion.

A consultation with the pastor followed : the route had to be marked out and arranged so as to embrace most points of interest, yet not occasion fatigue to Alec and his mother. Mr. Nordenfelt undertook to procure one of the neighbour's carriages for them ; but this would have to be sent back the next day, and then with their ignorance of the country how were they to proceed farther ? Their best plan was plainly to hire a guide who could be trusted to make arrangements for them ; and then the idea was suggested that Morten Ranildsen would be the very person to take such an office if he could be induced to do so. Accordingly a messenger was despatched, and the young fisherman came to the Parsonage to see what was wanted of him. Would he go with Mr. Ramsey's party on an excursion for a few days, receiving a handsome remuneration for his services ? "Most gladly," was his answer ; and he traced out a route which they could either lengthen or shorten if found too fatiguing, for the journey was partly an experiment to try whether the child were really fit to be transported to Copenhagen.

It was a fine bright morning when they started, and the carriage, low built, but roomy, proved a comfortable conveyance. Morten sat

beside the driver, his flageolet in his hand : apparently he considered his pay too good to be earned merely by his services as guide, and that he was bound to be musician also, and general factotum. Never had his well-featured face looked brighter or pleasanter. Mrs. Ramsey would have admired him more than ever, only during the last month she had gradually transferred her affections to Kirstin. Little Aleo was made comfortable with cushions, and the fresh air lent his pale cheeks a bloom they had not worn since he was wafted on the Jutland coast. As for his mother, she enjoyed everything—the sight of her darling's improved health, the summer air, the yellow flowers starring the purple heath, over which the carriage wheels bore them easily. "Oh! what scent is that?" she exclaimed; "it is not wild thyme, but stronger." Morten bade the driver stop, and springing down presented her with some tufts of the sweet gale, crushed into giving out stronger fragrance.

"We call it Porse," he said, "and use it to flavour our ale."

"It is put to the same use in Germany," remarked Mr. Ramsey.

"These have a strong perfume too," added Morten, gathering some tall cream-coloured orchises.

"Yes, but I don't like the scent," replied the lady; "get me some of those yellow flowers."

In a few minutes he brought her a bouquet of yellow iris, blue veronica, potentilla, and other flowers.

"What do you call this?" asked she, pointing to the thrift in her bouquet.

"Krigskarl, *i.e.*, warrior," he replied; "but up in Vendsyssel they call it 'Daily bread.'"

"And this," pointing to the speedwell.

"Crenpriis, *i.e.*, Prize of honour."

"That is a pretty name for a pretty plant; but what is your name for this, which we call Sundew, because the dew rests upon it after the sun has risen?"

"We call it Our Lady's tears, and this one, Baldur's brow."

"I like these names," said Mrs. Ramsey; "I should soon learn your language if I stayed here much longer."

"Oh, dear lady," sighed Kirstin, her bright face overcast, "must you indeed go away soon?"

"Indeed I must; for my poor husband will have to go back to his close counting-house. We have spent more than six weeks of our

holidays; however, we hope to have a fortnight at Copenhagen before returning to Hamburg."

"And you will not be here at harvest-time?"

"Do you go to harvest-homes, Kirstin?"

"I went once; it was last year, father was so kind as to take me, although he does not care for such things. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes; I should like to know how the people amused themselves."

"Oh, there was 'storre gambill'—great gambols. It is always at the end of July: there were so many people, for you know Germans come to help get the crops in. One man sat in a corner of the large barn playing the fiddle, and the rest of us danced. The figures were difficult: I could not do them well because I had never danced before. And the shoes made such a clatter, and one man sang a ballad, and at the end of each verse some jumped up so high; and then we all joined hands and sang together."

"What was the ballad about?"

"It was a sad one: I can sing it if you like;" and Kirstin sung, Morten's deep voice chiming in at the refrain:—

"A noble knight dwelt near the fiord,
Many a vassal called him lord;
Six children feasted at his board—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"His three bold, bonny boys so gay
By robbers they are ta'en away;
Three maids are left him bright as day—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"My maidens wake, ye sleep too long;
'Tis Sunday morning—sweet and strong
In church will rise the holy song—'
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"They have donned their Sunday raiment fair;
The mother plaited well their hair;
And on to Horbelof church they fare—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"Three maiden flow'rets fair as good;
But as they pass through Tostruppe wood,
Three savage dogs beside them stood—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"Three robbers threat'ning raise their knives;
'Now will you bide with us as wives?
Or will ye forfeit your young lives?'
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"I will not be a robber's wife,
I'd rather forfeit my young life!
Then mid the robbers rose a strife—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"O brothers, shed not their young blood!
No flowers so fair in all the wood!
Vainly the youngest thus withstood—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"For stronger were the elder twain;
The maidens in their youth are slain;
The grass is dyed with crimson stain—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"The robbers to the tower that night
Are come, where courteous doth invite
His guests to sup with him, the knight—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"Your ladye shows us great disdain,
Sit down with us she will not deign;
Noble as hers is yet our strain!—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"Then Ladye Mettelil spake low,—
'I'll not sit down until I know
What things within these sacks ye stow'—
Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!

"She looked, she saw, she guessed it all;
 'Let none fly living from this hall!
 Rise up, be quick, hold them in thrall!—
 Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!"

"Twas thus the eldest robber spake,—
 'Vainly should we resistance make;
 But hear us for Our Lady's sake!—
 Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!"

"Sons of a knight, to school went we;
 When robbers from the forest free
 Took us in harsh captivitie'—
 Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!"

"Two heads before the axe bend low;
 The youngest, a sad pilgrim, slow
 To Palestine forthwith must go—
 Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!"

"Then loud the knight and ladye cry,—
 'Oh sons! oh speechless misery!
 Ye've slain your sisters, ye must die!
 Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!"

"'Are these our sisters we have slain?
 Then 'neath the axe must bend we twain;
 But this your youngest take again,'—
 Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!"

"'His hand shared not our sinful deed;
 To Holy Land, dear brother, speed,
 And pray for us in our sore need!—
 Woe's me for Ladye Mettelil!"

"Why, what a pity Geordie is not here!" exclaimed Mr. Ramsey;
 "here is a ballad, the outline of the story whereof is similar to our old
 Scottish one of the Bonnie Banks o' Fordie: even some of the expressions
 are identical; how delighted he would be! I wonder if the story
 be really true, and have travelled from Scotland to Denmark, or *vice*
versâ."

"It is a terribly tragical history anyhow," said his wife; "I should
 not fancy dancing to it."

"They usually choose tragical stories for the dances," said Morten,
 "I don't know why. But I never heard that song at all before Kirstin
 took to singing it."

"It is not one of our Jutland songs, I know; the man who sang it at
 the harvest-home came from Moen, they said."

"And you have remembered it all after hearing it only once: you
 have a good memory," observed Mr. Ramsey.

Kirstin blushed a little. "I never was at a harvest-home but that
 once, and I could not help thinking about it a good deal afterwards; and
 then the story was so sad, the words used to come in my head, and I
 could not keep from singing them."

(To be continued.)

STORY OF HANNIBAL.

(Continued.)



EARLY in the next year Hannibal again conquered the Romans under Sempronius, near the town of Placentia.

During this winter we again read that various strange and wonderful things, called by the Romans "prodigies," happened at Rome.

An infant, six months old, shouted "Io triumphe!" in the marketplace. In the cattle market an ox went up to the third story of a house and threw itself down. A temple of hope was struck by lightning. A spear in the hand of a statue of Juno shook of its own accord. A crow flew into the temple of Juno and perched on the couch of the goddess. A shower of stones took place at Picenum, &c. Besides these visible occurrences, accounts were received of strange visions in the sky, and sights and sounds in the air. All the Romans turned their attention towards doing what the soothsayers recommended in consequence of these prodigies. Large offerings and promises were made to the gods, and ceremonial feasts of various kinds were observed.

Meantime, the Carthaginian army was approaching! they made a continuous march of four days and three nights, through the marshes of Etruria, now Tuscany, during which Hannibal lost the sight of one of his eyes from inflammation.

The life of Hannibal was also the constant subject of the plots of the inhabitants of the country, and he had to be continually on his guard against them, especially by changing his dress very often, and assuming various disguises.

The consuls—the officers who had the control of the troops—for the year were Caius Servilius and Caius Flaminius.

The public feeling at Rome was very hostile to Flaminius, as it was said that he had not been duly elected; that certain religious ceremonies had not been performed; and that a consul so chosen was sure to fall under the displeasure of the gods.

The course of events afterwards would, to a Roman, show that the feeling of distrust was perfectly well founded, the "omens" which I have mentioned above being taken in connection with the fact.

Flaminius was of an exceedingly rash disposition, and when, out of prudence, he ought to have refrained from fighting a battle, attributed the orders not to fight which he received to the superstition of the people at Rome. Accordingly, without waiting for his fellow-general, he marched against Hannibal. As he was setting out a circumstance happened which tended to increase the prophecies of ill luck. He had no sooner mounted his horse than the animal stumbled and threw the consul over its head. Yet, with obstinacy very rare in a Roman, and in spite of the general voice and persuasion, he continued his course.

Of course a Roman in writing a history would make a great deal of such details as these, especially where a defeat of his countrymen was to be accounted for; for if only it could once be established that supernatural agency was at work against them, why the disgrace of defeat would be gone. Who could fight against the gods?

The rashness of Flaminius exactly suited the purpose of Hannibal, who, in order to exasperate him the more, began to lay waste the country and destroy the crops of the different tribes in whose country he was, and who were allies of the Romans.

There was, about a hundred and fifty miles north of Rome, among the mountains of Etruria, a lake called Trasimene. Here Hannibal hid a large part of his army among the gorges of the mountains, and waited the approach of Flaminius with the rest in open view, while the Romans unconsciously passed the forces that were hidden. When the Romans were well within the trap laid for them, they were assailed in front and rear. Weapons poured down on them from the heights, and cavalry charged them from behind. Yet, taken thus unawares, the Romans did not disgrace their name; and Flaminius, though rash and foolish, now proved himself a brave man. Long and obstinately they fought, without discipline or ranks, each man for himself as he best could, in the confusion. But the bravest army would have been defeated under such disadvantages. After encouraging his men and fighting bravely to show them an example for three hours, the consul fell, and the veteran Roman soldiers not yet conquered made a last stand to defend his body. Soon ensued a horrible scene of confusion and rout, for flight was scarcely possible. The mountains were on one side, the lake on the other, and a victorious enemy in front and rear. To add to the horrors of the day, a thick mist rose from the lake, which obscured the sun, and created almost total darkness. Many of

the Romans at last rushed into the lake, some preferring to drown themselves, others with a last faint hope of safety. Altogether, the disaster was one of the greatest that had ever befallen a Roman army, and few escaped to tell the tale, that is, few, comparatively; for out of twenty-five thousand men, fifteen thousand at least perished miserably, and the rest, escaping by twos and threes, were dispersed over the whole country.

The news of this calamity produced a great effect in Rome, the greater because of the uncertainty of the tidings which reached the city. The confusion and grief were excessive, especially among the women, who thronged the streets in great numbers, inquiring of every one the extent of the disastrous news, and waiting anxiously in crowds about the walls and gates, oppressed with anxiety for husbands, sons, or fathers in the field, and of whose fate nothing certain was yet known. It is said that in more than one case a Roman mother, on receiving her son, whom she had given up for lost, in safety, expired from excess of joy.

For three days the senate, the aged council of the nation, deliberated with closed doors, from sunrise to sunset, as to what should be done to save the city. Even while they were sitting the news arrived of a fresh defeat by Hannibal of four thousand horsemen sent to assist Flaminius, before the battle of Trasimene.

The conclusion at length arrived at was that the defence of Italy must be abandoned, and all their efforts directed towards strengthening the walls of the city, and breaking down bridges over rivers which the enemy must cross. And also the direction of affairs was given to Quintus Fabius Maximus, under the title of "Dictator."

Meanwhile, Hannibal moved on, laying waste all the country, and taking, burning, and plundering the towns and villages; but he had now to deal with a different general from any that he had encountered before.

The Carthaginian tried every means, as before, to irritate his enemy and lead him to risk another battle, but in vain. Fabius—for by this name he was distinguished—kept his troops near enough to the enemy to annoy and hinder him, without engaging in a battle. And Hannibal began to see that if the same tactics were continued, the victories he had already gained would be of little use to him.

But the caution of Fabius was not imitated by all in the Roman

camp, and to this fact Hannibal soon owed the greatest of all his victories ; and also the conduct of Fabius rendered him very unpopular at Rome, where his caution was put down as dilatoriness, and even cowardice. In order to increase this feeling, the Carthaginians, in ravaging the country, took care, by order of Hannibal, to leave untouched a farm belonging to Fabius, as if he was secretly his friend ; and although Fabius soon after sold this farm and gave the money towards paying a public debt, the suspicion was scarcely lessened.

It happened that during an absence of Fabius at Rome, the command of his army was for the time entrusted to Minucius, who held the post of " master of the horse " to the Dictator. During this time Minucius, contrary to orders, fought a battle with the Carthaginians, in which neither side seems to have obtained much advantage. But Minucius, in the letters which he sent to Rome, described the affair as a decisive victory, and thus the feeling against Fabius became increased ; for they said that directly he left the army, even for a few days, the enemy was defeated. Thus the Roman people began to distrust and hate the only man that was capable of saving them. Finally, after a great deal of discussion, Fabius was really removed from the command, having received the insult of having Minucius placed on an equal footing with himself. Minucius had brought this about, partly by boasting of his own achievements, and also by slandering the Dictator ; and his natural arrogance was greatly puffed up by the result, and his first proposal to Fabius was that as they were now equals in rank they should decide on some way of sharing their authority. He first wished that they should agree to hold the command on alternate days. This Fabius would not do, as he felt that the rashness of Minucius on one day might destroy all the fruits of his own caution. At length it was determined that they should share the troops, Minucius taking one half and Fabius the other.

Of course all these divisions in the Roman camp were the very thing that Hannibal wanted, and he was not long in taking advantage of them.

And now the Roman army was divided into two camps.

Between the camp of Minucius and that of Hannibal lay a hill, which would give a great advantage to whichever army seized upon it and held it. Hannibal wished to gain this hill, and also by means

of it he hoped to be able to draw Minucius into an engagement. Hannibal therefore placed a considerable number of troops in ambush under some hollow rocks behind this hill, and then openly sent a smaller body of men, as if to seize upon it. Minucius at once sent part of his army to defend it, which was defeated by the men who were in ambush there; other Romans and other Carthaginians were sent up successively from the camps of Minucius and Hannibal, until the battle became general. The Romans began to be beaten; but Fabius, who saw only the peril of his countrymen, forgot all causes of jealousy, and hastened to the rescue, and by giving the broken legions time to reform their ranks, stopped the victory of the Carthaginians, who wisely retreated before the fresh troops of Fabius.

Warned by this narrow escape, and perhaps touched by the gallantry of the Dictator, Minucius at once resigned the whole command of the army to Fabius, acknowledging publicly that he had been in the wrong.

After this, Fabius became as popular with all classes as he had before been unpopular; and it seems strange to us that his command over the army should not have been continued, as friends and enemies united in praising his generalship, and even Hannibal himself acknowledged that he had at last met his match. But when the time for which he had been elected (six months) had expired, two consuls were elected, who took the command of the army in his stead.

The army was now, as before, under two generals, Paullus and Varro, one a cautious and the other a rash one, and, as before, the result was most disastrous to the Romans. The consuls had agreed to command on alternate days.

Hannibal at first tried one of the stratagems of which he was so fond. On a certain night he abandoned his camp, and retreated to some mountains near at hand, where he lay hid with his whole army. All the tents were left standing, as if they had been abandoned through fear, nothing being removed, and even gold and silver being left in view. Fires also were left burning, as if to deceive the Romans, and give time for retreat. It was not long before the Romans discovered the bait laid for them, as in the morning the advanced guards of the enemy were not visible, and a party sent forward towards the camp reported that it was empty. A great part of the army, especially the soldiers under the care of Varro, as well

as Varro himself, were eager to begin plundering at once, but fortunately Paullus succeeded in restraining them for a time, until just when the soldiers were on the point of mutiny, some deserters came in, who reported that Hannibal with all his army lay prepared for an attack among the neighbouring mountains. By this intelligence some order and restraint was imposed on the soldiers. When Hannibal found that his design was suspected, he returned to his camp. It is very easy to perceive that had a hostile army in battle array suddenly burst on the Romans while engaged in plundering, the result would have been exceedingly disastrous. As it was, the disaster was only delayed. Soon after this, Hannibal removed his army into Apulia, which was a warmer climate, and more suitable for ripening the crops. Hither the Romans pursued him, as there was even a rumour that he intended to give up the conquest of Italy in despair, and retreat into Gaul. Both camps were now pitched on the famous field of Cannæ, and the usual dissensions prevailed among the Romans—Varro and those with him wishing for immediate battle, and Paullus advising the course which Fabius had so successfully followed.

It chanced that there was a small stream, the Aufidus, which ran through the camps of the Romans and Carthaginians; and as both armies derived the necessary supplies of water from it, Hannibal was in hopes that the quarrels which must occur between the watering parties would lead to a battle. Meanwhile, the quarrel between the two Roman generals became daily worse and worse, one accusing the other of mad rashness and the other retorting with a charge of cowardice. The soldiers, as a matter of course, with such examples before them, became mutinous, and those in the camp of Varro especially were ready for any act of insubordination. At length the day came which Hannibal had long desired, when Varro, whose turn it was to command, without consulting Paullus, gave the signal of battle, and advanced across the river, Paullus, though he disapproved, being forced to follow. Livy tells us that a great part of the Carthaginian troops were armed with weapons taken in the two former battles of Trebia and Trasimene.

It would take too long to give any detailed account of the battle; but two incidents seem mainly to have contributed to the defeat which the Romans sustained. In one part of the field a large body of Romans forced their way through the enemy's line, but relying too

much on their victory, incautiously allowed themselves to be surrounded and cut off by the rearguard of the Carthaginians, who, of course, were fresh.

Towards the centre of the Roman line, five hundred Numidian cavalry pretended to throw down their arms and surrender, but in reality kept their short swords concealed under their coats of mail. They were led to the rear and told to lie down, but while the Romans were intent on the battle, they suddenly rose up and attacked them in the rear, arming themselves with shields from the bodies which were lying round them.

A general rout now took place. The consul Paullus, who refused all aid to escape, was slaughtered sitting defenceless on a stone. By the mouth of one who escaped he sent a message to the Roman people and senate that he preferred dying where he was to being placed on his trial afterwards, or being forced to accuse his fellow-general. Varro escaped to Venusia.

The Roman loss was supposed to be about forty-three thousand killed and six thousand prisoners, an enormous total when we consider how much less destructive the ancient mode of warfare was than the modern. Instead of cannons and needle rifles, they had, occasionally, awkward engines, which threw large stones by means of ropes and pulleys (but these were used chiefly in attacking and defending towns), and their ordinary weapons in battle were short javelins, swords, and slings and bows and arrows.

If Hannibal had only made a proper use of this victory, by following up the shattered army to the gates, there is no doubt that the Carthaginians would have been masters of Rome; but it has often been said that it is much easier to gain a victory than to know how to use it to the best advantage, and it was here that Hannibal failed. After the battle he seems to have been completely dazzled by such unexpected success, and, according to Livy, the prospect seemed too vast for him to comprehend.

Instead, therefore, of marching at once to Rome—a journey of a few days—he lingered in Apulia, expecting that many of the tribes would revolt from the Romans and join him, which indeed they did; but the opportunity of destroying Rome was gone, and from that time, although an enemy was still in possession of a large part of their territory, the Roman empire was safe.

In the following winter, Hannibal and his army retired to Capua in Campania, a city nearly as large as Rome itself, and celebrated for its luxury and riches. Such a town was the very worst residence that could have been chosen for an army composed, like Hannibal's, of soldiers accustomed to hardships and a simple life.


And the Carthaginian cause lost at Capua far more than it had gained at Cannæ. Habits of luxury and vice rendered the soldiers weak and effeminate, besides reducing their numbers considerably. And, moreover, the Romans had at last adopted that waiting policy which Fabius had once practised and advised, and by skilfully avoiding a battle and suppressing attempts at revolt among the Italians, proved to Hannibal that he had at last met his match.

Long time the war was thus carried on with varying success. Towns were besieged and taken and retaken, and beautiful Italy was a scene of desolation; but the shattered powers of Rome were surely and slowly repaired, and at length the Carthaginian general saw that the contest was useless. At length the Romans followed the retreating invaders to Africa, where at the great battle of Zama the Romans under the great Scipio Africanus were completely victorious, and compelled their ancient enemies to submit to peace with the most disgraceful terms.

At last the great Hannibal, conqueror in so many battles, fell a victim to the private enmity and jealousy of his fellow-countrymen, who even joined themselves to the Roman plots against him. He finally took refuge with the king of Bithynia, in Asia Minor. Hither, also, he was pursued by the hatred of the Romans, who demanded that he should be given up to them; and at length, wearied of life, and to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies, he poisoned himself, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Hannibal's death merely resembled in its circumstances that of many other unjust and aggressive conquerors. All through history we find continually illustrated that text in the Psalms, "Mischief shall hunt the violent man." And although we can pity Hannibal and Napoleon—the one committing suicide in despair, among strangers, the other dying, like a chained eagle, on the desolate St. Helena—yet we cannot fail to recognise, that great sinners against mankind deserve that retribution should overtake them before all the world, and seeing that it is so, we can admire the justice of God.

GEMS FROM WATER.

 FLOAT on the North Sea in an open yawl, at the entrance of the bay on which Lerwick, the Shetland capital, stands, we begin to experience that zest of all sea voyages, uncertainty. Into which opening of these bluff sea cliffs shall we steer to reach a locally well-known sea cave? While the boatmen garrulously argue, the screams of the feathered republic on the adjacent Noss attract attention. The rope-and-cradle connection with the mainland, so celebrated amongst British schoolboys, has been for years rotten and disused. So the birds of the island have marvellously increased. There they are, of all species, from the lordly eagle to the humble raven. The Shetlanders represent the raven as rather a busybody. One day a seal lay sleeping on the beach, all unconscious of being covered by a sportsman's rifle. A friendly raven overhead croaked loudly, but in vain. The sportsman was finally adjusting his sights, when the bird, descending from the eerie, pecked sharply at Mr. Seal's eyelids, who was thus awakened just in time to escape.

Our keel now grazes the friendly beach, and leaping from the gunwale, we jump from ledge to ledge into the recesses of the cave on our search after minerals. See what beautiful ribbon-like white veins cross and recross the walls; now we break open circular pockets filled with crystals. We have in a short time made a goodly collection, which we shall examine, and discourse upon on the homeward voyage. But,

“Gorgons horrid and chimeras dire!”

are there genii in the cavern? A female seal and cub hobble past. Young sealdom is disposed to examine the intruders into its den. But behold how the precepts of Solomon are practised by the brute creation! Mamma returns, and with a sharp poke hurries young Sealie to ocean depths, at the same time sharply cuffing its ears.

I shall not describe our mineral finds with a formidable array of Greek terms. You shall assort them according to the difference of their natural forms and colours. See, some are as clear as glass, while others are milk-white, and others have a flesh-coloured tinge. One assumes such long delicate needle-shaped crystals, that it will have to be enconced in a glass case to preserve it; another is star-shaped, and

another swells out in pear fashion, as if the nascent liquid had been suddenly crystallized when boiling. All belong to the family of Zeolites, derived from the Greek word "to boil." They all contain a good deal of water, whose presence is proved by their swelling up when subjected to the blowpipe.

The naturalist cannot explain everything; the problem before us is not how were these cliffs and islands formed, but does the study of these gems throw any light, and what, on their creation?

Sugar-candy is the crystalline form most familiar to the juvenile understanding. There is no stretch of imagination required to believe it once a fluid in the sugar-boiler's pan. What a pleasant experiment it is to resolve its solid contents again into the fluid condition! Then, again, ladies have been accustomed to employ the petrifying lime-springs of Matlock in Derbyshire to preserve articles of *vertu*, at least in their own estimation. For parrots, cats, husbands' wigs, as well as beautiful leaves and ferns, have thus been turned into stone. Most young readers know of the hot springs of Iceland and New Zealand, which deposit beautiful incrustations, not of lime, but of silex, or sand, at their mouths. But do those who drink medicinal waters like those of Bath think what mountains of solid matter are carried away in those clear flowing streams? Professor Ramsay has calculated that the solid materials held in solution by the Bath springs for a year, would when collected form a column nine feet square and one hundred and forty feet high. Now at this rate, hot springs—and they are innumerable, abounding in every volcanic region—might in the course of a century or so build up mountains as high as Vesuvius. That they do form such beautiful minerals as those we have collected in the cave was demonstrated a few years ago at Plombières in the Vosges. The Romans had used the springs there, which are at a temperature of one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, as baths. They had led one of the springs for a considerable way: in its course the water flowed over such very ordinary materials as bricks, sandstone, and lime, all containing the most common chemical ingredients of silex, alumina, calcium, potash, and magnesia, as well as a little iron, which might be in the water of the spring. Well, when the workmen disinterred the aqueduct, they found it studded with beautiful zeolitic minerals precisely like those we have collected. What beautiful materials can God make out of the most ugly substances! How perfect that work, compared with the most laborious endeavours of human ingenuity! Take the opal, for

instance, composed only of sand and water. Yet as it throws out its most resplendent rainbow hues, you begin to understand how men have undergone hard privations rather than part with a gem not much larger than a shilling. The Emperor Mark Antony one day sent a polite request to Senator Nonius to deliver up his precious opal, said to be valued at 160,000*l.* sterling, of course for a consideration. In those old times it was most difficult to give a direct "No" to emperors, so the senator fled to Egypt with his opal. The Poles used the more common variety of the mineral to typify the emblem used in most countries of judicial purity. The throne room of Warsaw was covered with white velvet, on which were embroidered duplicates of the national insignia, the eagle; but they had real opal eyes. What is that desire to read mysteries in stones, prevalent in the most ancient nations, ministered to by our Birmingham manufacturers in their shipping off gaudy baubles by the gross for poor African Mumbo-Jumbo, but the innate divinity of our nature, alas, how fallen! blindly groping after the perfection exhibited in these works of the Creator? I can imagine an old mineralogist, tired of gas-coals, and iron ores, ay, even of gold and silver-mines, at one with Hannah More in her love for flowers. Every earthward affection was dying out in her old age, but that passion grew stronger and stronger. So it may be that heaven lies about us in the infancy of old age as well as that of childhood. Both gems and flowers enigmatically point to the land of cloudless perfection.

One of the most curious recent microscopic discoveries has been to find fluid cavities in the emerald, the ruby, the sapphire, the topaz, and the diamond. Mr. Sorby has examined hundreds of those minerals, and almost invariably he found in each a cavity, usually circular, and only visible by the microscope. In some cases a fluid half filled the cavity. Were these minerals derived from water after all, and not the ultimate result of intense heat, as all the previous experiments of chemists had led them to believe? After a good deal of consideration, Mr. Sorby has come to the conclusion that ruby, sapphire, spinel, and emerald may have been formed at a moderately high temperature, so that water might have been present in the liquid state. Remember that these four last-named minerals are only the chief constituent of clay differently coloured; bear in mind, also, that the diamond is only carbon, or coal in a different form; then let me ask you, Does not modern chemistry show that there is nothing mean or ignoble in God's creation?

The Three Little Pigs.

Words and Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

A jol-ly old sow once liv'd in a sty, And three lit-tle piggies had

The first system of the musical score is in 8/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The lyrics are: "A jol-ly old sow once liv'd in a sty, And three lit-tle piggies had".

she, And she waddled about saying "Umph! umph! umph!" While the

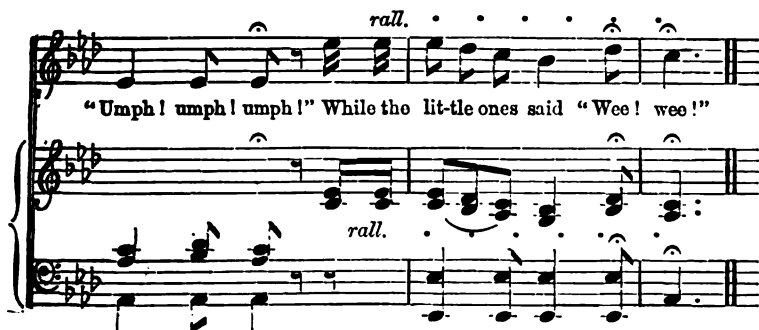
R. H.

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics are: "she, And she waddled about saying 'Umph! umph! umph!' While the". A right-hand piano part is indicated by "R. H." and begins in the third measure.

lit-tle ones said "Wee! wee!" And she waddled about, saying

R. H.

The third system concludes the phrase. The lyrics are: "lit-tle ones said 'Wee! wee!' And she waddled about, saying". A right-hand piano part is indicated by "R. H." and begins in the third measure.



2.

"My dear little brothers," said one of the brats,
 "My dear little piggies," said he;
 "Let us all for the future say Umph! umph! umph!
 'Tis so childish to say Wee! wee!"

3.

Then these little pigs grew skinny and lean,
 And lean they might very well be;
 For somehow they *couldn't* say "Umph! umph! umph!"
 And they *wouldn't* say "Wee! wee! wee!"

4.

So after a time these little pigs died,
 They all died of *felo de se*;
 From trying too hard to say "Umph! umph! umph!"
 When they only could say "Wee! wee!"

Moral.

A moral there is to this little song,
 A moral that's easy to see;
 Don't try when you're young to say "Umph! umph! umph!"
 For you only can say "Wee! wee!"




MAUDE'S DISCIPLINE.

"The trivial round, the common task
Would furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

PART I.

 MAUDE, I am going to send you to Westthorpe next week. Aunt Kate is so good as to say she will take you, and keep you till we are settled in our new home." Mrs. Trevillian sighed as she spoke, and rose from the breakfast table, gathering her letters in her hand. "It will be a nice thing for you," she added, receiving no answer to her information; "you will get acquainted with your cousins, and it will be a little preparation for you—a break, I mean, before going from this house to a much smaller one," and she sighed again.

Maude Trevillian, a tall, slim girl of about fourteen, rose from her chair and walked to the window. She was rather a striking-looking child, with smooth, glossy hair sitting close to a well-shaped head, large eyes of an intensely dark brown, and a singularly colourless complexion. She made no reply to her mother, but stood gazing out of the open window with a steady fixed look, across the low boundary wall which separated the carriage drive from the park, over the smooth green turf, where groups of deer were feeding, on to the distance, where a belt of plantations looked grey in the morning mist of early autumn. She stood there till her lip began to quiver, and her eyelids slowly drooped, and two large tears fell like the first drops before a storm.

Mrs. Trevillian was standing by the table, still occupied with her letters—too much so, indeed, to observe Maude's silence.

It was a large, handsome, oak-panelled room, hung round with family portraits, and the long table looked rather forlorn, with two solitary chairs—especially as the breakfast thereon, adorned with hothouse flowers and silver plate, would have amply served for a party of ten. An Isle of Skye terrier had chosen the spot where the sun-

beams fell thickest upon the Turkey carpet, and lay there on his side, a heap of dusty-looking fluff.

The letter Mrs. Trevillian was reading was from her husband. It ran thus: "As far as one can tell the place will do; it is small, of course—ugly, of course—and cheap, or it wouldn't suit us; but there is as much room as we want, and I suppose you can manage with a couple of maids at first; yet it is wretched work at fifty to begin the world again, and a miserable look-out for the children. John writes cheerfully, and hopes to be able to stick to his regiment. Poor little Frank went off in brave spirits, intending to make a fortune in New Zealand in a year. How does Maudie bear it all?" This last sentence recalled Mrs. Trevillian's thoughts to her daughter; she referred to another letter, and then said, "Here, Maude, you may take Aunt Kate's letter and read it; it is most kind."

"Thank you, mamma," replied Maude, without turning her head, "I had rather not."

"Well, my dear, do as you like; I must go now," and Mrs. Trevillian, still preoccupied, left the room.

Maude turned from the window, flung herself down on the floor, and burying her face in the dog's hot, rough coat, gave way to a torrent of tears.

Poor Maude! it was very hard, and I am afraid at the time she forgot that it was hard for others as well as herself.

In a small room, which opened by glass doors into a garden bright with flowers, sat four children. The eldest, a girl, was balancing herself on the edge of a rickety garden chair in the window, sometimes poring over a German grammar which lay in her lap, at others looking out into the garden and catching dreamily at a spray of clematis which drooped over the window, and swayed to and fro in the soft south wind. On the step at her feet a boy of eleven was busily engaged in rigging a boat, which was unmistakably of amateur construction, and a chubby, white-headed urchin of ten, and a pretty little girl of seven, were watching his proceedings with interest and admiration.

"Don't jog me, May; you'll spoil her," exclaimed the shipbuilder; "give me the rest of the string off the table, Fred; I believe I shall float her this afternoon now."

"Oh! Charlie, may I come with you?" cried May. "Aggie, will you ask mamma, and come with us? do—it will be so splendid!" and she clapped her hands and jumped for joy.

"What will be splendid?" asked Agnes, without looking up.

"Why, the boat: isn't she a beauty?" said May; "and she's to be called 'The Victory,' because he says he gained a victory over difficulties when he did her——"

"And hadn't got the timber," burst in Fred, more eagerly than grammatically.

"You've forgotten Maude," replied Agnes, shortly.

"Bother Maude!" said Fred.

"Oh, dear! I wish she wasn't coming," sighed May.

"Shut up!" said Charlie, decisively; "it's worse for her than us."

"I don't know that," said Fred, with a desponding shake of the head.

"May, dear, I am ready to hear you now," said a gentle voice at the door. "Freddy, it is past your time for going to papa." The children all rose up and looked brightly towards the speaker. She was a tall lady, with a pale, quiet face that looked as if it had made acquaintance with sorrow long ago; but there was a light in her eyes that was better than sunshine, and her smile was so sweet, it was no wonder the children smiled.

Little May ran to her at once; but Freddy, whose unpunctuality oppressed him, slipped past her, and ran off to the study with a very red face, and a not very perfect lesson.

Mrs. Wilmot walked up to her two elder children, took up Charlie's boat, and praised his perseverance.

"Mamma, do come down to the mere, and see her start," he said. "We mean to float her this afternoon, and Aggie can't, because of Maude," he added, in a lower tone.

Mrs. Wilmot smiled: she saw plainly that Maude was not welcome, and she was anxious not to impose too much upon the young ones at first.

"Well, Charlie," she said, "I was going to tell you to drive to the station and meet Maude; but if you want to go down to the mere, Freddy will be too proud to take charge of Punch, and he will not run away. Papa will walk down and then go on to the town, as there is something he has to do."

"I don't mind going a bit, mamma," said the boy, quickly.

"I am sure you don't, Charlie; but I think you had better go down to the mere and take the girls with you, and Freddy shall join you when he returns, and then the girls must come home."

"Thank you, mamma," said all the children; and, taking May's hand, Mrs. Wilmot left the room.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Agnes, as the door closed, "what shall we do with her?"

"Get on with her like a house on fire," replied Charlie.

"Oh! Charlie, you don't know her," cried his sister. "She is so grave, and so old, and so—so—so grand about things. She'll always be saying she doesn't care for this, and she hasn't been used to that, and making out that she is the most important person in the house, because her parents were once rich when we were poor. I was there twice, and she treated me as if she were grown up and I a child, and she's only a year older. She talks about society, and etiquette, and a lot of nonsense, and laughed at me for liking Robinson Crusoe.

"Well, but Aggie," was the reply, "you'll quarrel like cats if you set yourself against her in that way. There's a fellow at school—when he first came he made a donkey of himself, talking a lot of bosh, but he's one of the best fellows there now, and every one likes him; and Maude will be all right after a bit, if you don't worry her—girls worry so about nothing." Then, having put the finishing stroke to his boat, he bounded out of the open window, and ran off.

My readers may perhaps like to know a little of Maude Trevillian's family history.

Her father the year before she was born came into a property in one of the midland counties, which he inherited from an uncle. This uncle was unmarried, and having spent much on the turf, he left the estate somewhat encumbered; not heavily, however, and with a little care and economy it would soon have righted. But unfortunately neither Mr. Trevillian nor his wife—the daughter of a neighbouring peer—were accustomed to self-denial. Brought up in luxury, they did not know how to economize, and so debts accumulated until at length the crash came—the servants dismissed, the furniture sold, and the place let.

Mr. Trevillian had nothing to live on but three hundred pounds per annum of his wife's; and this to people of their tastes and habits was as

nothing. They had three children; the eldest son was in the army, the youngest was taken from Eton and sent to New Zealand, and Mrs. Trevillian was only too thankful to send her only girl for a time to her husband's sister, the wife of a clergyman in the north of England, whom she had scarcely noticed before, hoping that the simplicity of a country parsonage might counteract, at least in a measure, the exclusiveness and the expensive tastes which her previous education had fostered, and which her refined nature had only too readily adopted.

Freddy stood by Punch's head, tracing with his forefinger the white streak from his forehead to his nose, and kicking up the thick white dust in the station yard till his boots were no longer visible.

The train came in and went on, and Freddy began to whistle: his strain ceased abruptly, however, as his father appeared at the station door with a tall pale girl, whom we recognize as the same Maude we saw in the breakfast-room a few days ago. She was not crying now—she looked as if she never had cried, would cry, or could cry. She looked so very tall for fourteen, Freddy began to feel very small and rather shy.

"Here, Freddy," said his father, "here's cousin Maude: mind you take care of her, and don't drive into the ditch." He put his niece carefully into the small vehicle as he spoke, and bidding Freddy jump up, and telling her she would find Aunt Kate all ready for her, he nodded and walked away. At the same moment Punch moved on.

Freddy drove out of the station yard in silence, and on reaching the road Punch assumed a steady trot, and Maude spoke. "What is your name?" she said.

"Frederick," he answered, stoutly; "and my brother's name is Charles, and my eldest sister's Agnes, and the little one's Mary, and we call her May."

Maude made no answer, and Freddy tried again.

"Doesn't Punch trot well?" he said.

"Is Punch your pony?"

"It is papa's. This is a jolly carriage: we haven't had it long. Do you like driving?"

"I used to like it at home, but I always drove a pair of ponies," replied his cousin.

Freddy did not hazard another word till they reached the village,

and then raising his whip, he said, "That's the church—the church-yard joins our garden, and we see the church from 'the windows quite plain," and then narrowly shaving the gate post, Punch walked slowly up the short shady drive and stopped of his own accord at his master's door.

On the threshold stood Mrs. Wilmot, all smiles and kindness. "Well, dear Maudie, so here you are at last—tired, I'm sure, and hungry, I hope, for dinner is almost ready." This was her welcome, and the warm motherly kiss almost thawed Maude's frozen heart.

It was better than she anticipated, and when she joined the others half an hour later in the sunny dining-room, she never thought that the carpet was old and the curtains faded. She looked at the sweet summer flowers so tastefully arranged on the table, and at the happy faces gathered round it, and thought how different it would all be if such peace and comfort were in her own family.

Agnes was quiet and kind, Charlie full of fun, and little May quite ready to be friends; Freddy was a little subdued—he had not quite got over the "pair of ponies."

Several days passed pleasantly by, and Maude was getting more and more reconciled to her new life. Not that she was happy: on the contrary, as her great grievance began to subside, a host of little grievances rose up and took its place. Agnes was dictatorial, Charlie untidy, Freddy rude, and May tiresome and inquisitive, her uncle particular, and her aunt—well, no, there was not much to be said against "Aunt Kate," only she *would* treat her as if she had known her all her life. These complaints were poured out in long letters to her brother John, for Frank, who had hitherto shared all her joys and sorrows, was on his way to New Zealand, and no tidings were likely to be heard of him for some time to come.

"Martha," said Mr. Wilmot, bustling into the dining-room one morning at half-past eight; "you are always late with breakfast now, how is it?"

"Well, sir," said Martha, in rather an injured tone, "I haven't left Miss Trevillian five minutes."

"Haven't left what?" said the rector, turning round.

"Miss Trevillian, sir; I always do her hair, and that. I haven't had my breakfast yet, sir," and Martha left the room to tell the cook that master had been calling out for his breakfast, and if she was him she

wouldn't stand it. Miss Trevillian need have brought a nurse with her, for she couldn't dress herself no more than a baby.

"Maude, dear," said Mrs. Wilmot, gently, as they sat at work together in the drawing-room, "don't you think you could manage to do a little more for yourself in the morning? Martha has hardly time to spare."

"I have always had a maid at home," said Maude, abruptly.

"Yes, dear, but you know things are not as they were; and don't you think it is good for you to accustom yourself to what you must do when you go home?"

"I shall never go home again," muttered Maude.

"Maude," replied her aunt, quietly, "don't think I want to preach you a sermon; but home is wherever those live who are nearest and dearest to us, or wherever it pleases God to place us."

Maude made no answer, and Mrs. Wilmot continued: "With regard to what I was speaking of, I cannot let you have Martha to dress you; all you can do for yourself you must, and if there is anything you cannot do, call Agnes; she is next door to you, and I think you will find her more handy than Martha."

"But my hair?" said Maude, doubtfully.

Mrs. Wilmot glanced at her niece's classical braids. "You must have some talent for hairdressing, my dear," she said, smiling, "to have taught it so successfully to Martha: I advise you to do it yourself."

"But I shall be so untidy," pleaded Maude.

"At first, perhaps; but we will all make allowances, and the untidy stage will not last long with you, I am sure." Maude was silent: for the first time she thought her aunt was treating her cruelly.

The days of September were drawing to a close. Charlie had gone back to school, and Agnes was working hard under a daily governess.

(To be continued.)

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

II.—THE COBBLER AND THE GHOSTS.



ONCE upon a time there was a cobbler who had very poor wits, but by strict industry he could earn enough to keep himself and his widowed mother in comfort.

In this manner he had lived for many years in peace and prosperity, when a distant relative died who left him a certain sum of money.

This so elated the cobbler, that he could think of nothing else, and his only talk was of the best way of expending the legacy.

His mother advised him to lay it by against a rainy day. "For," said she, "we have lived long in much comfort as we are, and have need of nothing; but when you grow old, or if it should please Heaven that you become disabled, you will then be glad of your savings." But to this the cobbler would not listen. "No," said he "if we save the money it may be stolen, but if we spend it well, we shall have the use of what we buy, and may sell it again if we are so minded."

He then proposed one purchase after another, and each was more foolish than the rest. When this had gone on for some time, one morning he exclaimed: "I have it at last! We will buy the house. It cannot be stolen or lost, and when it is ours we shall have no rent to pay, and I shall not have to work so hard."

"He will never hit on a wiser plan than that," thought the widow; "it is not to be expected." So she fully consented to this arrangement, which was duly carried out; and the bargain left the cobbler with a few shillings, which he tied up in a bag and put in his pocket, having first changed them into coppers, that they might make more noise when he jingled the bag as he walked down the street.

Presently he said: "It is not fit that a man who lives in his own house, and has ready money in his pocket too, should spend the whole day in labouring with his hands. Since by good luck I can read, it would be well that I should borrow a book from the professor, for study is an occupation suitable to my present position."

Accordingly, he went to the professor, whom he found seated in his library, and preferred his request.

"What book do you want?" asked the professor. The cobbler stood and scratched his head thoughtfully. The professor thought that he was trying to recall the name of the work; but in reality he was saying to himself: "How much additional knowledge one requires if he has risen ever so little in life! Now, if I did but know where it is proper to begin in a case full of books like this! Should one take the first on the top shelf, or the bottom shelf, to the left, or to the right?"

At last he resolved to choose the book nearest to him; so drawing it out from the rest, he answered:

"This one, if it please you, learned sir." The professor lent it to him, and he took it home and began to read.

It was, as it happened, a book about ghosts and apparitions; and the cobbler's mind was soon so full of these marvels, that he could talk of nothing else, and hardly did a stroke of work for reading and pondering over what he read. He could find none of his neighbours who had seen a ghost, though most had heard of, and many believed in them.

"Live and learn," thought the cobbler; "here is fame as well as wealth. If I could but see a ghost there would be no more to desire." And with this intent he sallied forth late one night to the churchyard.

Meanwhile a thief (who had heard the jingle of his money-bag), resolved to profit by the cobbler's whim; so wrapping himself in a sheet, he laid wait for him in a field that he must cross to reach the church.

When the cobbler saw the white figure, he made sure that he had now seen a ghost, and already felt proud of his own acquaintance, as a remarkable character. Meanwhile, the thief stood quite still, and the cobbler walked boldly up to him, expecting that the phantom would either vanish or prove so impalpable that he could pass through it as through a mist, of which he had read many notable instances in the professor's book. He soon found out his mistake, however, for the supposed ghost grappled him, and without loss of time relieved him of his money-bag. The cobbler (who was not wanting in courage), fastened as tightly on to the sheet, which he still held with desperate firmness when the thief had slipped through his fingers; and after waiting in vain for further marvels, he carried the sheet home to his mother, and narrated his encounter with the ghost.

"Alack-a-day! that I should have a son with so little wit!" cried the old woman; "it was no ghost, but a thief, who is now making merry with all the money we possessed."

"We have his sheet," replied her son; "and that is due solely to my determination. How could I have acted better?"

"You should have grasped the man, not the sheet," said the widow, "and pummelled him till he cried out and dropped the money-bag."

"Live and learn," said the cobbler. The next night he went out as before, and this time reached the churchyard unmolested. He was just climbing the stile, when he again saw what seemed to be a white figure standing near the church. As before, it proved solid, and this time he pummelled it till his fingers bled, and for very weariness he was obliged to go home and relate his exploits. The ghost had not

cried out, however, nor even so much as moved, for it was neither more nor less than a tall tombstone shining white in the moonlight.

"Alack-a-day!" cried the old woman, "that I should have a son with so little wit as to beat a gravestone till his knuckles are sore! Now if he had covered it with something black that it might not alarm



timid women or children, that would at least have been an act of charity."

"Live and learn," said the cobbler. The following night he again set forth, but this time in another direction. As he was crossing a field behind his house he saw some long pieces of linen which his mother had put out to bleach in the dew.

"More ghosts!" cried the shoemaker, "and they know who is behind them. They have fallen flat at the sound of my footsteps. But one must think of others as well as oneself, and it is not every heart that is as stout as mine,"—saying which he returned to the house for something black to throw over the prostrate ghosts. Now the kitchen chimney had been swept that morning, and by the back-door stood a sack of soot.

"What is blacker than soot?" said the cobbler; and taking the sack, he shook it out over the pieces of linen till not a thread of white was to be seen. After which he went home, and boasted of his good deeds.

The widow now saw that she must be more careful as to what she said, so after weighing the matter for some time she suggested to the cobbler that the next night he should watch for ghosts at home; "for they are to be seen," said she, "as well when one is in bed as in the fields."

"There you are right," said the cobbler, "for I have this day read of a ghost that appeared to a man in his own house. The candles burnt blue, and when he had called thrice upon the apparition he became senseless."

"That was his mistake," said the old woman. "He should have turned a deaf ear, and even pretended to slumber; but it is not every one who has courage for this. If one could really fall asleep in the face of the apparition, that would be true bravery."

"Leave that to me," said the cobbler. And the widow went off chuckling to herself—"If he comes to any mischance by holding his tongue and going to sleep, ill-luck has got him by the leg, and counsel is wasted on him."

As soon as his mother was in bed, the cobbler prepared for his watch. First he got together all the candles in the house, and stuck them here and there about the kitchen, and sat down to watch till they should burn blue. After waiting some time, during which the candles only guttered with the draughts, the cobbler decided to go to rest for a while. "It is too early yet," he thought; "I shall see nothing till midnight."

Very soon, however, he fell asleep; but towards morning he awoke, and in the dim light perceived a figure in white at his bedside. It was a blacksmith who lived near, and he had run in in his night-shirt without so much as slippers on his feet.

"The ghost at last!" thought the cobbler, and, remembering his mother's advice, he turned over and shut his eyes.

"Neighbour! neighbour!" cried the blacksmith, "your house is on fire!"

"An old bird is not to be caught with chaff," chuckled the cobbler to himself; and he pulled the bed-clothes over his head.

"Neighbour!" roared the blacksmith, snatching at the quilt to drag it off, "are you mad? The house is burning over your head. Get up for your life!"

"I have the courage of a general, and more," thought the cobbler; and holding tightly on to the clothes he pretended to snore.

"If you will burn, burn!" cried the blacksmith angrily, "but I mean to save my bones"—with which he ran off.

And burnt the cobbler undoubtedly would have been, had not his mother's cries at last convinced him that the candles had set fire to his house, which was wrapped in flames. With some difficulty he escaped with his life, but of all he possessed nothing remained to him but his tools and a few articles of furniture that the widow had saved.

As he was now again reduced to poverty, he was obliged to work as diligently as in former years, and passed the rest of his days in the same peace and prosperity which he had before enjoyed.

BURIED CITIES.

(QUESTIONS, GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL, ON GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.)

IN what town may you see the "house that Jack built" handsomely restored and modernised?

22. In what town do the inhabitants most want Rimmel's improved hair-restorer?

23. What town is famous for the tragedy of Lord Arundel and the "eels boiled in broth?"

24. What town was pelted with tennis-balls after the Battle of the Boyne?

25. In what town do ladies win donkeys as archery prizes?

26. In what town is it certain death to walk at noon-day?

27. In what town is the open air noxious to animals?

28. In what town did Robin Hood celebrate his wedding breakfast giving the *débris* to Little John?
29. In what town do they make it high treason to kill spiders?
30. In what town do they cure restive steeds by an appeal to the fairies?
31. In what town did Prince Hal, in his youth, rob a larder of smoked hams?
32. In what town did a Punjaub elf astonish St. Patrick at his devotions?
33. In what town did the Kilkenny cats play a farewell serenade before returning to Ireland?
34. In what town is the meeting a pig always attended with disastrous consequences?
35. In what town did St. Dunstan alarm a ghost with a poker and tongs?
36. In what town did the audacious Caliban bury his master's staff?
37. In what town do they white-lime rickety chairs to imitate marble?
38. In what town do they compound leeks and garlic as a garnish for Christmas pudding?
39. What town is never assailed by March winds or November fogs?
40. In what town have the latest discoveries in science outdone galvanism and clairvoyance?

NOTE.—The answer to No. 20 in the December Number is *Leicester*, and not *Ashby*.

BOOK NOTICES.



THE Boys' Home Book of Sports, Games, and Pursuits" (Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, London) is an excellent little volume for young boys. Besides giving an account of all manner of games, indoor and out, with instructions for swimming, riding, &c., there is a part devoted to the management of pets, beginning with birds and ending with gold and silver fish. The book contains upwards of two hundred engravings, and is written by writers of the "Boys' Own Magazine."

"The Boys of Axleford," by Charles Camden; "The Boy in the Bush," by

Edward Howe; and "King George's Middy," by William Gilbert (Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden). Three books for boys—the first a collection of schoolboys' tales and experiences, containing plenty of fun, with many a good hint of advice. The second is an account of adventures in the Australian bush, very well illustrated, and at times rather terrible. The third, an old-fashioned sea story, abundantly illustrated, is calculated to attract boys to the service.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is issuing a paper likely to have a considerable influence for good—"The Animal World, a Monthly

Advocate of Humanity" (S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row). Its sixteen large well-printed pages of literature and art all bear directly or indirectly on the one great object, to make both young and old people kind to animals by dint of making them better acquainted with them. We speak of art as well as *literature*, for the papers are well illustrated. The eyes of children would be captivated at a glance by some of the pictures in the numbers now before us, and the periodical is no older than October 1st. The literature consists of tales, poems, essays, extracts, anecdotes, &c., besides an account of the work of the society. And many of the contributions are from well-known hands (we need only instance Mrs. S. Hall and Miss F. P. Cobbe), who are exerting their talents expressly for the benefit of the good cause here advocated. It may be doubted whether heads of families can expend 2d. a month better than in introducing this paper into their nurseries and their servants' halls.

"Adrift in a Boat" (Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row) is one of Mr. H. G. Kingston's amusing tales

of adventure, which one should be inclined to describe as a tale for boys, but that we are sure it will be equally popular with girls. Two boys get adrift in a boat off the Cornish coast from having been overtaken by the tide after a picnic, and are picked up by one vessel after another, till they at last reach the West Indies, where they happily find an old friend in command. The adventures between Cornwall and the Far West are wonderfully varied and exciting.

"Mission Life; Readings on Foreign Lands" (W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row) continues its admirable career. Thoroughly readable—reliable yet interesting—instructive yet amusing, it commends itself to both old and young, and appeals to all classes, one of its great merits being its freedom from all miserable party spirit. Its yearly volume deserves a place in family libraries, and even to those least interested in the special object of missions will prove a delightful book for Sunday reading. We call special attention to Mr. Rowley's excellent paper "On a Layman's Objection to Mission Work." The magazine has some remarkably pretty illustrations.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



Constant Reader," "Margaret Floyer," and others. The paper is not kept in *stock* in England, but can be easily sent for by either Messrs. Trübner or Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

"A Pickle." There is an old saying that you may take a horse to the pond, but you cannot make him drink, and "Pickle's" is a case in point. All the governesses in the world cannot *make* her "attentive;" the effort to be so must come from herself.

"Florence." Go to a depository of the S. P. C. K., and you will find a great variety of books of Scripture stories

suitable for children of all ages. Aunt Judy knows nothing about the "sand-boys," but supposes they are "jolly" because they have no cares to disturb their peace of mind. The alteration Florence regrets arose from a determination to be just before we were generous. We were perhaps a little too hopeful at starting. Aunt Judy does not know "Sunday Echoes," but she accepts the remark as a compliment, though she is not a "Rector's," but only a "Vicar's," "lady." Florence is thanked for her little presents and good wishes.

"Nellie." Cap verses—Aunt Judy knows of nothing new, unless "Nellie"

prefers inventing Buried Cities, alternately with her friends.

"Florence Nightingale" is referred to the "Boys' Home Book" (Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, London) for descriptions of forfeits, some of which are new to Aunt Judy, at any rate.

"Little Boy Blue." *Brown-study* is probably a corruption of *Brow-study*. The old German word *Braun*, a fringe, signifying *eye-brow* when compounded with *eye*: *aug-braun*. *Vide* Watcher's old German Glossary.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine" Cot.

After the death of Ethel A——, the Cot was removed into the Boys' Ward, in order that little Peter (who was alluded to in the article entitled "Lilliput Lodgers," by Mr. Tom Hood, and whose portrait is so well sketched on page 7 of the reprint of that article supplied to many of the readers of "Aunt Judy's Magazine") might become the occupant of the Cot; he remained in it for some time, and has recently been transferred to the Convalescent Ward, where he will have the benefit of such teaching as is possible while remaining in the hospital.

Thomas S——, a sweet little fellow, is now "Aunt Judy's Cot" patient; he was admitted suffering from pleurisy, and is going on well. He considers that having succeeded Peter in the Cot, he ought to be called by his name, and steadily declines to answer to any other name than that of *Peter*.

Although not strictly within the scope of a report of the Cot, the temptation to add a few words about the children's New Year's treat cannot be resisted. So many of Aunt Judy's readers have kindly contributed, either in money or toys, that it is presumed a short reference to the entertainment will be acceptable. Upwards of one hundred children were present on the occasion; that number

being made up by about fifty of the in-patients (many were too ill to be brought down). Seventeen convalescent children were conveyed in a private omnibus from Highgate, and upwards of thirty children who had been in the hospital during the year, but recently discharged well, were invited to join in the festivities. All the children took tea together, and joined in singing some hymns and carols during the afternoon. By the kindness of friends a magic lantern was exhibited, depicting the story of Red Riding Hood, and other scenes keenly relished by the juvenile auditory. This was followed by the exploits of "Mr. Punch and his wonderful dog Toby," which always afford fresh amusement to children, and caused the ward to ring with merry shouts of laughter. A performance on musical glasses was then given, and a distribution of treasures from an immense Christmas tree which had remained hidden behind a screen, but suddenly appeared brilliantly lighted up. The children were then taken into another well-warmed and airy room, where the crowning delight of the evening took place. On an ornamented stand in the centre of the room toys were arranged, all bearing the names of the children, and every one left the room loaded with children's treasures. After some more carol singing, all the in-patients were carried back to their wards. The convalescent children, with all the "visitors," were, by the thoughtful consideration of two of Aunt Judy's readers, provided each with an orange and a bun to carry home. One other gift must be mentioned; warm knitted comforters were tied round the necks of those poor children who seemed to need them on leaving. Many of these comforters were the work of a little boy who had been under treatment in the hospital, and had asked leave to make them expressly to be given to those less fortunate than himself, as a token of gratitude for re-

storation to health. It would have delighted Aunt Judy's readers to have witnessed the bright twinkling of many pairs of eyes when their owners found themselves the possessors of a warm comforter, which at first they feared was tied on by mistake.

The wards were gaily decorated with evergreens and wreaths of flowers made by some of the patients in one of the large hospitals for adults, who had kindly employed themselves in this labour of love when they were told that a New Year's treat was to be given at the Children's Hospital.

The departure of the convalescent children in their omnibus for Highgate, at exactly seven o'clock, was marked by several rounds of juvenile cheering not often heard in the quiet locality of Great Ormond Street.

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to January 18th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
G. A. F. (two months' sub.)	0	4	0
"A bunch of nuts from Hawthorne Dene"	0	5	1
Annie and Godfrey, 1s.; A. N.A., 1s.	0	2	0
G. M. and R. Jessie Edwards, Spalding	0	3	0
Nelly, Edith, Willy, and Johnny, Basing Park, Alton, Hants	0	17	6
X.	0	0	6
The Highdown Sisters, Hitchin, Herts	0	10	0
Miss Ada Gurney, Hounslow, Contents of Box	0	5	0
Mrs. Howlett, West Hill, St. Leonards (subscription)	0	10	0
Miss Mary Howlett, West Hill, St. Leonards (subscription)	0	2	6
Fanny and Nina, Hindon Rectory, Wilts, A Christmas Box	0	2	0
Sophia Dora Spicer, Spyre Park, for oranges	0	10	0
Edith Grace Smith, Trinity Vicarage, Fareham	0	2	6
Miss Anna M. Hellier, Headingley, Leeds (collected)	3	3	3
Harold, Willie, and Campbell Partridge, 3, Clifton Place, Birmingham	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Ethel and Isabel H., Harrow-on-the-Hill	0	7	0
Christmas Gift from Children's Tin Box, at Peckham	0	13	0
Philip, 1s., Arthur, 1s., George, 1s., Edgar, 1s., Maud, 2s., P. and J., 2s.	0	8	0
K. A. B., L. M. J. Y., and Mamma	0	3	0
Ida's Christmas Present, part of, for "Aunt Judy's Cot"	0	2	0
Charlotte, Frances, Eva, and Ernest Snow, Abbeville, Exeter	0	11	0
"Margate Sea Birds"	0	6	0
Aimée, Mary, and Alice; with a box of toys and books	0	2	0
Claire, Torquay	0	5	0
Harold and Maud Beeching, Tunbridge Wells	0	5	0
"H." A Christmas Box, for "Aunt Judy's Cot"	0	10	0
George Carrington	0	2	6
S. C. H. B.	0	3	0
Maggie, Wrotham Park, Barnet	0	0	6
Hubert H. J. Wix, Littlebury, Saffron Walden	0	4	1
A few friends at Riverhead, Sevenoaks	0	5	0
Miss Shackels, Hornsea, Hull (collected)	0	10	0
Mrs. Fossett, Surbiton (annual)	1	1	0
P. H. S., Lower Clapton	2	7	6
W. J. A., ditto	0	5	0
Arthur, Sophia, and Elsie, Stuttgart	0	2	6
Two friends, Dublin	0	2	0
May and Emmie, 11, Moray Place, Edinburgh	0	5	0
Constance, Amy, and Evelyn Lucas, Kensington	0	6	6
Grace, Brighton (collected)	1	0	0
"A Tithe of the Christmas Boxes of the Riverbank Children"	0	17	7
"Elizabeth"	0	2	6
Mary C—, Bathampton, proceeds of fancy work, and collected	0	8	0
Mrs. Woodyear	0	5	0
Isabel, Katie, Fanny, Agnes, and Emily, Edlington Rectory	0	16	0
Methven, School Room Fines and Contributions, with some knitted work and a nice quilt	0	10	0
M. and N., Hampshire (collected)	0	11	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The proceeds of a Christmas Raffle, Surbiton	0	5	0	Beetle and Cockatoo	0	2	0
Annie and Jimmie Birch, The Grove, Middleham	1	6	7	Mamma, 1s. 6d., Polly, 1s., Laura, 1s., Sarah, 1s., John, 6d., Auntie, 2s., A Friend, 1s., 188, High Street, Dudley	0	8	0
Freddie, saved during the year, 24 farthings; also three story books, and some warm clothing and dolls	0	0	6	"Tabbyskins," Moor Green, Moseley	0	1	0
Emmie and Gertrude, 14, Bedford Circus, Exeter, "New Year's Offering"	0	5	0	"Little Lily's Savings," Bal-dock, Herts	0	3	6
"Ben Brown," per Rev. J. P. Wright, Reigate	0	2	6	From a Home Cot	0	11	6
Bonnie Dundee	0	1	0	G. A. F. (monthly)	0	2	6
"Taffy," Furze Hill Cottage, Brighton	0	3	0	Willie, half his Christmas Gift	0	5	0
Proceeds of Weeding and Entertainment, from two Sybellas, Gadlys Uchaf House, Aberdare	0	3	6	Little Boy Blue	0	1	0
Mrs. Charles Kingsley, Eversley Rectory	0	5	0	Jenny, Tilly, and Alice Lancaster	0	3	0
"Tommy, Peppy, and Pickles"	0	1	0	Southport	0	4	0
Miss Ellen Gordon, Green-meadow, Cardiff (collected)	0	10	0	"May of Newbury"	0	2	6
Johnny and May, St. Peter's Street, St. Albans, with 8 dolls, and some gifts for the Christmas Tree	0	6	0	"Little Ethel of Newbury"	0	2	6
"Palma"	0	2	0	Margaret, Clara, Esther, and Ellis, a doll with complete outfit, for the next little girl who occupies the Cot: also books and pictures	0	2	6
Mrs. Griffith, Hyde Park Square (subscription)	0	10	6	Miss Anna M. Hellier, Head-ingley, Leeds, parcel of clothing, and a dressed doll from "Tatty."			
"A Somersetshire Scaramouch"	0	10	0	Miss Annie Eck, an album scrap book.			
"Anonymous, towards Aunt Judy's Cot"	0	5	0	Newton Benett, a scrap book.			
The Misses Lewis, Drumliffen Glebe, Carrick-on-Shannon	0	5	0	Alice, a splendid dressed doll; George, a picture book and sundries, Driffild.			
"Mabel Surtees"	0	2	6	Ellen M. Trower, Florence H. Trower, a scrap book, some picture cards, pinafore, &c., for Convalescent Ward.			
Miss Alice Cowie (monthly)	0	1	0	"May Adderley's last work for the Cot," a coverlet.			
"Flossie," 1s., "Mabbie," 9d., Birkenhead	0	1	9	White Rose, two packets of picture cards.			
Mrs. J. Smyth, 3s. 6d., Fanny, 1s., Madeleine, 1s., Bygrave House, Baldock, Herts, with a parcel of clothing, some dolls and books	0	5	6	The little Hakings, Rodburgh Vicarage, a parcel of warm clothing, either for the Cot or for general use.			
"Katie and Arabella," Maudslie Castle	0	3	0	Anonymous, a card box, with toys.			
"Cream"	0	10	0	Rose Thompson, some knitted cuffs.			
Nellie, The Hall, Wicken Benant, for Peter	0	2	8				



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AMELIA AND THE DWARFS.

AMELIA AND THE DWARFS.

By the Author of "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances."

UNDER THE HAYCOCKS.



I was summer, and haytime. Amelia had been constantly in the hayfield, and the haymakers had constantly wished that she had been anywhere else. She mislaid the rakes, nearly killed herself and several other persons with a fork, and overturned one haycock after another as fast as they were made. At tea time it was hoped that she would depart, but she teased her mamma to have the tea brought into the field, and her mamma said, "The poor child must have a treat sometimes," and so it was brought out.

After this she fell off the haycart, and was a good deal shaken, but not hurt. So she was taken indoors, and the haymakers worked hard and cleared the field, all but a few cocks which were left till the morning.

The sun set, the dew fell, the moon rose. It was a lovely night. Amelia peeped from behind the blinds of the drawing-room windows, and saw four haycocks, each with a deep shadow reposing at its side. The rest of the field was swept clean, and looked pale in the moonshine. It was a lovely night.

"I want to go out," said Amelia. "They will take away those cocks before I can get at them in the morning, and there will be no more jumping and tumbling. I shall go out and have some fun now."

"My dear Amelia, you must not," said her mamma; and her papa added, "I won't hear of it." So Amelia went upstairs to grumble to nurse; but nurse only said, "Now, my dear Miss Amelia, do go quietly to bed, like a dear love. The field is all wet with dew. Besides, it's a moonlight night, and who knows what's abroad? You might see the fairies—bless us and sain us!—and what not. There's been a magpie hopping up and down near the house all day, and that's a sign of ill luck."

"I don't care for magpies," said Amelia; "I threw a stone at that one to-day."

And she left the nursery, and swung downstairs on the rail of the

banisters. But she did not go into the drawing-room; she opened the front door and went out into the moonshine.

It was a lovely night. But there was something strange about it. Everything looked asleep, and yet seemed not only awake but watching. There was not a sound, and yet the air seemed full of half sounds. The child was quite alone, and yet at every step she fancied some one behind her, on one side of her, somewhere, and found it only a rustling leaf, or a passing shadow. She was soon in the hayfield, where it was just the same; so that when she fancied that something green was moving near the first haycock she thought very little of it, till, coming closer, she plainly perceived by the moonlight a tiny man dressed in green, with a tall, pointed hat, and very, very long tips to his shoes, tying his shoestring with his foot on a stubble stalk. He had the most wizened of faces, and when he got angry with his shoe, he pulled so wry a grimace that it was quite laughable. At last he stood up, stepping carefully over the stubble, went up to the first haycock, and drawing out a hollow grass stalk blew upon it till his cheeks were puffed like footballs. And yet there was no sound, only a half sound, as of a horn blown in the far distance, or in a dream. Presently the point of a tall hat, and finally just such another little wizened face poked out through the side of the haycock.

"Can we hold revel here to-night?" asked the little green man.

"That indeed you cannot," answered the other; "we have hardly room to turn round as it is, with all Amelia's dirty frocks."

"Ah, bah!" said the dwarf; and he walked on to the next haycock, Amelia cautiously following.

Here he blew again, and a head was put out as before, on which he said—

"Can we hold revel here to-night?"

"How is it possible?" was the reply, "when there is not a place where one can so much as set down an acorn cup, for Amelia's broken victuals."

"Fie! fie!" said the dwarf, and went on to the third, where all happened as before; and he asked the old question—

"Can we hold revel here to-night?"

"Can you dance on glass and crockery sherds?" inquired the other. "Amelia's broken gimcracks are everywhere."

"Pshaw!" snorted the dwarf, frowning terribly; and when he came

to the fourth haycock he blew such an angry blast that the grass stalk split into seven pieces. But he met with no better success than before. Only the point of a hat came through the hay, and a feeble voice piped in tones of depression—"The broken threads would entangle our feet. It's all Amelia's fault. If we could only get hold of her!"

"If she's wise, she'll keep as far from these haycocks as she can," snarled the dwarf, angrily; and he shook his fist, as much as to say, "If she did come, I should not receive her very pleasantly."

Now with Amelia, to hear that she had better not do something, was to make her wish at once to do it; and as she was not at all wanting in courage, she pulled the dwarf's little cloak, just as she would have twitched her mother's shawl, and said (with that sort of snarly whine in which spoilt children generally speak)—"Why shouldn't I come to the haycocks if I want to? They belong to my papa, and I shall come if I like. But you have no business here."

"Nightshade and hemlock!" ejaculated the little man, "you are not lacking in impudence. Perhaps your Sauciness is not quite aware how things are distributed in this world?" saying which he lifted his pointed shoes and began to dance and sing—

"All under the sun belongs to men,
And all under the moon to the fairies.
So, so, so! Ho, ho, ho!
All under the moon to the fairies."

As he sang "Ho, ho, ho!" the little man turned head over heels; and though by this time Amelia would gladly have got away, she could not, for the dwarf seemed to dance and tumble round her, and always to cut off the chance of escape; whilst numberless voices from all around seemed to join in the chorus, with

"So, so, so! Ho, ho, ho!
All under the moon to the fairies."

"And now," said the little man, "to work! And you have plenty of work before you, so trip on, to the first haycock."

"I shan't!" said Amelia.

"On with you!" repeated the dwarf.

"I won't!" said Amelia.

But the little man, who was behind her, pinched her funny-bone

with his lean fingers, and, as everybody knows, that is agony; so Amelia ran on, and tried to get away. But when she went too fast, the dwarf trod on her heels with his long-pointed shoe, and if she did not go fast enough, he pinched her funny-bone. So for once in her life she was obliged to do as she was told. As they ran, tall hats and wizened faces were popped out on all sides of the haycocks, like blanched almonds on a tipsy cake; and whenever the dwarf pinched Amelia, or trod on her heels, they cried "Ho, ho, ho!" with such horrible contortions as they laughed, that it was hideous to behold.

"Here is Amelia!" shouted the dwarf when they reached the first haycock.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed all the others, as they poked out here and there from the hay.

"Bring a stock," said the dwarf: on which the hay was lifted, and out ran six or seven dwarfs, carrying what seemed to Amelia to be a little girl like herself. And when she looked closer, to her horror and surprise the figure was exactly like her—it was her own face, clothes, and everything.

"Shall we kick it into the house?" asked the goblins.

"No," said the dwarf; "lay it down by the haycock. The father and mother are coming to seek her now."

When Amelia heard this she began to shriek for help; but she was pushed into the haycock, where her loudest cries sounded like the chirruping of a grasshopper.

It was really a fine sight to see the inside of the cock.

Farmers do not like to see flowers in a hayfield, but the fairies do. They had arranged all the buttercups, &c. in patterns on the haywalls; bunches of meadowsweet swung from the roof like censers, and perfumed the air; and the oxeye daisies which formed the ceiling gave a light like stars. But Amelia cared for none of this. She only struggled to peep through the hay, and she did see her father and mother and nurse come down the lawn, followed by the other servants, looking for her. When they saw the stock they ran to raise it with exclamations of pity and surprise. The stock moaned faintly, and Amelia's mamma wept, and Amelia herself shouted with all her might.

"What's that?" said her mamma. (It is not easy to deceive a mother.)

"Only the grasshoppers, my dear," said papa. "Let us get the poor child home."

The stock moaned again, and the mother said, "Oh dear! oh dear-r-Ramelia!" and followed in tears.

"Rub her eyes," said the dwarf; on which Amelia's eyes were rubbed with some ointment, and when she took a last peep, she could see that the stock was nothing but a hairy imp, with a face like the oldest and most grotesque of apes.

"—— and send her below;" added the dwarf. On which the field opened, and Amelia was pushed underground.

She found herself on a sort of open heath, where no houses were to be seen. Of course there was no moonshine, and yet it was neither daylight nor dark. There was as the light of early dawn, and every sound was at once clear and dreamy, like the first sounds of the day coming through the fresh air before sunrise. Beautiful flowers crept over the heath, whose tints were constantly changing in the subdued light; and as the hues changed and blended, the flowers gave forth different perfumes. All would have been charming but that at every few paces the paths were blocked by large clothes-baskets full of dirty frocks. And the frocks were Amelia's. Torn, draggled, wet, covered with sand, mud, and dirt of all kinds, Amelia recognized them.

"You've got to wash them all," said the dwarf, who was behind her as usual; "that's what you've come down for—not because your society is particularly pleasant. So the sooner you begin the better."

"I can't," said Amelia (she had already learnt that "I won't" is not an answer for every one); "send them up to nurse, and she'll do them. It is her business."

"What nurse can do she has done, and now it's time for you to begin," said the dwarf. "Sooner or later the mischief done by spoilt children's wilful disobedience comes back on their own hands. Up to a certain point we help them, for we love children, and we are wilful ourselves. But there are limits to everything. If you can't wash your dirty frocks, it is time you learnt to do so, if only that you may know what the trouble is you impose on other people. *She* will teach you."

The dwarf kicked out his foot in front of him, and pointed with his long toe to a woman who sat by a fire made upon the heath, where a

pot was suspended from crossed poles. It was like a bit of a gipsy encampment, and the woman seemed to be a real woman, not a fairy—which was the case, as Amelia afterwards found. She had lived underground for many years, and was the dwarfs' servant.

And this was how it came about that Amelia had to wash her dirty frocks. Let any little girl try to wash one of her dresses; not to half wash it, not to leave it stained with dirty water, but to wash it quite clean. Let her then try to starch and iron it—in short, to make it look as if it had come from the laundress—and she will have some idea of what poor Amelia had to learn to do. There was no help for it. When she was working she very seldom saw the dwarfs; but if she were idle or stubborn, or had any hopes of getting away, one was sure to start up at her elbow and pinch her funny-bone, or poke her in the ribs, till she did her best. Her back ached with stooping over the wash-tub; her hands and arms grew wrinkled with soaking in hot soapsuds, and sore with rubbing. Whatever she did not know how to do, the woman of the heath taught her. At first, whilst Amelia was sulky, the woman of the heath was sharp and cross; but when Amelia became willing and obedient, she was good-natured, and even helped her.

The first time that Amelia felt hungry she asked for some food.

"By all means," said one of the dwarfs; "there is plenty down here which belongs to you;" and he led her away till they came to a place like the first, except that it was covered with plates of broken meats; all the bits of good meat, pie, pudding, bread and butter, &c., that Amelia had wasted beforetime.

"I can't eat cold scraps like these," said Amelia, turning away.

"Then what did you ask for food for before you were hungry?" screamed the dwarf, and he pinched her and sent her about her business.

After a while she became so famished that she was glad to beg humbly to be allowed to go for food; and she ate a cold chop and the remains of a rice pudding with thankfulness. How delicious they tasted! She was surprised herself at the good things she had rejected. After a time she fancied she would like to warm up some of the cold meat in a pan, which the woman of the heath used to cook her own dinner in, and she asked for leave to do so.

"You may do anything you like to make yourself comfortable, if

you do it yourself," said she; and Amelia, who had been watching her for many times, became quite expert in cooking up the scraps.

As there was no real daylight underground, so also there was no night. When the old woman was tired she lay down and had a nap, and when she thought that Amelia had earned a rest, she allowed her to do the same. It was never cold, and it never rained, so they slept on the heath among the flowers.

They say that "It's a long lane that has no turning," and the hardest tasks come to an end some time, and Amelia's dresses were clean at last; but then a more wearisome work was before her. They had to be mended. Amelia looked at the jagged rents made by the hedges; the great gaping holes in front where she had put her foot through; the torn tucks and gathers. First she wept, then she bitterly regretted that she had so often refused to do her sewing at home that she was very awkward with her needle. Whether she ever would have got through this task is doubtful; but she had by this time become so well-behaved and willing that the old woman was kind to her, and, pitying her blundering attempts, she helped her a great deal; whilst Amelia would cook the old woman's victuals, or repeat stories and pieces of poetry to amuse her.

"How glad I am that I ever learnt anything!" thought the poor child; "everything one learns seems to come in useful some time."

At last the dresses were finished.

"Do you think I shall be allowed to go home now?" Amelia asked of the woman of the heath.

"Not yet," said she; "you have got to mend the broken gimcracks next."

"But when I have done all my tasks," Amelia said; "will they let me go then?"

"That depends," said the woman, and she sat silent over the fire; but Amelia wept so bitterly, that she pitied her and said—"Only dry your eyes, for the fairies hate tears, and I will tell you all I know and do the best for you I can. You see, when you first came you were—excuse me!—such an unlicked cub; such a peevish, selfish, wilful, useless, and ill-mannered little miss, that neither the fairies nor anybody else were likely to keep you any longer than necessary. But now you are such a willing, handy, and civil little thing, and so pretty and graceful withal, that I think it is very likely that they will want

to keep you altogether. I think you had better make up your mind to it. They are kindly little folk, and will make a pet of you in the end."

"Oh, no! no!" moaned poor Amelia; "I want to be with my mother, my poor dear mother! I want to make up for being a bad child so long. Besides, surely that 'stock,' as they called her, will want to come back to her own people."

"As to that," said the woman, "after a time the stock will affect mortal illness, and will then take possession of the first black cat she sees, and in that shape leave the house, and come home. But the figure that is like you will remain lifeless in the bed, and will be duly buried. Then your people, believing you to be dead, will never look for you, and you will always remain here. However, as this distresses you so, I will give you some advice. Can you dance?"

"Yes," said Amelia; "I did attend pretty well to my dancing lessons. I was considered rather clever about it."

"At any spare moments you find," continued the woman, "dance, dance all your dances, and as well as you can. The dwarfs love dancing."

"And then?" said Amelia.

"Then, perhaps some night they will take you up to dance with them in the meadows above ground."

"But I could not get away. They would tread on my heels—oh! I could never escape them."

"I know that," said the woman; "your only chance is this. If ever, when dancing in the meadows, you can find a four-leaved clover, hold it in your hand and wish to be at home. Then no one can stop you. Meanwhile I advise you to seem happy, that they may think you are content, and have forgotten the world. And dance, above all, dance!"

And Amelia, not to be behindhand, began then and there to dance some pretty figures on the heath. As she was dancing the dwarf came by.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "you can dance, can you?"

"When I am happy, I can," said Amelia, performing several graceful movements as she spoke.

"What are you pleased about now?" snapped the dwarf, suspiciously.

"Have I not reason?" said Amelia. "The dresses are washed and mended."

"Then up with them!" returned the dwarf. On which half a dozen elves popped the whole lot into a big basket and kicked them up into the world, where they found their way to the right wardrobes somehow.

As the woman of the heath had said, Amelia was soon set to a new task. When she bade the old woman farewell, she asked if she could do nothing for her if ever she got at liberty herself.

"Can I do nothing to get you back to your old home?" Amelia cried, for she thought of others now as well as herself.

"No, thank you," returned the old woman; "I am used to this, and do not care to return. I have been here a long time—how long I do not know; for as there is neither daylight nor dark we have no measure of time—long, I am sure, very long. The light and noise up yonder would now be too much for me. But I wish you well, and, above all, remember to dance!"

The new scene of Amelia's labours was a more rocky part of the heath, where grey granite boulders served for seats and tables, and sometimes for workshops and anvils, as in one place, where a grotesque and grimy old dwarf sat forging rivets to mend china and glass. A fire in a hollow of the boulder served for a forge, and on the flatter part was his anvil. The rocks were covered in all directions with the knick-knacks, ornaments, &c., that Amelia had at various times destroyed.

"If you please, sir," she said to the dwarf, "I am Amelia."

The dwarf left off blowing at his forge and looked at her.

"Then I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself," said he.

"I am ashamed of myself," said poor Amelia, "very much ashamed. I should like to mend these things if I can."

"Well, you can't say more than that," said the dwarf, in a mollified tone, for he was a kindly little creature; "bring that china bowl here, and I'll show you how to set to work."

Poor Amelia did not get on very fast, but she tried her best. As to the dwarf, it was truly wonderful to see how he worked. Things seemed to mend themselves at his touch, and he was so proud of his skill, and so particular, that he generally did over again the things which Amelia had done after her fashion. The first time he gave her a few minutes in which to rest and amuse herself she held out her little skirt, and began one of her prettiest dances.

"Rivets and trivets!" shrieked the little man, "How you dance!

It is charming! I say it is charming! On with you! Fa, la fa! La, fa la! It gives me the fidgets in my shoe points to see you!" and forthwith down he jumped, and began capering about.

"I am a good dancer myself," said the little man. "Do you know the 'Hop, Skip, and a Jump' dance?"

"I do not think I do," said Amelia.

"It is much admired," said the dwarf, "when I dance it;" and he thereupon tucked up the little leathern apron in which he worked and performed some curious antics on one leg.

"That is the Hop," he observed, pausing for a moment. The Skip is thus. You throw out your left leg as high and as far you can, and as you drop on the toe of your left foot you fling out the right leg in the same manner, and so on. This is the Jump," with which he turned a somersault and disappeared from view. When Amelia next saw him he was sitting cross-legged on his boulder.

"Good, wasn't it?" he said.

"Wonderful!" Amelia replied.

"Now it's your turn again," said the dwarf.

But Amelia cunningly replied—"I'm afraid I must go on with my work."

"Pshaw!" said the little tinker. "Give me your work. I can do more in a minute than you in a month, and better to boot. Now dance again."

"Do you know this?" said Amelia, and she danced a few paces of a polka mazurka.

"Admirable!" cried the little man. "Stay"—and he drew an old violin from behind the rock; "now dance again, and mark the time well, so that I may catch the measure, and then I will accompany you."

Which accordingly he did, improvising a very spirited tune, which had, however, the peculiar subdued and weird effect of all the other sounds in this strange region.

"The fiddle came from up yonder," said the little man. "It was smashed to atoms in the world and thrown away. But, ho, ho, ho! There is nothing that I cannot mend, and a mended fiddle is an amended fiddle. It improves the tone. Now teach me that dance, and I will patch up all the rest of the gimcracks. Is it a bargain?"

"By all means," said Amelia; and she began to explain the dance to the best of her ability.

"Charming, charming!" cried the dwarf. "We have no such dance ourselves. We only dance hand in hand, and round and round, when we dance together. Now I will learn the step, and then I will put my arm round your waist and dance with you."

Amelia looked at the dwarf. He was very smutty, and old, and weazened. Truly, a queer partner! But "handsome is that handsome does;" and he had done her a good turn. So when he had learnt the step, he put his arm round Amelia's waist, and they danced together. His shoe points were very much in the way, but otherwise he danced very well.

Then he set to work on the broken ornaments, and they were all very soon "as good as new." But they were not kicked up into the world, for, as the dwarfs said, they would be sure to break on the road. So they kept them and used them; and I fear that no benefit came from the little tinker's skill to Amelia's mamma's acquaintance in this matter.

"Have I any other tasks?" Amelia inquired.

"One more," said the dwarfs; and she was led farther on to a smooth mossy green, thickly covered with what looked like bits of broken thread. One would think it had been a milliner's work-room from the first invention of needles and threads.

"What are these?" Amelia asked.

"They are the broken threads of all the conversations you have interrupted," was the reply; "and pretty dangerous work it is to dance here now, with threads getting round one's shoe points. Dance a hornpipe in a herring-net, and you'll know what it is!"

Amelia began to pick up the threads, but it was tedious work. She had cleared a yard or two, and her back was aching terribly, when she heard the fiddle and the mazurka behind her; and looking round she saw the old dwarf, who was playing away, and making the most hideous grimaces as his chin pressed the violin.

"Dance, my lady, dance!" he shouted.

"I do not think I can," said Amelia; "I am so weary with stooping over my work."

"Then rest a few minutes," he answered, "and I will play you a jig. A jig is a beautiful dance, such life, such spirit! So!"

And he played faster and faster, his arm, his face, his fiddle-bow all seemed working together; and as he played, the threads danced themselves into three heaps.

"That is not bad, is it?" said the dwarf; "and now for our own dance," and he played the mazurka. "Get the measure well into your head. Lâ, la fâ lâ! Lâ, la fâ lâ! So!"

And throwing away his fiddle, he caught Amelia round the waist, and they danced as before. After which, she had no difficulty in putting the three heaps of thread into a basket.

"Where are these to be kicked to?" asked the young goblins.

"To the four winds of heaven," said the old dwarf. "There are very few drawing-room conversations worth putting together a second time. They are not like old china bowls."

BY MOONLIGHT.

Thus Amelia's tasks were ended; but not a word was said of her return home. The dwarfs were now very kind, and made so much of her that it was evident that they meant her to remain with them. Amelia often cooked for them, and she danced and played with them, and never showed a sign of discontent; but her heart ached for home, and when she was alone she would bury her face in the flowers and cry for her mother.

One day she overheard the dwarfs in consultation.

"The moon is full to-morrow," said one—"Then I have been a month down here," thought Amelia; "it was full moon that night"—"shall we dance in the Mary Meads?"

"By all means," said the old tinker dwarf; "and we will take Amelia, and dance my dance."

"Is it safe?" said another.

"Look how content she is," said the old dwarf; "and, oh! how she dances; my feet tickle at the bare thought."

"The ordinary run of mortals do not see us," continued the objector; "but she is visible to any one. And there are men and women who wander in the moonlight, and the Mary Meads are near her old home."

"I will make her a hat of touchwood," said the old dwarf, "so that even if she is seen it will look like a will-o'-the-wisp bobbing up and down. If she does not come, I will not. I must dance my dance. You do not know what it is! We two alone move together with a grace which even here is remarkable. But when I think that up yonder we shall have attendant shadows echoing our movements, I long for the moment to arrive."

"So be it," said the others; and Amelia wore the touchwood hat, and went up with them to the Mary Meads.

Amelia and the dwarf danced the mazurka, and their shadows, now as short as themselves, then long and gigantic, danced beside them. As the moon went down, and the shadows lengthened, the dwarf was in raptures.

"When one sees how colossal one's very shadow is," he remarked, "one knows one's true worth. You also have a good shadow. We are partners in the dance, and I think we will be partners for life. But I have not fully considered the matter, so this is not to be regarded as a formal proposal." And he continued to dance, singing, "Lâ, la fâ lâ, lâ, la fâ lâ." It was highly admired.

The Mary Meads lay a little below the house where Amelia's parents lived, and once during the night her father, who was watching by the sick bed of the stock, looked out of the window.

"How lovely the moonlight is!" he murmured; "but, dear me! there is a will-o'-the-wisp yonder. I had no idea the Mary Meads were so damp." Then he pulled the blind down and went back into the room.

As for poor Amelia, she found no four-leaved clover, and at cock-crow they all went underground.

"We will dance on Hunch Hill to-morrow," said the dwarfs.

All went as before; not a clover plant of any kind did Amelia see, and at cockcrow the revel broke up.

On the following night they danced in the hayfield. The old stubble was now almost hidden by green clover. There was a grand fairy dance—a round dance, which does not mean, as with us, a dance for two partners, but a dance where all join hands and dance round and round in a circle with appropriate antics. Round they went, faster and faster, the pointed shoes now meeting in the centre like the spokes of a wheel, now kicked out behind like spikes, and then scamper, caper, hurry! They seemed to fly, when suddenly the ring broke at one corner, and nothing being stronger than its weakest point, the whole circle were sent flying over the field.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the dwarfs, for they are good-humoured little folk, and do not mind a tumble.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Amelia, for she had fallen with her fingers on a four-leaved clover.

She put it behind her back, for the old tinker dwarf was coming up to her, wiping the mud from his face with his leathern apron.

"Now for our dance!" he shrieked. "And I have made up my mind—partners now and partners always. You are incomparable. For three hundred years I have not met with your equal."

But Amelia held the four-leaved clover above her head, and cried from her very heart—"I want to go home!"

The dwarf gave a hideous yell of disappointment, and at this instant the stock came tumbling head over heels into the midst, crying—"Oh! the pills, the powders, and the draughts! oh, the lotions and embrocations! oh, the blisters, the poultices, and the plasters! men may well be so short-lived!"

And Amelia found herself in bed in her own home.

AT HOME AGAIN.

By the side of Amelia's bed stood a little table, on which were so many big bottles of medicine, that Amelia smiled to think of all the stock must have had to swallow during the month past. There was an open Bible on 'it too, in which Amelia's mother was reading, whilst tears trickled slowly down her pale cheeks. The poor lady looked so thin and ill, so worn with sorrow and watching, that Amelia's heart smote her, as if some one had given her a sharp blow.

"Mamma, mamma! Mother, my dear, dear mother!"

The tender, humble, loving tone of voice was so unlike Amelia's old imperious snarl, that her mother hardly recognised it; and when she saw Amelia's eyes full of intelligence instead of the delirium of fever, and that (though older and thinner and rather pale) she looked wonderfully well, the poor worn-out lady could hardly restrain herself from falling into hysterics for very joy.

"Dear mamma, I want to tell you all about it," said Amelia, kissing the kind hand that stroked her brow.

But it appeared that the doctor had forbidden conversation; and though Amelia knew it would do her no harm, she yielded to her mother's wish and lay still and silent.

"Now, my love, it is time to take your medicine."

But Amelia pleaded—"Oh, mamma, indeed I don't want any medicine. I am quite well, and would like to get up."

"Ah, my dear child!" cried her mother, "what I have suffered in

inducing you to take your medicine, and yet see what good it has done you."

"I hope you will never suffer any more from my wilfulness," said Amelia; and she swallowed two table-spoonsful of a mixture labelled "To be well shaken before taken" without even a wry face.

Presently the doctor came.

"You're not so very angry at the sight of me to-day, my little lady, eh?" he said.

"I have not seen you for a long time," said Amelia; "but I know you have been here, attending a stock who looked like me. If your eyes had been touched with fairy ointment, however, you would have been aware that it was a fairy imp, and a very ugly one, covered with hair. I have been living in terror lest it should go back underground in the shape of a black cat. However, thanks to the four-leaved clover, and the old woman of the heath, I am at home again."

On hearing this rhodomontade, Amelia's mother burst into tears, for she thought the poor child was still raving with fever. But the doctor smiled pleasantly, and said—"Ay, ay, to be sure," with a little nod, as one should say, "We know all about it;" and laid two fingers in a casual manner on Amelia's wrist.

"But she is wonderfully better, madam," he said afterwards to her mamma; "the brain has been severely tried, but she is marvellously improved: in fact, it is an effort of nature, a most favourable effort, and we can but assist the rally; we will change the medicine." Which he did, and very wisely assisted nature with a bottle of pure water flavoured with tincture of roses.

"And it was so very kind of him to give me his directions in poetry," said Amelia's mamma; "for I told him my memory, which is never good, seemed going completely, from anxiety, and if I had done anything wrong just now, I should never have forgiven myself. And I always found poetry easier to remember than prose,"—which puzzled everybody, the doctor included, till it appeared that she had ingeniously discovered a rhyme in his orders

"To be kept cool and quiet,
With light nourishing diet."

Under which treatment Amelia was soon pronounced to be well.

She made another attempt to relate her adventures, but she found that not even nurse would believe in them.

"Why you told me yourself I might meet with the fairies," said Amelia, reproachfully.

"So I did, my dear," nurse replied, "and they say that it's that put it into your head. And I'm sure what you say about the dwarfs and all is as good as a printed book, though you can't think that ever I would have let any dirty clothes store up like that, let alone your frocks, my dear. But for pity sake, Miss Amelia, don't go on about it to your mother, for she thinks you'll never get your senses right again, and she has fretted enough about you, poor lady; and nursed you night and day till she is nigh worn out. And anybody can see you've been ill, miss, you've grown so, and look paler and older like. Well, to be sure, as you say, if you'd been washing and working for a month in a place without a bit of sun, or a bed to lie on, and scraps to eat, it would be enough to do it; and many's the poor child that has to, and gets worn and old before her time. But, my dear, whatever you think, give in to your mother; you'll never repent giving in to your mother, my dear, the longest day you live."

So Amelia kept her own counsel. But she had one confidant.

When her parents brought the stock home on the night of Amelia's visit to the haycocks, the bull-dog's conduct had been most strange. His usual good-humour appeared to have been exchanged for incomprehensible fury, and he was with difficulty prevented from flying at the stock, who on her part showed an anger and dislike fully equal to his.

Finally the bull-dog had been confined to the stable, where he remained the whole month, uttering from time to time such howls, with his snub nose in the air, that poor nurse quite gave up hope of Amelia's recovery.

"For indeed, my dear, they do say that a howling dog is a sign of death, and it was more than I could abear."

But the day after Amelia's return, as nurse was leaving the room with a tray which had carried some of the light nourishing diet ordered by the doctor, she was knocked down, tray and all, by the bull-dog, who came tearing into the room, dragging a chain and dirty rope after him, and nearly choked by the desperate efforts which had finally effected his escape from the stable. And he jumped straight on to the end of Amelia's bed, where he lay, *thudding* with his tail, and giving short whines of ecstasy. And as Amelia begged that he

might be left, and as it was evident that he would bite any one who tried to take him away, he became established as chief nurse. When Amelia's meals were brought to the bedside on a tray, he kept a fixed eye on the plates, as if to see if her appetite were improving. And he would even take a snack himself, with an air of great affability.

And when Amelia told him her story, she could see by his eyes, and his nose, and his ears, and his tail, and the way he growled whenever the stock was mentioned, that he knew all about it. As, on the other hand, he had no difficulty in conveying to her by sympathetic whines the sentiment "Of course I would have helped you if I could; but they tied me up, and this disgusting old rope has taken me a month to worry through."

So, in spite of the past, Amelia grew up good and gentle, unselfish and considerate for others. She was unusually clever, as those who have been with the "Little People" are said always to be.

And she became so popular with her mother's acquaintances that they said—"We will no longer call her Amelia, for it is a name we learnt to dislike, but we will call her Amy, that is to say, 'Beloved.'"


* * * * *

"And did my godmother's grandmother believe that Amelia had really been with the fairies, or did she think it was all fever ravings?"

"That, indeed, she never said, but she always observed that it was a pleasant tale with a good moral, which was surely enough for anybody."

J. H. E.

"THE CITY OF THE SULTANS."

HEN history connects itself with great cities, which have survived all changes and attacks of man and time—which contain monuments of former greatness, or goodness, or wickedness—I think we are generally inclined to attach more importance to its stories—our interest is more awakened to the truth and reality of what we hear. For instance, there is a great controversy going on among very learned men, which would probably be set quite at rest by the discovery of the ruins of a certain town known as Troy; and because they are unable to find a few remnants of walls and battlements on the coast of the Thracian Gulf, many wise writers have come to the

conclusion that all the beautiful descriptions of Homer in his "Iliad" were merely creations of the poet's brain, or collections of fables turned into verse; and that none of those Grecian heroes ever lived, or loved, or fought, or avenged the honour of their country on the plains of Thrace. I don't say that there are no other arguments; but this is one of the strongest.

Cities must always be the monuments of history, like cemeteries, where dead thoughts and actions lie buried.

We say of Athens, and the Grecian cities: "It was here that civilisation first centered and clung to light when all around was dark." Of Rome: "It was here, on this very spot perhaps, that the burning eloquence of Cicero, which has survived to our time, was poured forth. It was here that laws were framed for all the world;" and so we might continue until we got tired of moralising.

I am going to write something about Constantinople, a city which has passed through some very remarkable changes in a brief space of time, and has played no inconsiderable part in the history of Europe.

I think every one ought to know where Constantinople is, so I will go on to say that it was anciently called Byzantium. How it came to be called Constantinople I shall tell you presently.

Its early history is very obscure, but it is nearly certain that it was a Grecian settlement, and we know that Grecian dialects were spoken there at a very early time. Pliny the historian tells us that its harbour was called the "Golden Horn," on account of the great riches derived from the fish which were caught there.

Long before the birth of Christ, Byzantium became an important place, as it was situated at the entrance of the Black Sea, and many trading-vessels called there on their way to the Mediterranean.

For the shores of the Black Sea supplied corn for the consumption of Greece and Italy: this is still the case.

Although Byzantium was a Grecian settlement, we find it mentioned as being frequently captured and recaptured by different Grecian states.

It belonged to Sparta, when Xenophon passed through it, on his way home with the remnant of the ten thousand Greeks whom he had so skilfully conducted through so many perils.

He had gone with his countrymen to help Cyrus the Persian against his brother Artaxerxes, and when Cyrus was killed, had to choose between retreat and dishonourable submission. He chose the former. Xenophon

himself has written an account of their adventures in a barren and hostile part of Asia, until they recrossed the Hellespont and reached their own country; but this should be the subject of a separate paper (B.C. 400).

Another great man visited Byzantium about fifty years afterwards. Philip, King of Macedon, made an unsuccessful attempt to take it by siege; and it was said that the town was saved from being surprised by a bright light which suddenly appeared in the sky, which revealed and dismayed their enemies.

The inhabitants, out of gratitude, built an altar and shrine to Artemis, or Diana, and assumed the crescent as the emblem of their city (Diana being, of course, the huntress with the silver bow—the crescent moon).

You will see afterwards how the crescent had to give way to the cross for a time, though the cross has again been banished, and the crescent is still the emblem of Constantinople.

Alexander the Great was more successful than Philip, and succeeded in subduing Byzantium for the Macedonians, though it afterwards regained its independence.

From its position it was subject to attacks both from Asiatic marauders who wished to cross into Europe, and the Northern barbarians who overran the south of Europe and extended their ravages into Asia (270 B.C.).

The people of ancient Byzantium seem to have resembled in many respects those of the modern Constantinople.

They appear to have been idle and dissipated—to have passed their time principally in lounging about and gossiping in the public squares and market-places.

The further charge of cowardice has also been brought against them. Perhaps in comparing them with the Turks in this respect we are rather exaggerating the indolent character of the latter, who certainly showed no lack of bravery in the Crimean war some few years ago.

You see these old Byzantines were not only a mixed race, but the population was very unsettled, and constantly coming and going. It was a place of call for sailors of all nations; and it is quite certain that mixed races pick up more vices than they do virtues.

In a community like this, there could be very little law or order, and we are told that the inhabitants thought of little else but indulging in all kinds of license and luxury.

More than half the houses were what we should call public houses; and when the town was besieged by the Macedonians, the only way of keeping people on the walls was by establishing drinking-booths there.

The government—such as it was—was a democracy; that is, the people were governed by representatives elected by themselves.

Such are some of the earliest accounts of Byzantium, a city which had not, at the time of which I write, attained any particular importance.

It was reserved for Rome to discover and improve the resources of this town, until it became, what it had never been to Greece, an important part of her dominion.

And the first step happened in this way. The people of Byzantium, wishing to separate themselves from the Macedonians, formed an alliance with the Romans; and the usual historical result followed, viz., that the Romans, not content with helping Byzantium, were determined to take possession of it altogether.

This was not effected all at once; but it was not very long before tributes were imposed on the people and a governor appointed.

When the Byzantines remonstrated with Vespasian (the father of Titus, who took Jerusalem), he answered that it was fitting they should be enslaved as they had forgotten how to be free.

This happened soon after the birth of Christ.

During the next three hundred years the history of Byzantium presents one succession of rebellious sieges and massacres; for although the Romans did much to improve the town itself by erecting and beautifying public works and buildings, yet they treated the inhabitants on many occasions with great harshness and cruelty.

It would take much too long to give an account of the dissensions and struggles among the Romans themselves, which took place during this period, and which were the making of Constantinople; but when Constantine, who has been called the first Christian Roman emperor, defeated his rival Licinius, he was so struck with the beautiful situation of Byzantium, that he caused to be built, on one side of it, a town, which he called *Nea Roma*, or *New Rome*; and this, under the name of Constantinople—the city of Constantine—became the capital of the Roman empire.

The Christian religion had by this time (A.D. 330) spread widely, in spite of persecutions under many Roman emperors, and the new town

was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Christian temples were built, and the heathen and dissipated Byzantium was supplemented by the Christian Constantinople. When I said that Constantine was *called* the first Christian emperor, I meant that he was only a Christian in name, and as a matter of policy. Although horribly wicked according to our ideas, he was wise enough to see that his advantage would lie in professing Christianity, and abolishing, as much as possible, superstition and ignorance. He was one of those men who have been clearly made use of by the Divine Power to further His great ends, and who seem to have been gifted with the power of using human reason rightly, though they themselves knew not what they were doing.

In time Constantinople came to be almost the centre of Christianity. Councils of bishops were held there to settle disputes and points of faith; and it seems to us quite possible that Constantinople might have held to-day the place which Rome now claims to hold in the Catholic Church—but it was not to be so.

There arose suddenly in Arabia, and poured over Asia, a power which threatened at one time to overthrow Christianity altogether.

It will be as well to give as short an account as I can of the causes which led to the third great change in the constitution and religion of Constantinople.

As in former times, the change was not altogether brought about by religion, but partly by ambition and love of conquest in the people who brought it about.

Mahomet, or Mohammed, or Muhammed, as he is variously called, was the son of a camel-driver at Mecca, in Arabia. When you are a little older you can read the very delightful book which Mr. Southey has written about him, and you will see how it was that he came to be considered and treated as the prophet of a new religion.

That religion, and the book (al Koran) which contains its precepts, bear many proofs of being merely copies partly from the Jewish and partly from the Christian faith and Bible. However that may be, Mahomet soon gained many followers in Arabia and the districts round, and, not content with this, became ambitious of invading other countries, and forcing his doctrines on them by means of the sword; and when he died, this became the great object of his followers and successors. He died about the year 631 A.D.

These Moslems, or Mussulmen, as they were called, soon began first

to overrun Syria and the Holy Land, and captured Jerusalem, which they have retained till the present time, except during about ninety years after the Crusades. They next overran and conquered Egypt, which also they still retain.

They now began to be called by the general name of Turks, and their various conquests were placed under regular government.

The Turkish arms were now turned towards Europe; and naturally Constantinople was the first object of attention. It was taken in the onward progress of the invaders, and very soon became their capital. Christian worship was abolished, and Christian temples turned into Turkish mosques. Instead of bells to call the people to church, men called "Muezzins" shouted to prayer from the pinnacles of the mosques.

In course of time the Turks adopted as their emblem the ancient crescent of Byzantium, which in its turn replaced the cross, and was borne against it in many a bloody battle.

I need hardly tell you that the Turkey of to-day is not the vigorous empire which could once defy the whole of Europe.

Civilization has rolled away westward, and other and mightier nations have gained strength, while Turkey was slowly losing it; but in many respects Constantinople, "the city of the Sultans," has altered very little. Its people are still the same idle, lounging, pleasure-seeking crowd, its streets are still thronged by crowds from all nations, and there is still the same want of fear of the law and respect for order.

Their religion tells them that all things are settled by fate. Therefore, says the Turk, folding his hands, "Whatever is is right: it is the will of God." "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Such is a brief account of some remarkable events connected with the city of the Sultans, and I hope that in trying to be instructive have not become dull instead.

GEORGE CARRINGTON.



WHAT ONE CAN INVENT.

By Hans Christian Andersen.

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who was very anxious to be a poet; he wanted to become one by the following Easter, then he would marry and live by making poetry, which, as he knew, consisted merely in invention. But he could not invent. He was born too late; every subject had been taken up before he came into the world; everything in it had been put into poetry and written about.

"Ah! those lucky fellows who were born a thousand years ago!" said he. "How easily could they become immortal! Lucky were they even who were born a hundred years ago, when there was still something left to write poetry about; now-a-days the world is completely used up as far as poetry is concerned; how should I write any into it?"

He mused over it so long, that he became, poor creature, quite ill and stupid. Not a doctor could do him any good;—but possibly the wise woman might. She lived in the little house close by the field gate, which she used to open for those who drove or rode that way. But she knew well enough how to open more than the gate; she was wiser than the doctor who rides in his own carriage and pays title-tax.

"I must away to her," said the young man.

The house she lived in was small and cleanly, but a dreary place to look at; not a tree nor a flower grew near it. There was a beehive just outside the door—very useful! a small potato-field—very useful! and a ditch, with a sloe-tree which had finished blossoming, and bore fruit, such as draws the mouth together if one tastes it before it has been nipped by the frost.

"Here I see the embodiment of our unpoetic age!" thought the young man; and it was at any rate a thought—a grain of gold that he had found at the wise woman's threshold.

"Write that down," said she; "crumbs are bread, too. I know why you came here; you can't invent, and yet you want to be a poet by Easter."

"Everything is written down," said he; "our time is not like the olden time."

"No," said the woman; "in the olden time wise women were burnt, and poets went about with empty stomachs and holes at their elbows. The present time is very good—indeed it is better than any; but you do not look at the matter in the proper way: you have not opened your ears, and you never say your prayers of an evening. There is abundance of all manner of things to tell and to write poetry about, when one only knows how to tell them. You may extract them from the growth and produce of the earth, draw them from the running or the still water; but you must understand all about it—understand how to catch a sunbeam. Now, do just try my spectacles for once; put my ear-trumpet to your ear, then say your prayers and leave off thinking about yourself."

The last was very difficult to do; more than a wise woman could expect.

He took the spectacles and the ear-trumpet, and forthwith was posted in the middle of the potato-field; she put a large potato into his hand: there was a sound inside it, then came a song with words, a potato-history, very interesting — a story of common life in ten chapters; ten lines, however, were enough.

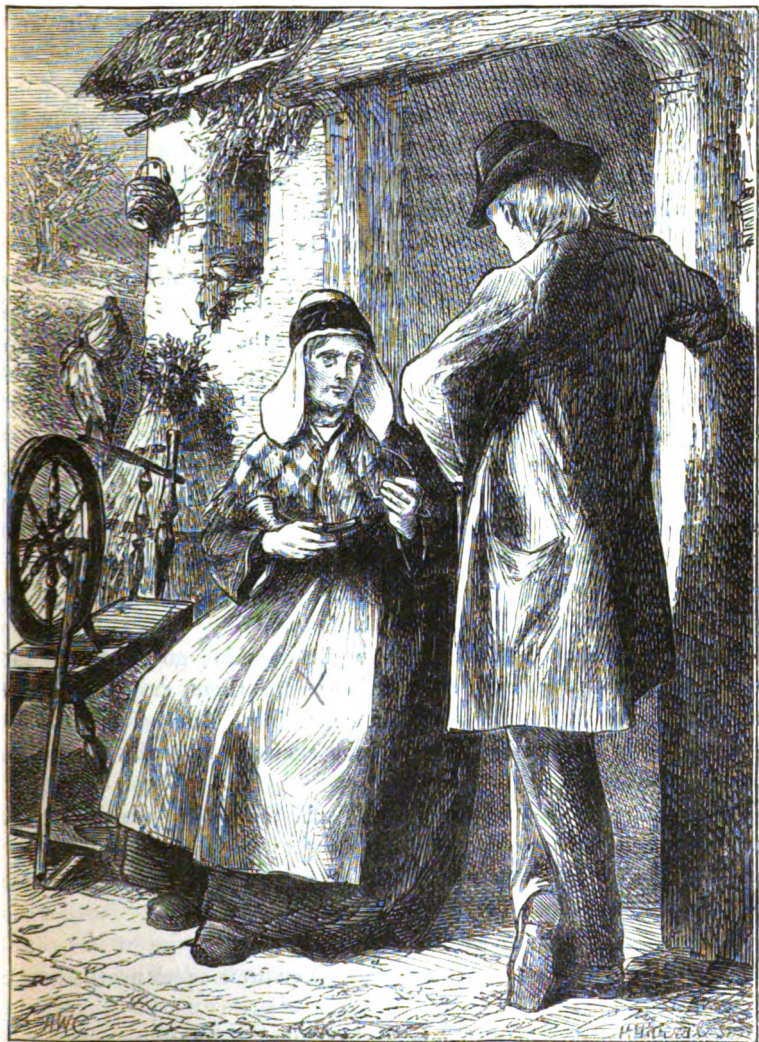
And what sang the potato?

It sang about itself and its family; about the arrival of the potato in Europe, the prejudice it had experienced, and the sufferings it had undergone, before it stood acknowledged, as it is now, to be a greater boon than a lump of gold.

"We were distributed by order of the king at all the town-halls; a circular was sent about setting forth our great utility; but people did not believe in it; at first they did not even know how to plant us. One would dig a hole and throw the whole of his bushel of potatoes into it. Another would stick a potato here and there deep into the soil, and then expect that it would shoot up into a complete tree, from which the potatoes might be shaken down. In due time would come the plant and flowers and the watery berries, then it withered away: no one thought of what lay in the soil—the blessing—the potatoes. Yes, we have had trials and suffering, that is to say, our forefathers, and so we—for it comes to the same thing. There's a story for you."

"Yes, that is quite enough," said the woman. "Now look at the sloe-tree."

"We, too," said the sloe-tree, "have some near relations in the



potato's native land, but more towards the north than where they grow; and there came Norsemen from Norway, and they steered west-

ward through fog and storm till they came to the unknown land, where beyond ice and snow they found plants and green leaves, bushes with the bluish-black fruit of the vine—sloes which the frost turned into ripe grapes—as we are. And they gave the land the names, Vineland, Greenland, and Sloeland.”

“That is quite a romantic narrative,” said the young man.

“Well, now come with me,” said the wise woman; and she conducted him to the beehive. He looked in; what life and activity! Bees were posted in all the avenues, fanning with their wings, in order to keep a wholesome current of air through all the large factory; that was their business. Then from the outside arrived bees, born with panniers on their legs; they brought flower-dust, which was shaken out, sorted, and prepared for honey or wax; some were coming, some going. The queen-bee wanted to fly too, but then they would all have had to go with her, and it was not yet the proper time; but fly she would, so they bit off her majesty’s wings, and then she was obliged to stay.

“Now climb up the side of the ditch,” said the wise woman; “come and look out into the high road, where there are some people to be seen.”

“That was a swarming multitude,” said the young man. “Story upon story! what a buzzing and murmuring! I see nothing but black spots before my eyes! I am falling backwards!”

“No,” said the old woman, “go straightforwards; go right into the swarm of men; keep eyes and ears open for them, and your heart too, and so you will quickly invent something. But before you go, I must have my spectacles and ear-tube again.” And she took them both away from him.

“Now I do not see anything at all,” said the young man; “now I hear nothing more.”

“Well, in that case you cannot be a poet by Easter,” said the wise woman.

“How soon, then?” he asked.

“Neither by Easter nor Whitsuntide. You do not pick up the knack of inventing.”

“What shall I do, then, to get a living out of poetry?”

“That you may manage to do before Shrovetide! Abuse the poets, hit their writings, and you hit them, only don’t let yourself be

frightened; strike quickly, and you will get dumplings enough for both yourself and your wife to live on."


"How some people can invent!" said the young man; and so, since he could not be a poet himself, he abused all the rest who were poets.

This we have from the wise woman. She knows what can be invented.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER VII.

TREASURE LOST.



ELL, Angus, said Mrs. Ramsey, as she stood with her husband and Morten on the Himmelsbjerg, "you must allow that this is pretty, after all." Beneath them lay miniature lakes strung upon the placid river, the Guden, like birds' eggs on a thread; around spread the hills, one crowned with dark pines, another plumed with feathery beech, a third wearing a patchwork garment of squares of clover, red and yellow. Beyond them stretched the purple moorland. "And how pleasant are the sounds," continued she, "that come up to us through the stillness! Morten, what birds are those that seem to be answering each other out of the juniper bushes?"

"They are heath-larks, and you may hear also the wild duck's scream, and the water hen's 'cluck, cluck!' down below."

"Ah! and what is more musical—the stroke of the fishermen's oars on the lake, and their voices: what are they singing?"

"Their evening hymn," said Morten. "There are salmon in the lake, and pike, and other fish besides. Once, too, there were wolves in these parts, and wild boars; folk used to dig pits for them."

"We must make haste back," said Mr. Ramsey; "do you not hear the bells?" And as he spoke, from a dozen churches beneath, the sunset bells began to chime. Anxious to reach an inn before evening on little Alec's account, the three made their way through the wood-wilderness that covers the sides of the Himmelsbjerg as quickly as they could. They found the child in an ecstasy of delight at what he had heard and seen during their absence. Kirstin had pointed out to him a whole family of fox-cubs, sitting on the heath at play together

only a little way off from him, and he had sat so still, not to frighten them away. Little dormice he had also seen, scampering from under the bracken; and a great eagle had hovered in the air high above him; and he had seen black storks in their nest in the tree; so shy and wild the black storks were, they would not build on the tops of houses like their white-feathered cousins. And Kirstin had gathered for him a bouquet of wild flowers; and a gipsy woman, so tall, with such fierce black eyes, had passed by, dressed in a red gown; and he had felt quite frightened because she looked at him, only Kirstin was there, and he knew Kirstin would never let him be carried away. So the time had not seemed long, though the carriage had been left standing two hours.

In fact, Alec did not suffer from the fatigue of the journey; it rather seemed to strengthen him, and certainly he enjoyed it. Mrs. Ramsey enjoyed herself too, and so did Kirstin, and Mr. Ramsey was very glad of Morten's assistance and advice. But the young man himself, after the first day, felt disappointed. He had little satisfaction in his old playmate's society, for she seemed to get more and more wrapped up in Mrs. Ramsey and the child, and to have eyes and ears for no one else. Kirstin was indeed very full of the idea that she must soon lose those she loved so dearly, and was, in consequence, anxious to miss no opportunity of rendering them any service, ever so trifling, and of testifying her affection in every possible way. The child had become very much attached to her, and his mother was revolving in her mind a plan, the advantages of which should reconcile the fisherman to parting with his daughter, and thus retaining her services for Alec's benefit.

It was on the evening of the fourth day after they had started on their excursion that Kirstin was, as agreed beforehand, left at her father's door, the carriage then proceeding straight to the Parsonage, for it was late, and Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey proposed paying Michael Ericksen a visit early the following morning. They came accordingly, and found Kirstin engaged in her housework; but her eyes were red and swollen, and on seeing them she started and fled to her own room. No one was there to receive them but the old grandfather, and between him and Mrs. Ramsey communication was impossible: her husband, with some trouble, elicited the information that the fisherman would soon be in, and sat down on one of the wooden settles to await Michael's return, while Esther went in pursuit of Kirstin. The poor girl was found

kneeling beside her bed in an agony of tears, and Mrs. Ramsey coming close behind her, spent some time soothing her with her soft voice and caresses before she was able to compose herself and give an account of her trouble.

Kirstin had to begin her history with the night on which she had brought poor old Signete from the churchyard and let her sleep in her father's cottage, contrary to his wish. It appeared that during her late absence from home, Signete had again been in the neighbourhood, and had, it was reported, been seen prowling about their cottage, the spade in her hand with which she was wont, with all the little strength her poor nerveless arms retained, to turn over the earth in the churchyards. Michael, on hearing this, had dug in the spot where he had secreted an earthen pot filled with his savings. The pot and its contents were gone. Kirstin, on her arrival home the night before, had been received with a violent storm of anger on her father's part, and with scarcely less vehement reproaches from her brother, both of them considering she was the cause of their misfortune, in having brought Signete to the house six weeks ago. "Oh, it is dreadful!" sighed the innocent girl; "father says he cannot now send Hans to school and the university. Hans says his chance for life is gone, and all through my fault." And she could not restrain herself; she began weeping again, though less violently than before, her head laid upon Mrs. Ramsey's shoulder.

Esther let her alone a few minutes, only clasping her closely, and then said, "But, Kirstin, are you sure that it is Signete who has taken the money?"

"Indeed I do not believe she has taken it," replied poor Kirstin; "what good could money do her? and it never was heard that she took the least thing from the different houses where she has been sheltered: nobody ever thought of suspecting her before—only Hans took a dislike to her, and father never liked anybody to be in his house: but I did not think it was because of his savings."

"Do you know of any one else who was likely to rob your father?" asked Mrs. Ramsey.

"No." Kirstin could not think who could have done it; after a little while, however, she in some measure regained her composure and returned with her kind friend to the kitchen. They found Mr. Ramsey and Michael in earnest conversation.

"It is not only," the latter was saying, "on account of my son's education that I regret this loss; the little portion I had reserved for my daughter is gone too."

"Oh, father, do not think of that!" exclaimed the girl, springing to her father's side, and venturing, though timidly, to lay her hand on his shoulder. He did not shake it off, though he appeared not to notice her, and Kirstin felt that his anger was softening.

Mrs. Ramsey went up to her husband and whispered in his ear. "It is just what I am going to speak about," he said. "I have little doubt but that your lost treasure will be found; but that is no reason why I should not make the proposal I had planned before I heard of your misfortune. I have had some little talk both with the schoolmaster and your son; I can see for myself that he has great quickness of apprehension and powers of application, and Mr. Gröndel gives him an excellent character: he tells me Hans is quite fit for a higher class school. I will, if you approve, undertake to defray his school expenses at Copenhagen for the next three years, and after that time consider what will be most for his advantage. Of course his future calling will be determined by his own exertions and the peculiar bent of his talents."

Michael had slowly raised his eyes to the speaker's face; and seemed to have some difficulty in taking in his meaning. Mr. Ramsey repeated his offer in nearly the same words, and Kirstin was looking beseechingly at her father when he got up from his seat, and with his usual bluntness began saying, "I do not know how to thank you, Mr. Ramsey."

"Then," interrupted the merchant with a smile, "do not thank me at all, and do not answer me at once. Only do me the favour to talk the matter over with your son. As I said before, there is no knowing what he may take a fancy for by-and-by: he may prefer being a clerk in my office with a fair salary to the uncertain success of a learned profession. And remember any how, that we owe to the exertions of you and your family and friends our very lives, so that in any case we must still be your debtors. Moreover, my wife will not be satisfied unless I make one more effort to rob you of your daughter."

He then explained in detail his wife's wish to take Kirstin back with her to Hamburg in the capacity of Alec's nurse, promising that she should not only receive good wages, but have leisure and oppor-

tunity to learn German, and English too, if she pleased, and receive instruction sufficient to enable her afterwards to earn her livelihood as a governess.

But if Mr. Ramsey expected to be supported by Kirstin herself in this proposal, he was disappointed, for the girl ran up to his wife and cried out, "Oh, thanks, dear lady, thanks! but it cannot be; indeed I must stay with father, unless he sends me away. Only send Hans to school, dear Hans, that he may not say I have ruined him!" And again her eyes rained tears.

The merchant now rose from his seat and said, "Esther, we have left Alec to the pastor long enough: you must return to him, and I will make arrangements for our departure."

"We will come and see you in the evening, Kirstin, when your brother is at home," added his wife, with a bright smile, as they both left the cottage. On their way back to the Parsonage, Mrs. Ramsey reminded her husband of the little scene she had witnessed scarcely a week ago when Michael and the elder Petersen were in such angry converse. "I did not understand what he said," observed she, "but his look and manner were very like vowing vengeance when he left the cottage. Could he have taken the money and then contrived to throw the blame on that poor lunatic?"

The suggestion was thought worth consideration, and they consulted the pastor on the subject. But Mr. Nordenfelt did not take this view of the matter. Old Kunz Petersen was so often quarrelsome after he had been drinking, no one ever attached importance to words of his when in that condition, nor had he ever been accused of dishonesty. Neither did he believe poor Signete was the culprit: she had not sense enough to feel the want of money; but there was a general report of Michael's wealth, the amount of which he imagined had been greatly exaggerated, and some gipsies or other wandering folk might have made an incursion upon the premises while the fisherman was at sea, Hans at school, and Kirstin absent with the Ramseys. Old Magnus was so dreamy, and absorbed in his work, that his presence at home was no safeguard.

As to Kirstin, Mr. Nordenfelt thought Michael was too wise a father to reject proposals so much for her advantage, especially now there was no treasure to be guarded during his frequent absences from home; and these calculations proved correct. At the next interview with the

fisherman, Michael thanked Mr. Ramsey with real warmth, and said Hans for his part accepted the kindness offered with transport: Kirstin, too, he was quite willing to part with on such advantageous terms. He had had other plans for her, he observed, but the loss of her portion made all the difference in the world. Mr. Ramsey inquired if he had any engagement in view for her, but he responded abruptly, "No matter if I had: now he will think of the nest, not of the bird." And with this proverb he broke off the conference, his stern lips and set features showing he did not choose to open himself further.

There was something pathetic in the man's having been brought so low as to unlock his thoughts at all; and with real pity for his depression, and respect for his anxious regard for his children's benefit, Mrs. Ramsey turned to Kirstin, who was sitting dejectedly at her spinning-wheel, and had heard all that her father had said without looking up. "Come with me, Kirstin; let us take a turn on the sea shore," said the kind lady; "we must talk over this matter." The girl rose up immediately and followed her out of the cottage.

"Shall I leave you alone with Mrs. Ramsey, Kirstin?" inquired the merchant; "I can go and talk to your brother while you have your say out."

"Oh no, I had rather you heard what I have to say," replied the girl; and with that frankness which was her especial charm in Mr. Ramsey's eyes, she took one of his hands as well as one of his wife's, and pressing both with warmth, walked on between them.

Mrs. Ramsey saw she was too agitated to speak, and began the subject, saying, "Suppose you listen to me first, Kirstin;" and then she entered into full details of her plan for Kirstin's education, and of the useful life she would lead as Alec's nurse, or, rather, attendant. The anxiety of her father about her future was then adverted to, and his fear that she would feel lonely and unprotected in that remote cottage on the fiord when her brother was at school, and her father at sea. To the first part of this speech Kirstin listened with downcast eyes and throbbing heart, for she was not insensible to the pleasant as well as profitable nature of the prospects opened and offered to her. She was not altogether free from the ambition with which her brother Hans was so deeply imbued. But the idea of her wanting protection, and suffering from loneliness she would not entertain for a moment, and the colour came back to her face, and the light to her eyes, as she answered this part of Mrs. Ramsey's speech.

Had she not herself been protector to Hans?—a delicate feeble child—he had never shielded her. Of course she would miss him when he was gone; but oh, she was so glad, so thankful for him to go! “But dear, dear lady,” she said, “this is why I cannot go with you—God bless you for loving a poor girl like me!—but it must not be. I was only a little thing eight years old like Karen, when my mother died, and she lay in the bed with her arms round my neck, and her pale face close to mine, and she blessed me and said, I had been a good little daughter to her, and must now be a good daughter to father, whom she was leaving, and never forsake him. He was a stern man sometimes, and it would not always be easy to please him; but he really loved me, she said, and I must be good, and brave, and faithful to him. And I said I would be so always—and now you see, lady, I cannot leave him.”

“But if he wishes you to go, Kirstin?”

“Oh no, that cannot be; he may think he wishes it for my good; but just because it is for my good, and would be so very pleasant, I must not go. Oh no, dear lady! you do not really think he does not love me, and wants to get rid of me?”

And the expression of pain in her eyes as she looked up into Mr. Ramsey's face was such that the latter hastened to reply, “He could not possibly want to get rid of you, Kirstin, except, of course, for your good.”

“Then I cannot go with you, dear lady, and you must not ask me again; I promised mother that I would always do as much as I could for father and Hans, and how could that be if I left father? He might be ill and die, perhaps with only a stranger to close his eyes; and how then could he tell mother I had kept my word, and been true? Only, dear lady, don't think poor Kirstin ungrateful!”—and she kissed the hands she held—“and tell me I am right.”

Her friends assured her she was quite right, and Mr. Ramsey said, “We will not say a word more to persuade you, Kirstin;” but his wife could not restrain herself from the remark, “Your father intended you to be married, and then you must have left him.” The young girl looked up innocently and replied, “He would not have thought of that for two or three years to come: I am too young. Besides if married, I should be near him, not with the sea between us. And now he says I need not think of it, no one will want me; so I am sure of staying with him.”

"And suppose, Kirstin, he should be drowned at sea, as are so many fishermen on this coast?"

"Then, perhaps," she replied, quite coolly, for the event was too common not to be often in men's minds, "Hans will want me to live with him, or I can go to service. And," she went on, "when you talk of my being so lonely, you forget kind old grandfather: he and I love each other dearly, and are happy together all day when father is at sea." She had talked herself back into a cheerful mood; but her courage was tried sorely when she heard from Mr. Ramsey that they must leave the Parsonage in two days to be in time for a steam-boat that would take them from Aarhus to Copenhagen. "Must it really be so soon?"

"And Hans is to join us before we leave Copenhagen," added Mrs. Ramsey. "And Mr. Greendale says he is sure you, Kirstin, will get his clothes ready in a few days."

"I must work hard then," said Kirstin. It was fortunate for her she had responsibilities on her brother's account to occupy her time and thoughts during the next few days. As it was, in spite of her constant occupation, she could not forget the coming separation from her friends, and no longer sang over her work as she had been wont to do. The day after her conversation with the Ramseys, feeling the air of the cottage oppressive as she sat spinning, she took her wheel out of doors. She had drooped her head over it, and though she heard the tread of footsteps approaching, did not look up till some one stood beside her. It was Morten. Omitting the usual salutations, he began abruptly, "Is it true, Kirstin, that Hans is going to Copenhagen in a fortnight's time, and that Mr. Ramsey is going to place him at school there?" She nodded her head in token of assent.

"And is it true, also, that you have refused to go to Hamburg with Mrs. Ramsey, although your father would give you leave?"

Again she nodded her head, and went on with her spinning. "It will be very lonely for you when they are gone."

"Please don't talk about it, Morten," she said; "leave me alone."

"Oh, Kirstin, that is unkind! when I am going away to-morrow, and you will not see me for two years."

She now lifted her eyes to his face. "I did not know that," she said; "where are you going?"

"To Skagen to-morrow, and thence I am going to Norway."

"And Karen?"

"That is what I wanted to speak to you about. You see I could not be happy, leaving her with old Else; besides, it will be a good thing for me to let Hendrick Bryde have my house while I am away. I was telling your father of my difficulty, and he said it would be dull for you when Hans was gone; and that if you liked he would not mind taking Karen in for the two years: she would not be in the way, and might learn to help you a little. And then Bryde would pay his rent to your father and that would cover Karen's expenses."

"Oh, Morten, of course I shall like that; how kind of father!"

Morten looked as though he did not equally appreciate the kindness. "Then you will have her, Kirstin, and you have not really forgotten old friends for new ones?"

Kirstin flushed up at this. "You told me just now, Morten, that I was unkind, and now I think you are unkind. I cannot help loving Mrs. Ramsey, and being sorry"—here her voice broke down, and she bent over her wheel to hide her face.

Morten was silent a few minutes; then he said with real compunction in his looks and tone, "Please forgive me, Kirstin, and be friends with me again, for I must say farewell to you to-night. I shall start after daybreak to-morrow."

Kirstin stopped her wheel, and put out her hand. "Good-bye, Morten; indeed I will take care of little Karen."

"I know you will, Kirstin; but sometimes I think she will hardly live to grow up. She is all I have in the world. Thanks for all kindness, Kirstin. God be with you!" He wrung her hand, and turned away very quickly.

Kirstin looked after him, wondering. "He used not to think so badly of Karen," she said to herself; "can there be really anything the matter with her? But how kind it was of father to think of my being so lonely; it will be a great comfort to have the child when they are all gone."

CHAPTER VIII.

YULE-TIDE STORIES.

ALL gone! Little Alec, his parents, Hans, Morten, though this last, as he felt, formed but an unimportant item compared with the others. It was a change indeed for Kirstin: lately her life had been so full of

interest, now she was reduced to the society of her father, grandfather, and the child Karen. She had had so much intercourse with the Ramseys, they had opened and enlarged her mind, had brought, as it were, a fresh breeze from the outer world to stir up the placid waters of her daily existence. Hans, too, had given her thoughts out of books, and ideas derived from his master—had shared with her his hopes and aspirations: he, too, was no longer by her side. There was nothing now to look forward to at the end of the day, the evening was more humdrum than the morning, for her father and grandfather seldom spoke, and Karen's childish prattle no longer interested her. It was dreary enough, and for a time the active-spirited girl drooped, and felt listless and weary. But she had inherited something of her father's energy and independence, and was certain not long to feel her life dull and profitless. One afternoon as she sat over her wheel, her mind busily recalling all that had passed during the visit of the Ramseys to her native shore, lingering over every detail with a sort of yearning regret, this thought flashed upon her. "It was our Lord sent them here to be our friends and do good to me, a poor girl; now they are gone away to do good somewhere else, to be kind to others as they were to me; they helped me, taught me, for a little while; now our Lord will have me teach myself: oh yes, that is it; I must not be idle; I used to learn lessons for Hans before they came, while I spun and knitted, now I do nothing but think of them; that is not good—it is idle. The pastor, he would set me lessons now; he said he would lend me books, and did not he tell me when I was confirmed that I was always to go to him when I wanted help? Certainly he has not been to see us for a long time; no matter, it is I who want him, not he who wants me. I will go at once." She called Karen, who was looking for shells on the shore, and asked her if she would not like a walk; the little girl was quite ready, and the two went together to the Parsonage.

Mr. Nordenfelt was pleased at their visit, and the pretty little blue-eyed maiden being a favourite of his, hardly less than Kirstin, he bade his servant supply her with some sweetmeats, a store of which had been laid in during Alec Ramsey's stay, while he made Kirstin sit down beside him and began talking to her. "I intended coming to you to-morrow, my child," said he, "for to-day I received a letter from the good lady you loved so much, and she sends a message to you."

Kirstin's face flushed eagerly as the pastor took out of his pocket the

letter, crumpled up, and it must be owned grievously stained with anuff, so that it was wonderful how the beautifully clear flowing caligraphy could still be decyphered. He read this extract: "My love to dear Kirstin, and tell her I never forget her night and morning in my prayers, neither does Alec. And tell her I hope she takes pains with her writing, and will soon be able to write me a letter, which I shall have much pleasure in answering."

"Oh, she is indeed good to me!" exclaimed Kirstin, the large tear-drops forcing their way from her eyes; and then she told the pastor freely how she had suffered from weariness and depression—how blank and dull everything seemed. "I know it has been my own fault," she went on; "I have just done my work because I was obliged to do it, and have not cared to teach myself anything. But oh! I want to be helped to be good."

"That is what we all want, dear child," replied the old man; "but our Lord is always with us to help us when we ask Him, and in a far less degree we can help each other. In some little things I hope I may be able to help you: suppose we begin with what you want now, this writing? for you will be very much vexed not to be able to answer your brother's letters when they come; besides, you see Mrs. Ramsey expects you to write to her. No time like the present; let us begin at once." And he gave Kirstin a writing lesson on the spot; and when she said she must go home, for it was nearly time for her to meet her father at the shore, he set her some copies to take home, and gave her a book he thought she could understand. "You were a good child," he said, "to come here: come again when you can; remember your pastor's limbs are getting stiffish, and he cannot go about among his people as he would wish—you must come to him. And one word more: have you made acquaintance yet with your new neighbours, Hendrick Bryde and his wife?"

"I have only just spoken to them. Father never seemed to like my making friends with the neighbours, and I did not care about it."

"My child, they are decent folk; your father cannot object to them, and you must have some one to speak to. And Bodel Bryde is young and will like to know you: she is not like Mrs. Ramsey, but she will do you no harm, and you may do her good—do not let yourself be thought proud, Kirstin."

The girl opened her eyes wide at the idea. But she went away not

only comforted, but inspirited. On the shore she met the young woman just recommended to her acquaintance. She and her husband were new comers, having hired Morten Ranildsen's house. Hendrick Bryde was a good-natured, easy-tempered fellow: he was this evening in the same boat as Kirstin's father, and his wife was out on the usual errand, watching for the boat's return. She was fond of a chat, and on finding Kirstin more ready than usual to be sociable, confided to her the difficulty she felt in leaving her baby unguarded, while she went to the shore to meet her husband. Kirstin promised that Karen should go in and mind the child next time, and Bodel Bryde was encouraged to further confidences. It seemed another baby was expected soon: Kirstin knew little of babies, but the pastor having impressed upon her the duty of neighbourliness, she listened, and offered to help in any needful preparations.

She had plenty of leisure to help her new neighbour, for little Karen gave no trouble, and was, in fact, an assistance to her, being as handy and careful a little maiden as ever lived. In due course of time arrived Hans' first letter from Copenhagen, and very pleased and proud were both father and sister to receive it. He spoke with enthusiasm of the kindness with which he had been received on his arrival by Mr. Ramsey, who took him to his own rooms in a grand hotel for that first night, and offered to show him some of the sights of the capital next day, before depositing him in the hands of his future master. Hans had chosen to see the Round Tower, the famous Observatory built by Christian IV. for Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, and seemed especially delighted with the long spiral slope that leads up to the summit instead of stairs. "Only think, Kirstin," the boy wrote, "it is so smooth and even, that Czar Peter from Russia rode up it on horseback, and his Empress was driven up in a four-horse carriage. And when the Czar stood on the top of the tower he bade one of his servants spring from it, and the poor man would have obeyed him, if the Danish king had not interfered. 'Would your people be so obedient?' asked the Czar. 'I would never give such a command,' replied King Christian; 'but I know that I might lay my head down to sleep securely in the lap of the poorest and lowest of my subjects.'" Hans then went on to speak of his school and his master, and promised to write on every holiday.

Kirstin practised her writing diligently, and soon found herself

competent to answer her brother's letters, also she had to help Karen in her school-lessons, and that was useful to herself. After a time she achieved a letter to Mrs. Ramsey, and received in return one from Hamburg so kind, so pleasant! it was stored up in the chest as Kirstin's most precious treasure. And through the determination to improve herself as much as possible, her hours no longer wore away heavily. She went about her work zealously, anxious to do her best, but glad to get through it quickly, that she might have leisure for her studies. Whatever might be the weather, she contrived to get once a week to the Parsonage, and Mr. Nordenfelt had always help and counsel at her service; and, thanks to the pleasure his lessons and books gave her, she could look forward to the long dreary winter now setting in with courage and confidence.

A long severe winter it proved, and would have been very dreary had Kirstin not exerted herself to the utmost. Day after day fell the snow around their cottage, making roads and paths well-nigh impassable, blocking up the windows, tossing and whirling into their dwelling every time the door was opened. Karen could not go to school; Kirstin had to give her lessons as well as she could; her father sat at home day after day; and, weary of inaction, weary even of his beloved pipe, he grew fidgetty and hard to please. Kirstin's own studies had now to be given up, for though Karen was always at hand, the fragile little maiden could no longer be a help: she drooped during the winter months; her limbs had become stiff, and she seemed to drag them across the floor when she got up to perform the little services that she had rendered during the summer with such nimble feet, such a springy step. Sometimes, when she was amused or pleased, a bright light would come back into her blue eyes, and a brilliant vermilion flushed her cheeks; but ordinarily she was languid and took less and less interest in all that was going on around her. She coughed too, and that cough of hers worried Kirstin: could it be that Morten was right, and that Karen would die ere she reached her prime?



BURIED CITIES DISINTERRED;

WITH NOTICES OF FORMER INHABITANTS.



THE "house that Jack built" stands in the town of ELY; it has been handsomely restored and modernised by a hair-dresser who made his fortune in ANTRIM by selling to the inhabitants, who all want Rimmel's "improved hair restorer," some inferior pomade of his own. In EDINBRO' resided Lord Arundel, the hero of the tragedy of "the eels boiled in broth," who also conducted the pelting of the town of ENNIS with tennis balls, after the battle of the Boyne. In SWINDON, archery meetings are still held in which ladies win donkeys as prizes, and riding on these creatures proceed homewards through TAIN, where it is certain death to walk at noon-day, thus avoiding NAIRN, where they find the open air noxious to animals. One of the chief men of BRISTOL was the confectioner who furnished Robin Hood with that celebrated wedding-breakfast of which he gave the *débris* to little John. This man resided once in KEITH, but as there they make it high treason to kill a spider, he was obliged to flee; he settled at St. Ives, and gained great renown by his skill in curing *restive* steeds; this he did by an appeal to the fairies, who one day rebelled and made away with him. At BALA resided an old schoolfellow of Prince Hal's, who helped him to rob a larder of smoked hams. He was transported for this, and on returning to BELFAST accompanied by a Punjaub elf astonished St. Patrick at his devotions. In the music-hall at WELLS the Kilkenny cats played their farewell serenade before returning to GALWAY, where they came to their untimely end, for in that place meeting a pig always is attended with disastrous consequences, and it was the time of the show. St. Dunstan was a native of ARMAGH, and there contrived to alarm a ghost with a poker and tongs. At BANBURY resided the magician Prospero, but after seeing his servant the audacious Caliban bury his staff, he sent him to LIMERICK to white-lime ricketty chairs to imitate marble, and removed himself to OUNDLE, where he learnt to compound leeks and garlic as a garnish for Christmas pudding. Thence he went to WINDSOR, because that place is never assailed by March winds or November fogs, and eventually settled in DONEGAL, where his latest discoveries in science have quite outdone galvanism and clairvoyance.

EADGYTH.



AUNT MARY'S PETS.

SOME boys make pets of rabbits, and some of squirrels; some of hedgehogs, and some even of mice! Well; "chacun à son goût," as the French say; and I have a peculiar taste of my own in this matter. I have at present six pet *Lizards*; and as they belong to a much misunderstood and persecuted race, I should like to say a good word for them, in hopes of inducing the young readers of "Aunt Judy's Magazine," if not to follow my example in making pets of them, at least to refrain from ill-using them, and pelting them with stones, as I fear many boys do whenever they see one. I think if I could show them my Streaky and Strokey, with their meek, gentle faces, and quiet, harmless ways, they would never do so again. But as I cannot do that, I will tell them how I became so fond of them.

My two nephews, Charley and David, had come to pay us their usual summer visit, and one day I set out with them for a long walk, to hunt for butterflies and grasshoppers, and may-flies, and other curious things, about which I may have more to say again. But as we were looking about among the stones and grass, suddenly I saw two creatures basking in the sun on a large stone, which I felt sure must be lizards, from pictures I had seen of them in books. This was a great discovery, for none of us had ever seen a live lizard before; and we immediately forgot all about the butterflies, and resolved not to go home till we had caught a lizard. But we soon found that this was easier said than done; for on the slightest rustling of the grass or leaves, they darted off like lightning, and disappeared among the loose stones which lay

about; and though, after a little, if we kept quiet, they would peep out again, as soon as we attempted to approach them they were off. After spending an hour in this way, I thought we must give it up, and was just about to tell the boys that they must come home, when Charley called out, "Oh, Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! I've caught one!" And so, sure enough, he had. We sat down on the grass, and examined it at leisure; and great was the admiration we bestowed upon its bright black eyes, its pretty little hands, or fore-paws, furnished with little claws, like a bird's, but especially on its beautiful skin, closely covered with shining scales. It was like a coat of mail, I thought; Charley compared it to mamma's mosaic brooch; and David thought it was covered with little shells. At last our prize was deposited in my pocket-handkerchief, and we proceeded homewards in triumph; but so often did the boys insist on stopping to open a corner of the handkerchief, and peep in to make sure that it was still there, that I feared it would make its escape before the end of our journey. However, I managed to keep my prisoner safe, and David's shouts soon informed the household that we had caught, and brought home, a real live lizard.

But our spirits were quickly damped by the reception this intelligence met with. Instead of the admiration and applause we expected, and thought we deserved, we heard screams, and exclamations of horror, led on by the cook, who, the moment she saw our prize, pronounced it to be an ask, which, if not instantly killed, would certainly bite, sting, and poison everybody in the house! And more than that—it would walk down our throats! *She* knew all about it; for when her father was working in the woods at Comrie, where she was born, he never would go to sleep without a long nightcap drawn over his face, eyes, nose, mouth, chin and all, for fear of the asks, for it was well known that if they caught any one sleeping, they would go down his throat.

Now I knew that all this was perfect rubbish; because, in the first place, this was not an *ask*, but a lizard; and, in the second place, even if it *had* been an ask, there was no reason to be afraid of it; for the creature held in such mysterious dread under that name in Scotland by the ignorant (and by some who should know better), is nothing but a poor innocent newt, eft, or emmet, quite as harmless as, and even more defenceless than its cousin the lizard, which it resembles sufficiently in form to be mistaken for it sometimes by people who are

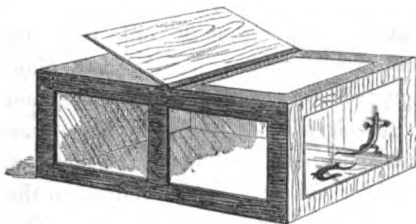
afraid to go near either of them. All this I tried to convince cook of; but as all I could say was met by the unanswerable argument that *her* father never went to sleep without a nightcap drawn over his face for fear of the asks, I gave it up in despair, and deposited the poor terrified object of dispute in a collar-box, making a few small holes for the admission of air in the lid, and then tying the same firmly down. And tranquillity being in some measure restored, and grandmamma convinced that there was no danger, at least for the present, of the formidable beast of prey making its escape, we all sat down to dinner, the boys and I feeling somewhat crestfallen, but with our appetites, sharpened as they were by our long walk and exciting hunt, by no means destroyed.

The next day Streaky, as we called him, who had at first been very wild, scratching furiously to get out, was somewhat subdued, and snapped up some flies which we offered him with considerable relish. But, alas! in a few days the boys were to return home, and I must accompany them, to see them safely there, and bring back with me their younger brother Robbie, who had been prevented from coming with them by an attack of measles.

And what was to become of poor Streaky then? for we could not expect much from the tender mercies of cook; and as for grandmamma, she was afraid to go near him.

At last, a bright idea struck

me; and I proceeded, with the help of two active and willing pairs of hands, to put it into execution. We made a box of strong pasteboard, about a foot square, and four inches deep; one side was formed by a piece of glass, and half the top was covered with another piece, the other half being closed with a lid hinged on to the glass with a strip of leather, and shown in the engraving half open. In the other three sides I cut out spaces, over which I glued strong canvas, of the kind called Penelope, used for Berlin wool work. Thus we constructed for our pet a handsome and commodious habitation, to which air was freely admitted through the canvas, and sunlight through the glass; and with great delight we put him into it, first furnishing it with some nice dry moss for a bed, and a little shallow saucer of



water for him to drink out of. For we had found out that he was a thirsty creature, and would come and lap up the water like a dog with his curious forked tongue, which I believe is one of the things that make people so afraid of him, though it cannot hurt anybody. Finally, I made a little hole, just large enough to admit a fly, in one corner of the box, and tied the lid securely down; and then the boys went off in triumph to show the whole affair to grandmamma, to assure her that Streaky could not possibly escape, or do her any harm, and to beg her to put in a fly now and then through the little hole, that he might be kept alive till Aunt Mary's return. Now I knew very well that the dear old lady could not refuse the boys anything, and still less could she bear to see any creature starve before her eyes; so I set off next day with a tolerably easy mind, feeling pretty sure that she would overcome her fears so far as to do what they asked.

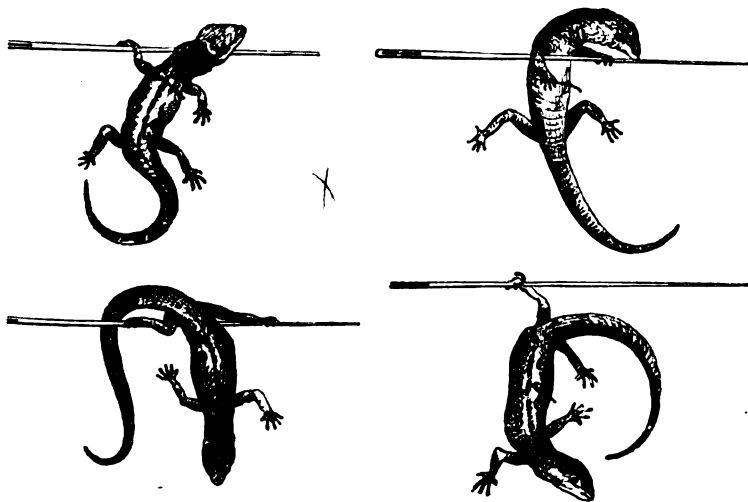
It was a fortnight before Robbie could safely travel; and having heard a great deal about Streaky, he became quite feverish, as we got near our journey's end, with anxiety to know if he were still alive, or if grandmamma had suffered him to starve through fear of his fangs. I leave you to fancy his delight, and my amusement, when we found that she had become not only reconciled to her charge, but actually so fond of him, that I fear she had almost worn herself off her dear old legs, trotting up and down stairs, and into every corner of the house, in search of flies to satisfy his appetite. For the sagacious creature had soon found out where the flies came from, and would sit for hours watching the little hole; and when the supplies fell short, would stand on tiptoe and gaze up at her through the glass with such an appealing look in his bright round eyes that her heart was quite won.

So it was that I became possessed of my first tame lizard; and he was not long without companions. Robbie and I soon set out to pay a visit to the stony knoll where I found him, and we were rewarded by a new discovery. It was now a month or so later in the season; and beside each of the lizards, which we speedily detected sunning themselves on the stones, there appeared three or four funny little counterparts of themselves; only instead of being streaked with yellow and brown like their parents, they were nearly black, as if they had been cut out of ebony. We immediately set ourselves with all our energies to catch a baby lizard, and before long Robbie, whose supple young limbs gave him the advantage over his auntie, and enabled him to dart

about almost as quickly as the creatures themselves, succeeded in securing one, and we carried it home in a small box, which I had ready for any insects that might turn up. Poor little thing! grandmamma's thimble might have held it; for lizards can curl themselves up in an amazingly small space.

I expected that Streaky would be quite delighted when I introduced his little companion to him, and would receive it very kindly; but I am sorry to say he did not; he took no notice of it whatever, and if it came in his way would walk over it, without appearing to know that it was there.

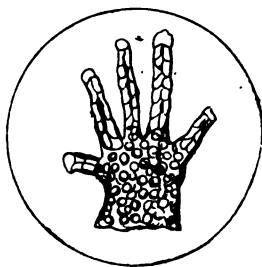
On our next expedition we caught another grown-up lizard; which,



as the boys had called the first one Streaky, I thought it would be appropriate to name Strokey. I cannot tell you about all the lizard hunts we had after this; but before Robbie left us I had acquired my present family, named individually Streaky, Strokey, Stumpy, Curly, Snappy and Spotty. Stumpy received hers by reason of her extremely short and stumpy tail, which is evidently a new one got to replace the original article; for these creatures possess the curious power of reproducing that member when they lose it by any accident. Curly and Snappy are about half grown, and very lithe and graceful creatures they are, Curly frequently disposing himself in as many curls as a lady's ringlet,

from which habit he got his name, while Snapdragon earned his (afterwards contracted to Snappy) by reason of his snappish ways, for he is of a less amiable disposition than the others, and has actually tried to bite my finger several times, to express his displeasure at being handled, which seems to relieve his feelings, and certainly does me no harm, as his almost invisible teeth cannot make the slightest impression : a Jenny Wren pecking at one's fingers would be more formidable. All the others like to be stroked and petted, and will lie in my hand for a long time together ; eat flies out of my fingers, and drink water out of my palm.

But little Spotty, the baby of the family, is the great favourite. He is a pretty little fellow, and having cast his skin several times is beginning to lose his dark colour, and show streaks and spots of yellow. He is the most active little elf possible ; darting about like lightning, climbing up the sides, and sometimes getting upon the backs of the older ones, and enjoying a ride up and down the box. But Robbie's greatest delight, as often as he can filch a long darning-needle from grandmamma's workbox, is to put him through his gymnastic exercises. This he accomplishes by lifting him up on it, so that he is obliged to hang on, which he can very easily do ; but, like other young things, not liking to remain long in one position, he tries first one, and then another ; hanging now by a fore-paw, and then by a hind-leg ; and sometimes, catching hold of the tip of his tail with his paw, he makes himself into a ring, and swings quite at his ease. I have made a few sketches



of him while thus engaged. And Spotty is a dandy, and wears gloves, which, if they are not kid, are something a great deal prettier. I found one of them one day, lying just as he had put it off (for he puts off his gloves, and his jacket too, when he finds them too small for him), and here is a picture of it, as seen through a strong magnifying glass ; but no picture can give you an idea what a beautiful piece of transparent gossamer lace-work it is, quite fit for a fairy to go to a ball in.


Streaky is kinder to Spotty, now that he is better acquainted with him, and lets him ride upon his back, and lick his nose ; but Snappy and Strokey are rather cross to him, and one day, when Strokey had caught a fly by the leg, and then foolishly let it escape, I saw her seize

poor Spotty, who happened to be near her at the time, by the nape of the neck, and shake him just like a terrier shaking a rat, apparently under the idea that he had taken it from her. Strokey is always ravenous, because she obstinately refuses to eat little bits of raw meat, as I have taught the others to do, when flies are scarce; and they appear to think it not to be despised; but she resolutely holds out, and seems determined to starve rather than give in.

Besides the six lizards, I have now a veritable ask, the bugbear of cook's imagination. I shall perhaps have a word to say for poor Webfoot, and her beautiful little water-babies, at some other time, but I must now stop; not without assuring you, however, that it is quite laughable to think of any one being afraid of such a harmless creature. Even grandmamma, who for a long time could not be persuaded to touch it, now pets it even more than the lizards, because it looks so meek and helpless.

MAUDE'S DISCIPLINE.

PART I.—(continued).

 MISS SMITH was a clever, active person, the daughter of a farmer in the parish, who had been living as governess away from home for many years; but her mother's failing health obliged her to return, and she was glad to undertake the tuition of the rector's daughters for a small remuneration, and thus keep up what she had acquired. Maude's education had been carefully attended to, and in most things she was before Agnes. She spoke French fluently, and read German well, and played with much brilliancy and expression; but, as is often the case where accomplishments are made paramount, she could not do a long division sum without help; hemming and sewing were intolerable to her; and as for darning, it rather shocked her to hear the word. Agnes was very intolerant of these things, and quarrels between the girls were not unfrequent.

Mrs. Wilmot, however, was daily growing fonder of her niece; she was so quiet and tractable, so ladylike in manner, and so clever—the sort of girl whom grown-up people like to talk to, and almost forget they are children.

Maude's great fault was self. She never forgot her dignity, or

allowed herself to be carried away by impulse, as others did. But Mrs. Wilmot also knew that this was Agnes' fault, only that with her it took a different form; and she hoped that the girls would unconsciously improve each other.

One day it had rained hard all the morning, and the afternoon was bright and sunny and threatened a frosty night. Mrs. Wilmot was confined to her room with a headache, and the rector had ridden over to a town about six miles off on Punch.

It was a half holiday, and Maude and Agnes were reading in the schoolroom, while Fred and May played dominoes on the carpet. Martha looked in.

"Miss Agnes, do you know when your papa will be in?"

"No," said Agnes. "Why?"

"Because old Mary at the Moor Cottage near the quarry is worse, and they got some of the men coming home from work to leave word that she wanted to see your papa, miss. Poor old soul! she've no one with her but that mite of a grandchild." And Martha went away.

Agnes rose and looked out of window. "It's no use sitting indoors all day, Maude," she said.

"Where are you going?" asked her cousin.

Agnes made no reply, but left the room. Presently she came down bright and eager. "Come, Maude, mamma says we may go and see if old Mary wants anything, and take her some wine. Make haste, or we shan't be in by tea-time."

Maude leant back in her chair and yawned. "I don't want to go out," she said; "it's been raining all day. How far is it?"

"Oh! a very little way above the quarry; you know where that is," said Agnes, impatiently.

"No, I don't; I know it's on the side of the moor above the mere, and I know the path is very steep, and now it'll be very dirty and slippery; but I don't know how far it is," replied Maude, provokingly.

"Oh! nonsense, come along; it's only half an hour's walk, that's all, and it's so bright and sunny; it'll do you a world of good, Maude; you're always poking over the fire; and besides," she added, in a sort of parenthesis, "I mayn't go alone."

Maude was not ill-natured. She looked at her watch—her father's birthday gift two years before, which had often been the cause of a sigh to Agnes—"It's four o'clock now," she said; "but if that's it, it

alters the case; I don't want to keep you in all day, though I don't want to go out," and she went up to get ready. The consent was ungracious, and Agnes felt it; but it never struck her that she was more selfish than her cousin. She thought she was rather doing a meritorious action in taking wine to a sick woman, no matter at what annoyance to Maude's fine-ladyism; Maude, on the other hand, wondered what made Agnes so uniformly bent on making other people follow her will instead of their own; and so, when they met in the hall equipped for their walk, it was evident that neither of them was in the best of humours. Freddy met them in the hall, cap in hand.

"I'm coming with you," he said, decidedly, "and I shall bring Toby."

Now if there was one thing that made a walk less pleasant than another to Maude it was Freddy's company; but Toby was more than she could endure patiently, and she exclaimed, "No, no! if Toby comes, I won't; he'll smother us with mud."

Freddy burst in with a rude laugh. "Don't be afraid of your finery, Maude," he shouted; "Toby does not like you well enough;" and he ran to unloose the dog. Maude's prediction was verified. Out rushed Toby, a large retriever, leaping and bounding indiscriminately on both girls—now darting off into the dripping shrubbery, now back again with an accumulation of damp earth on his paws, which was duly transmitted in his rough antics to the frocks of the girls.

"Never mind," said Agnes, laughing, "it'll brush off. He means it all for affection—don't you, old fellow? What a pity you don't like dogs, Maude!" Maude thought of the old home, and a sad sad day when her own favourite, Willie, had seemed her only comforter. She was cross when she started, and now she was more so; she made no answer.

"I'll brush it when we come in," said Agnes; "it doesn't matter."

"Doesn't it?" said Maude; "I never said it did."

They walked on some way further in silence. Agnes spoke first.

"How pleasant it is!" she said; "I would give anything almost for a walk like this."

"You would give anything almost for your own way," said Maude. She was sorry the moment she had spoken, but it was too late then.

Agnes turned round in surprise. The train of small annoyances

which had disturbed her cousin had passed unnoticed by her, and Maude's sharp words hurt her. They had often quarrelled, it is true, but it had generally been Agnes herself who had begun it. As a rule, Maude had great self-control, almost too much so for so young a girl. Naturally reserved, and brought up in a school of conventionality, she kept her feelings to herself, and betrayed her displeasure by coldness or silence. Agnes was hasty and impetuous; and the quiet contempt with which Maude treated her outbursts of temper was one of her greatest annoyances. These words, therefore, coming from Maude—cool, quiet, ladylike Maude—startled her almost as much as if they had been spoken by some one who really had a right to reprove her.

"No, I wouldn't, Maude," she said, quickly, and blushing scarlet; "why do you say so?"

"Because I think so," replied her cousin; and they walked on in silence. Agnes was very angry. Hot thoughts of resentment rushed one after another through her mind. At one moment she determined not to speak to her cousin for two or three days; at another to tell her mother Maude was so disagreeable she could not get on with her; and the next resolving to undergo the most mortifying pieces of voluntary self-denial in order to prove to Maude that she herself was the selfish one, and that she, Agnes, had been most cruelly, falsely accused. She began to change her mind about her walk. It was getting cold and chilly; the path up the moor was, as Maude had said, steep and slippery, and here was she toiling up it with a heavy basket to carry comfort to a sick old woman, and Maude, who found the least exertion a trouble, and objected even to doing the least thing for herself, telling her, Agnes, that she would give up anything to have her own way! It was too bad. Freddy interrupted her meditations; he had been rabbit-hunting among the rocks with Toby, and now came up dirty and breathless.

"Which way are you going, Aggie?" he cried.

"To old Mary's," replied his sister.

"Oh, jolly!" exclaimed Master Fred; "won't I like to see Maude at the stepping-stones!"

They now turned down a sort of lane which wound down the hill-side, and from which several paths diverged. The furze, still in blossom, grew high on each side, but to the left there was a deep ravine, across which was a fine view of the mere and their own village

and church below. On the right the moor rose steep and bare, except where here and there the furze-bushes clustered or a flock of sheep were feeding. In front of them the quarry rose like a wall. They had not proceeded far when they came to a stream. There was a cleft in the hill-side from which it sprang, dancing, boiling, leaping over the pieces of rock and large round stones that impeded its course; it crossed the road more quietly, only splashing and eddying against the rocks which were placed as stepping-stones, and then tumbled down with a rush into the valley below. Freddy was already on the middle stone, Agnes on the first, but Maude stopped short.

"I can't cross this," she said.

"Ha! ha! I said so," shouted Fred, who had reached the opposite side, and looked back triumphant.

"It's easy enough," said Agnes, stepping back.

"It may be for you," replied Maude, "but I can't; it would make me giddy. I can't indeed."

"How silly!" exclaimed Agnes. "Why, Maude, I've crossed the beck twenty times a year all my life."

"It's not much to be wondered at that you don't mind crossing now, then," observed Maude.

"Are you coming?" said the other, impatiently.

"I told you; no."

"Well, you know I can't go back," replied Agnes, displaying her basket; "what's to be done?"

"I can find my way back by myself," said Maude, coldly.

"Come along," shouted Fred from the other side; "it's not deep enough to drown a mouse. What are you girls bothering about?"

"Will you try, Maude?" said Agnes, hesitatingly.

Maude made no reply, but began to retrace her steps. It was on her cousin's lips to call after her to take the second, not the first turning; but Agnes was cross, and did not care to seem over-solicitous for Maude's welfare just then, so she sprang across the beck, and joining her brother, they proceeded together to old Mary's.

(To be continued.)



“BY YIELDING WE CONQUER.”



ND these are *reeds shaken with the wind*. Are we, then, to be carried about by every blast of feeling or opinion?—to yield for yielding's sake to evil as well as good? Is this to be the victory that overcometh?

Nay! but see you, it is the wind from heaven before which these reeds are bending, not the feeble breath of man. Understand the lesson, therefore, of submission to God's dealings with His creatures. Yea, and include among His dealings that which He permits as well as that which He ordains.

“It is easier and safer and more pleasant,” says a wise old bishop, “to live in obedience than to be at our own disposing.”

One fine autumn evening (1867) a lady on board one of the stately steamers that ply on the Mississippi “like castles on the deep” was watching the waves caused by the huge paddles of the vessel as they broke from time to time on the bank. Presently she noticed one larger than the rest gather itself up as if bent on destruction. On the bank stood a strong upright tree-trunk looking as if bent on resistance, while by its side a graceful branch stretched droopingly over the water. There was a crash! and the wave had burst,—alas! bearing away the broken tree-trunk on its bosom. But the branch, bending to the water, had passed under it, only to come out beautified and refreshed. Its tear-bedewed leaves glistened in the late sunshine as it rose uninjured to its place. *By yielding it had conquered*; and the lady brought the lesson home to England.

MICROSCOPIC OBJECTS.



W. asks : "*Can any of the readers of 'Aunt Judy's Magazine' tell me of any interesting objects for the microscope ?*"

It sounds a strange inquiry in these days of popular manuals on this as on most branches of natural history ; but the inquirer is evidently young and unscientific, and yet has a microscope to look through. And as other young folks may be similarly circumstanced, we will answer "K. W." here, hoping to amuse both her and those others. We answer her here rather than in "Correspondence," as we have more space ; and we answer her ourselves because we dare not open our pages to the lists which would probably pour in if we made the appeal to the public.

For, be it known to "K. W.," and all whom it may concern, interesting objects for the microscope are to be found simply everywhere : in every room they sit in, in every garden they walk in, by the seashore, in the woods, on the open downs, in the ditch by the roadside.

Without stirring from your seat, for instance, there are the hairs of your head. Pull one out. Never mind the tweak of pain the operation causes. It hurt you, of course ; because if you have pulled it thoroughly out you have pulled it up by the root, and if you are in a healthy condition the root is tightly fixed in the skin of your head below the surface, as all roots should be. Now if the hair is a long one, cut it up in short pieces, and lay them on a glass slide and examine them. You will soon see the end bit with the root, and if you like henceforth to consider your hairs as plants, and your head the garden in which they grow, the skin being the soil, there is no possible objection.

But now please to observe the hair before you blow it away. It is *tubular*, at least it consists of two layers, as a marrow-bone does ; were you skilful enough to make a cross section of it, and examine it through a high power, you would see this plainly ; but even as it is you can catch a glimpse of the inner tube in a good light, and must believe what you are told.

All this is curious, but more so still is the great variety of colours in hair—black, flaxen, red, and every shade of brown. People say there are colour-cells in the skin (pigment-cells) which affect the colour of

the hair, and that in old age or illness when these dry up or decay the hair turns white. But I know not who can tell us why one skin has one sort of colour-cells and another another. Still less why in the same animal different colour-cells exist in different parts of the skin, and so arranged, too, as to form beautiful *patterns*, as in the case of a tabby cat, for instance. I refer you to her tail, with its alternating bands of black and grey; to her handsome face, where the delicate stripes of black pass from her nose over her head with as much regularity and uniformity of the two sides, as if they had been drawn by compass and line, to the exquisite white chemisette of her chest. Truly it is wonderful to think what beauty and order exist even in the arrangement of the colour of hairs, let them come as they may. And what is a cat to a tiger, or leopard, or zebra, &c.?

But enough of hairs you will say. They are not very *pretty* objects after all. No, that is true of *human* hairs. But if you can beg, borrow, or steal a few hairs from a bat, you will speak more respectfully of the beauty of hairs, judging from Mr. Quekett's figure of one in his "History of the Microscope." He has drawn from an Indian bat, but he assures us all the species of bats he has examined have hairs of similar structure, and extremely beautiful it must be.

Now, however, for something else. Go to the window and look about the panes for a dead fly, or butterfly, or moth. There is nothing of the sort, perhaps; your housemaid is too particular, and, if so, you must hunt about in a lumber-room; or if, happily, you have a brother who is making a collection of *Lepidoptera*, beg some scraps of him; you don't want a whole creature, a torn bit of a wing will do; and as to killing creatures yourself for mere amusement, that you must not do.

But what are *Lepidoptera*? you ask. Well, moths and butterflies; but the long word is composed from two Greek ones signifying *scales* and *wings*, and this is because their wings (colourless membranes in themselves) are covered on both sides with scales, which overlap each other in rows like tiles on a roof. Their shape is said to resemble the head of a lance, but I think the short ones (they vary in size and appearance) are much more like a narrow tile, if you can fancy a tile with one end drawn out to a fine point, and the other once or twice notched. All the scales we are speaking of have one end drawn out to a fine point, and by it they adhere (lightly enough) to the membrane which forms the wing: the rest of the scale is free, and, as I said, they

overlap each other; but this so neatly and regularly that the surface looks in some lights like a piece of old-fashioned Indian matting. Get the wing of a cabbage butterfly and look for yourself. With butterflies' scales, though, as in the case of hair, there is an endless variety of colours and patterns. Even the common white cabbage butterfly has black spots on its wings, and assumes a greyish tint near the body. And as for the more highly-coloured species, any attempt to describe their subtle tintings would be in vain. But the mechanical part of the matter is easily told. Each scale has its own colour, and everything depends on their arrangement. The black spots on the wings of the cabbage butterfly will be found, when looked at through the microscope, to be patches of black scales massed together in the midst of the creamy white of the rest of the wing, while the grey tint near the body will be seen to be caused by such a proportion of black and white scales intermixed that the effect of grey is produced on the eye, though there is no grey on the wing in reality.

In conclusion, if you want something exquisitely pretty to look at, beg of a collector scraps, however small, of the "Orange Tip." The upper one has a mass of brilliant orange, softening into white, and a border of green, black, and white intermixed; the under has the same colour as the border curiously thrown into a stormy wild pattern, and ornamented with long bristly hairs, giving the creature (under the microscope) a most rich and fanciful appearance.

And I am only telling you the very simplest things about these creatures, remember, not a hundredth part of what has to be told and may be seen, but just enough to show you how easy it is to find "interesting objects for the microscope."

Here, however, I had better mention that a butterfly's wing, being an opaque object, requires light to be thrown on it from a condenser, whereas transparent ones, like a *fly's* wing, for instance, are best seen with the light transmitted from below.

But now let us away to the garden, where, if you happen to have a shrub of the pretty white-flowering *Deutzia scabra*, your fortune is made! Gather two or three nice smooth leaves, and run back to your microscope; lay the leaf on the microscope-stage, get a good light from the condenser upon it, and behold! it is studded all over with what look like miniature crystal starfishes! Learned folk call these "*stellate crystals of silica*," but you may call them crystal or silver starfishes, if

you please. They are on both sides of the leaf; but those on the upper surface are fewer in number, larger in size, and have fewer legs (seldom more than a "five-fingered Jack"), while those underneath make up for their smaller size by being thickly set and having sometimes six or eight legs.

One of the comforts of these leaves as a microscopic object is that they answer the purpose equally well when dried as when fresh gathered. You have only to press them flat between the leaves of a book, and they will last for years, "beautiful for ever."

But perhaps you have no *Deutzia scabra* in your garden. Well, write to your friends in the south of England till some one sends you half a dozen leaves, and meanwhile content yourself with a sprig of the common lavender. Its narrow leaflets have very pretty *stellate crystalline hairs* to show you, which, though not as startlingly regular and beautiful as the starfishes, make a silvery web over the green which will both surprise and please you.

My next inquiry shall be—Have you a pond in your garden? At any rate there is sure to be one within walking distance—or a tank or a trough or a roadside ditch. Look out for one in which you see weeds on the surface, and gather a lump of the slithery green stuff in a bottle, filling it up with the water. One cannot be certain till one looks, but the chances are very great that when you put a drop of this water and a morsel of the weed into your animal glass and examine it, you will find yourself introduced to a perfectly new class of society! No "Browns," "Smiths," and "Joneses," but "Entomostracas," "Rotifers," "Vorticellas," &c.—individuals well worth your attention, and which it pains me to pass over in a manner so unworthy their merits. Be assured, however, they are worth looking at, for the amusement their wonderful gymnastic exercises will afford you. You will laugh perhaps, too, at the Polyphemuses of the company, if any happen to be present. Transparent, shrimp-like creatures, with dark eyes nearly half the size of their heads!

There also may be—especially if you have filled your bottle from an old trough or a roadside ditch—some of those aboriginal forms of creation, the *Diatoms*, which come no one knows how, but never pass away, for they are indestructible. They exist in every runnel of water that has stood for any time by the roadside, as well as in the great oceans of the world: their fossil remains are found in masses which you

can dig into with a spade; they have been wafted from country to country by the winds; they are the last things that come up from deep-sea soundings. As to their beauty, it would need a volume to describe it, indeed, many volumes would not avail to do it. And yet they are so delightfully common! Well, these minute creatures have been called animals by some people, vegetables by others; but as our great algologist, Dr. Harvey, ranked them as vegetables, let us call them so. Each minute form (generally of some geometrical figure—square, triangle, circle, &c.), consists of two transparent siliceous plates, between which lies in a cell the vegetable substance, of a brownish olive tint. This vegetable substance is altogether destroyed when the diatoms are being prepared for preservation, by being boiled in muriatic acid; but the two siliceous plates remain uninjured, though separated, leaving clearly to be seen the exquisite markings and patterns with which they are ornamented; but it is impossible to continue this subject.

One word more about the pond gatherings: if the slimy weed is what I expect, it is of a bright-green colour, and like the finest fairy silk. Under the microscope you will observe that each thread is white in itself, but contains threads much finer still, and of a brilliant green, which cross and recross each other perpetually the whole length of the plant, making a regular diamond pattern throughout. Your weed may be this (*Zygnema*), or it may be a simpler alga—a *Conferva*, which consists of a series of cells strung together in a necklace-like row. No matter which;—either plant will serve the purpose, of being compared with the very finest bit of thread your mother can find in her workbox; for under the microscope *that* is sure to look like a coarse, rugged rope, whereas the more you magnify the other, the more delicate its structure proves to be. Man is a very ingenious animal, and his handicraft is great, as any one must admit who has seen Honiton lace, and Irish “cobweb mits,” and what ladies can do in crochet work; but not one of these will bear the test of the microscope, as the commonest objects in God’s creation do. Into them you cannot look deep enough to find a point where order and beauty cease, and only chaos and confusion remain as the substratum.

I am inclined to urge this perfection of order which pervades the natural world upon young folks as one more motive for cultivating a habit of order in themselves.

And now my paper draws to a close; but I must still hint further, if

you have a microscope, I hope your friends will take you to the sea, for there, indeed, interesting objects for examination lie at your feet every step as you walk along the shore. I will only name one—a bit of the common Sea Mat (*Flustra foliacea*), which abounds almost everywhere, is as good an object for the microscope as even the *Deutzia scabra*, and has also the great merit of remaining uninjured by being dried, so that a specimen will last you for years.

You will find it consists of a multitude of minute cells, laid side by side, so as to form a flat expansion, each of which cells had once an owner and inhabitant, for this is a compound animal called a Zoophyte.* Each cell-owner was something like a miniature sea anemone, and had feelers which used to appear from the mouth of the cell, and which helped it to draw in food. But besides this individual life, there is supposed to be some connecting principle pervading the whole expansion which connects its members in one common community. If you have the good luck to find a live specimen you might chance to see some of these wonders for yourself. This is only one of a thousand things which could be named as interesting and beautiful objects for the microscope on the seashore. The finer seaweeds are eminently so; and there are Zoophytes infinitely more beautiful than the Sea Mat, but I mentioned it on account of its commonness, and to show that *all* are beautiful.

Having here, however, got off upon a hobby, it is time we stop. I sincerely hope "K. W." will find some amusement and instruction from my desultory answer to her inquiry.

EDITOR.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



C. The suggestion is a good one. Meantime, all the Songs for Children by Alfred Scott Gatty which have appeared in "Aunt Judy's Magazine" are in course of publication in the ordinary music form by Robert Cocks and Son, New Burlington Street, of whom they may be had either separately or in two series, consisting of six songs each.

It is very pleasant to return thanks,

and we do so most cordially to the "West Park Dramatic Corps," and "Materfamilias." From the former we have a charming letter, signed by the secretary on behalf of the society, expressing their high approbation of our last juvenile burlesque, "The Hunchback." When the actors were called for at the conclusion of the performance, they regretted that the author was not there also to receive his share of cheering. The cheering,

* We do not enter upon the later subdivision.

therefore, comes to him, and to Aunt Judy, as Editor, in the shape of what is to us a very interesting document of warm approbation and good wishes. It is singular that, within a post or two afterwards, we received an equally kind and gratifying letter from "Materfamilias," giving an account of her family acting for the second time (to a large and admiring audience) our other Arabian Nights burlesque, "Abon Hassan," and both correspondents express their thanks for the pleasure afforded by the first of our plays, "Princess Bright-eyes."

In reply to "Materfamilias," we recommend her to write to Lacy for half a dozen plays suitable for drawing-room theatricals; so much depends upon the number of characters wanted, capabilities of stage effects, &c.

The "West Park Dramatic Corps" should send us John Brown's song, if they have no objection. It might be useful in case of a reprint.

"A. P." cannot do better than send for Canon Trevor's "Ancient Egypt," published by the Religious Tract Society (56, Paternoster Row, &c.). It is compiled from the best and latest authorities, is prettily illustrated, and is at once interesting, instructive, and entertaining. Aunt Judy sympathizes deeply with "A. P."

To "E. F." we owe an apology for having left her inquiry unanswered. She wants to know which is the *latest* and which the *best* system of phonetic reading. Also, if any instances are known where it has been employed with successful results. Aunt Judy cannot reply herself.

"K. W." The answer to her inquiry became so long we have transferred it to the pages of the magazine.

"L. M. K." and others. The "Magazin d'Education et de Récréation" may be obtained through any foreign bookseller in London, or direct from the editor, M. J. Hetzel, 18, Rue Jacob, Paris. The

price is 12 francs per annum, *i.e.*, 10s., or thereabouts. It comes out once a *fortnight*, and is 5d. (50 centimes) a number. To this must be added *postal* expenses, unless obtained through the trade.

Aunt Judy knows, but does not feel at liberty to reveal the secret of the sobriquet L. M. K. inquires about.

We were remiss in not giving the answer to the Tasmanian Acrostic. The answer came, of course, from the same friends.

[ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.]

1. 'Twas *Abraham*, whose childlike faith and love
Won fame from earth and blessings from above.
2. In *Umbra* iron is traced, and painter's art
Would languish if its tone and shade depart.
3. Upon the ocean gracefully doth sail
The *Nautilus*, foreteller of the gale.
4. Old Saxon lore, with tear-stained pages tell
How noble lives before false *Tosteg* fell.
5. Washed by an eastern sea, sweet *Java's* isle
Is gladdened by the warmth of Nature's smile.
6. Of numbers, one, the *Unit*, is the key;
From one spring all, without one, none can be.
7. Perverted justice, falsity, and wrong
Unto the creed of *Democrat* belong.
8. The voice of *Yesterday* will not proclaim
The future's interests, or the present's gain.

So thus my first Aunt Judy does proclaim,
And by my last read *Mrs. Gatty's* name.
Here in this far-off land their words we heed,
And, filled with pride and love, bid both "Good speed."

"Clara." Yes; it was to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, where the Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot is, that "Little Bob" was taken. The little book containing the reprint of his history may be had of the secretary, S. Whitford, Esq., 49, Great Ormond Street.

"Peggeretta Joan." The socks are very nice, and any knitted or crocheted work, comforters, muffettees, shawls, &c., will be gratefully accepted.

"A Water Lily." There are excellent tales of varied interest in a volume of the "Bibliothèque Rose, illustrée," called "Enfants et Parents." It is by Madame

de Witt (*née* Guizot). L. Hachette et C^{ie}, 77, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris.

The "Magazin d'Education et de Récréation" (J. Hetzel, 18, Rue Jacob, Paris), has also very amusing tales for all ages.

"Louisa, Annie, and Amy" want to know the origin of "Old Father Christmas." Is it different from that of "Old Father Time?"

"F. A. S." The date of the death of Hannibal was accidentally given as 220 B.C. It should have been 229 B.C.: thus an interval of eight years elapsed before Hannibal obtained command of the army.

There is a discrepancy of eight or nine years in the dates given by different authorities, some making Hannibal's death occur earlier. The author has chosen the later date, as being, in his opinion, more probable. There is little doubt that the fall of Saguntum took place in 218 B.C.—G. C.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street (communicated by Mr. Whitford).

"The little boy named Thomas S—, reported last month as the occupant of the Cot, is still under treatment: he is improving satisfactorily, although he looks pale, and, as his nurse says, 'does not gain flesh' as she hoped he would do. He continues to assert his right to his predecessor's name, Peter. A few days ago, when one of the many readers of the magazine who have been to see him, addressed him as 'Thomas,' he quietly said, 'No, I'm *Peter*, please,' and recently, a lady who takes much interest in the Cot patients, writing to know if he could read, referred to him, not inappropriately, as '*Peter the Second*.' He has been favoured with some very pretty pictures and toys, upon a few of which—boylike—he has exercised his ingenuity in endeavours to learn some of the secrets

of their manufacture by pulling them to pieces, and then discovering that it is extremely difficult to put them together again. One gift, however, received on Valentine's day, afforded him much amusement, and will be carefully preserved for him to carry home with him when he leaves the hospital. It is a picture book, in which his names, both real and assumed, are inserted by no other than 'Aunt Judy' herself.

"Some of Aunt Judy's nieces, or nephews, took advantage of the festival of St. Valentine to send a number of anonymous packets of ominous size and appearance, addressed to the children, for which the recipients desire now to thank the unknown senders.

"A young lady signing herself 'A. M. Watson' (a month since) sent twelve postage stamps for two photographs of 'Annie' in the Cot, but has omitted to give her address, so we are at a loss.

"A little girl also who gives no name, asks whether *beads* are of use for our children to play with: they are always acceptable, and furnish work for the girls who are unable to be up.

"Another anonymous contributor (post mark, Leeds) inquires whether 'Little Bob,' an account of whom is given in one of our little reprinted notices, was really in the hospital, or whether the tale is merely fictitious; the reply is, that the whole story is true to the letter; 'Little Bob' was in the hospital, and went home a very different boy from what he was when admitted. Thirty or forty copies of his story remain: they are quite at the service of any of the young friends who wish to have one."

(It will be seen that this still further answers Clara's inquiry.)

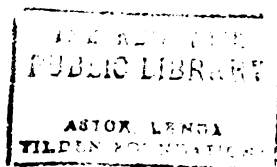
Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to February 17th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
A. Q., Manchester	0	0	6
Sophia Dora Spicer, Spy Park, Chippenham	0	18	8

£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
"A confirmation class at Angels Acre"	0	4	0	Wilchie, 2s., Cecil, 2s., Ethel, 1s., Mabel, 1s., Reading	0	6	0
Helen, Edith, and Mary Sharp (collected)	0	15	0	Miss C. A. Martineau, 17 West- bourne Street (annual)	0	10	0
From the household of Graves, Dungannon	0	6	6	Minnie Lathan, Alice King, and other Tasmanian Friends	2	0	0
"A January Offering" from Polefield, Prestwich	0	7	0	Mary Senior Clark, Robetson Wathen, Narberth	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Rhodes, 134 George Street, Edinburgh	1	0	0	Father, Mother, Aunt Jane, Nurse, and Children, The Palace, Hereford	0	10	0
"Three Bears," Liverpool	0	2	0	"The March Hare, the Hatter, the Dormouse, and Two Guinea Pigs," The Close, Lichfield	0	10	0
"Lily" (for Peter), and two wool- len crochet shawls	0	0	6	"Contents of the money box of a little child called early to rest"	0	9	7
"A little box in the hall," Leigh- ton House	0	6	9	"Sieve" and her mother	0	2	0
Mary and Lillian, Halifax	0	1	11	Frank Hingeston Randolph, Ringmore Rectory	0	1	0
Mrs. C. Engelbach, Surbiton	0	10	0	Gertrude Maude, 80 Lancaster Gate, a red jacket, two warm shawls, and woollen articles	0	10	0
"Chenam"	0	5	0	C. J. E. C., Bath	0	7	0
Alex and Rosa Crookshank, West Cottage	0	6	0	Peggy, Fuss, Bath	0	4	0
"Aunt Judy's Cot Box," col- lected by Millie, Charlie, Rosie, and Melville, Brighton	0	10	7	Ada Freer, collected 9s., by sale of work, 11s., Ilkley	1	0	0
A. P.	0	2	6	Lucy S. Day, 5s. 4d., Mary Day, 1s., "collected in halfpence and farthings"	0	6	4
"Christine Olave"	0	0	6	Fay, Lee, S.E.	0	2	6
The Three Sisters	0	2	8	"E. O., with all good wishes for the prosperity of the charity"	0	5	0
Four P's, St. David's Hill, Exeter	0	6	0	Louisa, 6d., George, 6d., Ada, 6d., Mamma, 1s., Lina, 6d., for the Cot patient	0	3	0
"Beauty, Beast, and Silverstar"	0	15	0	Herbert, Lucy, Ronald, and Lilian, Ganton	0	10	0
Gertrude M. Gwynne, Marlow Place	0	2	6	Nellie S., 6d., Father, 6d.	0	1	0
Miss Edith E. Wyvill, 22 War- wick Square, also a doll	0	3	0	Mrs. Thomas Dawson's Children, Driffild (subscription)	0	5	0
L. K. Walker, Hunsdon	0	1	6	Edelweis, 6d., Macaroni, 6d., Lalla, Northchurch, 6d., Jane, 1d.	0	1	7
K. W., Hunsdon, for Thomas S—	0	0	6	Katie and Alice, Grove House, Bushey, Herts.	0	3	0
Letty's second donation	0	1	6	Three Sisters and Two Brothers, Rugby, also a scrap book	0	10	0
Miss Alice Cowie	0	1	0				
"Grechen," Marlborough	0	5	0				
"From Daisy and her Friends"	0	10	0				
"Tull, Trot, and Goody Two shoes"	0	1	0				
"Capsicum, Tom, and others"	0	1	0				
Tannie, Torquay	0	2	6				
Dodo, Quiz, and Kitten, a parcel of magazines for the Cot, and general use, and donation	0	5	0				
Boba, 1s., Leonard, 6d., Florence, 1s., Susan, 6d.	0	3	0				

	£	s.	d.
Gertrude Atkinson (collected). 19 Woodhouse Square, Leeds (annual)	1	1	0
"Two young friends at Nor- wood"	1	0	0
Little May Gordon, Jersey . .	0	11	6
Magdalene R——, per ditto, for occupant of Cot	0	0	6
Mamma's birthday present from her Children	0	5	6
Collected by Helen Freke, Stack- allan, Ireland	0	6	0
"Tom Tit"	0	10	0
W. A. Stanhouse, Chesterfield House, Clifton	0	5	0
Maggie, 1s., Mamma, 1s., Willie R. K., 3s., Ferriby, Yorkshire	0	5	0
E. C. D., S. V., Clifton	0	1	0
G. A. F. (two months' subscrip- tion)	0	4	0
Maude, 1s., Willie, 1s., Susy, 1s., Maggie, 1s., Archie, 1s., Char- lie, 1s., Mamma, 2s., Papa, 2s., with a box of beautiful dolls and sundries, Hastings	0	10	0
Constance, Wolverhampton (col- lected)	0	10	0
Louisa, 2s. 6d., Fred, 2s. 6d., Eltham Court	0	5	0
Emily and Harvey Robinson, 28 Hilldrop Road	0	5	0
Miss Emily Harding, Borage House, Ripon (collected) . .	0	10	0
"Aunt Judy's Three Nieces, who sleep in the tapestried bedroom at Stamford"	0	3	0
"A Water Lily"	0	1	0
F. A. S., A. H. S., and H. C. S.	0	1	0
Victoria, Florence, and Edith, Brackley	0	1	6
T. S. Hazean, 31, Caversham Road	0	5	0
R. S. Hazean, ditto	0	5	0
Mary B. S. Hazean, ditto . . .	0	5	0
Emily Hazean, ditto	0	5	0
"Little Pops"	0	0	6
Eddie, 5s., Monnie, 2s. 6d., Azzie, 2s. 6d.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
"The proceeds of a charade, and fancy work, made during the Christmas Holidays, at Lake- field"	1	12	0
Elinor B. Royds, Elm House, Wavertree, near Liverpool . .	0	2	0
Two Sisters, proceeds of a Ba- zaar	2	4	0
Constance. An offering from a happy child	0	2	0
Constance B.	0	5	0
Miss H. M. Low, Westbourne Terrace, toys and books.			
Sibyll, a patchwork quilt for the "New Peter's Bed," and some picture cards.			
Annie and Bertha Bidder, Clap- ham, two plaid cloaks.			
"The Hare and the Tortoise," a quilt made by themselves, with some books, and a nice scrap book.			
A. A. P., a large and valuable supply of clothing.			
"From Abbots Ripton," a parcel of clothing, old linen, and picture books.			
Aunt Judy, a book with pic- tures (on Valentine's day), for "Peter the Second."			
From "Seventeen, and her Mother," capes and slippers.			
"Two boxes of toys from Hales- worth."			
"Peggeretta Joan," two pairs of knitted socks.			
We have to apologise for an error in the February List. "Miss Anna, M. Hellier, Headingley, Leeds (collected), £3 3s. 3d.," should be, "Julia, Anna, Louie, Emily, and Annie (collected), £3 3s. 3d." The same correction is necessary with reference to a parcel of clothing also sent from Headingley.			






KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER VIII.—*continued.*

YULE-TIDE STORIES.

 HIS new-born anxiety made the little one more and more dear : more than ever she taxed herself to satisfy every wish the child could form, and to amuse her as much as lay in her power. She now reaped the advantage of having established friendly intercourse with her new neighbours, her only neighbours now, for the Petersens had left the place suddenly in the autumn, and were gone no one knew where. Bodil Bryde had duly welcomed her second infant a few weeks before Christmas; and now in spite of wind and weather insisted on coming to them on the festival-day to say, "God bless your Yule! May it last till Easter!" according to established Jutland greetings. Kirstin had in the worst of weather made her way to the Brydes' cottage in order to give all the help in her power; and now the cordial, good-tempered young couple were bent upon enjoying their Christmas roast goose in her society. But for them this Christmas would have been very dull in Michael Ericksen's home. Hans was at school, for the expense of his journey from Copenhagen was not to be thought of, little Karen an invalid, Morten absent, the fisherman abstracted and depressed: of the few animals that had once belonged to him only one cow remained; and Christmas in Jutland belief is the festival for brutes as well as men. Did not ox and ass share the chamber where our blessed Lord was born? and must they not have shared in the Virgin Mother's joy? and do not to this day the peasants believe that the cattle rise up and stand straight in their stalls as the clock strikes twelve on Christmas Eve? must they not be fed with the best of good hay, corn, and beans? Not for the world would Kirstin have forgotten to provide her old friend, the cow, with a double allowance of fodder, or have omitted to hang on a pole outside the cottage a small wheat-sheaf for the birds, that the poor little half-starved songsters might likewise enjoy the Yule banquet.

When the table was prepared for supper, and they all sat round it, Michael Ericksen's spirits seemed to revive: he bade his guests heartily

welcome to the best he had, and their cheerfulness infected him. As usual among Jutlanders, the party soon began telling old stories. Hendrick Bryde was talking of the hill-folk or Trolds, the little men and women living underground in houses of gold or crystal, who on Midsummer-eve and other festivals under their hills, then raised on red pillars, are seen by passers-by dancing, and drinking out of golden cups. Kirstin said she did not believe the legend that when the rebellious angels were cast down from heaven, some fell on the hills, and became hill-folk, others on the moors and were called elves, and others again into the farm-yards and were known as nisses. The pastor had told her that was not true: she was not to believe anything about angels that she did not read in the Bible.

"Ah! your pastor is a wise man," said the young fisherman, "but it will be a long time before he'll get us to disbelieve all our fathers have told us, and that some of us have seen with our own eyes. Why I was passing Vosborg the other day, and says the man I had just sold my fish to, 'Look at those three hills: in one of them dwells a hill-man who is a smith and has his workshop there; often one can see the flame rise right out of the hill-top at night. And if you want any smith's work mended, you have only to leave the thing, together with a silver penny, on the hill, and say what you want, then come again next morning, and lo! the silver penny is gone and your work is done for you, and that by no journeyman's hand.'"

"Well, mind you try your underground smith next time your kettle wants mending," said Kirstin, laughing.

"Indeed, but he shall do no such thing," cried his wife. "I would never cook food for a Christian in a thing those dirty little hill-men had touched. I am not so generous as Mistress Metta of Overguard."

"I never heard of her, who was she?" asked Michael.

"Overguard is to the north, in Mors. Once there lived in the old manor-house a lady to whom came a little hill-man, and said, 'Mistress Metta of Overguard, will you lend Mistress Metta of Underguard your silken skirt for her bridal dress?' Well, she lent the skirt, and a long time passed and it was not returned, so at last she goes to the hill and cries out, 'Give me back my skirt!' So out comes the hill-man and brings back the skirt, thickly sprinkled over with drops of wax, and says, 'Since you ask for it, take it, but had you waited only a few days longer there should have been a diamond for every wax-stain upon it.'

"That reminds me," said Kirstin, "of something Mr. Ramsey said, namely, that there is generally a meaning in stories though they may not be true; and most of these tales would go to prove that people always do well for themselves when they are kind to others; for instance, I heard a story about a hill-man who was often seen at night, laying out all his bright copper things in the moonlight. And once he came to a woman, and asked her to lend him a loaf, promising to bring her another in two days' time, but she said, no matter for that she would give it him freely. Then the hill-man said, 'Thou hast not given it me for nothing; henceforth all will go well with thee, and thy race shall prosper to the fourth generation.' And his promise came true."

Hendrick Bryde laughed heartily. "Ah! your friends are all so wise, Kirstin, but now you tell us another story, Bodil; you know so many good ones."

Bodil was nothing loth.

"There's a house between Aalborg and Thisted," she said, "where the husband and wife both noticed that the dinner vanished far too quickly however much was placed on table. So they held council as to the cause with the lad who served them, and who had a good head-piece. Now the young fellow knew well that a neighbouring hill was inhabited by little men, and imagining that it was they who helped themselves to a share of the meal, he resolved to watch. So next day when dinner was nearly ready he went to the hill, and laying his ear close to the ground he heard a deal of stir and fuss, one saying to another, 'Give me my hat, dinner is ready.' So, imitating the voices, he called out in his turn, 'Give me my hat,' and somebody answered, 'There is none left but father's old one.' 'That will do,' he rejoined, and forthwith a hat was flung out of the hill. He put it on his head, and could then see the little hill-folk swarming out from the hill and running down to his master's house: he followed them into the room, and found them soon seated at table, making free with a pancake that the goodwife had just served up. The pancake was soon demolished, and one of the hill-men greedily snatching out of the lad's hands his share, he could not help crying out 'For shame,' and made a dart at him with his knife, whereupon the hill-man gave a cry, and the whole party ran away in a fright. The lad then took off the hat which had made him invisible, and asked his mistress and the people of the house if they had seen what went on. They replied

they had heard a scream, and the door bang, but knew nothing more. In the evening, when the serving lad was going to bed, he heard the bucket in the well being drawn up and down, so he put on the hat, went out, and saw the hill-folk watering their tiny horses. He asked them if they had a mind to behave again as they did at dinner, and then they begged and implored him so earnestly to let them water their horses at the well, because they had no water in the hill, that the lad gave them leave on condition that they should never again steal the mid-day meal. Next morning the lad found two gold pieces sticking to the edge of the well, and from that day forth his mistress and family dined in peace, untroubled by unbidden guests."

They were all amused by this story, and the young fisherman cried out, "So like you women; one story about your bridal trumpery, and the other about dinner."

"I am sure you men think enough about your dinner," returned his wife; then addressing the little girl, she said, "Karen, could not you tell us a pretty story?"

"Old Else used to tell me stories," replied Karen, "but they frightened me. I only liked the one about Greta and the Merman."

"Ah! tell us that," said Bodil.

Karen looked down, but with simple earnestness she began in her childish, treble tones, the well-known legend.

"Once upon a time there lived two poor people in the district of Aarhuus, who had an only daughter, named Greta. One day they sent her to the shore to fetch sand, and while she stood filling her apron with it, a Merman rose up out of the water. His beard was greener than the salt sea, but his figure looked well, and he spoke kindly to the maiden, saying, 'Follow me, Greta, and I will give thee as much silver as thy heart can desire.' 'No bad offer that,' she replied, 'for it is just what we are wanting at home.' And she let him talk to her till at last he took her by the hand and carried her down to the depths of the sea, and there she became his wife and the mother of five children. But when a long time had passed, and she had well-nigh forgotten all her Christian bringing-up, as she was sitting one day with her youngest child in her lap, she heard the bells ringing overhead, and a great longing to go again to church came over her. And as she sat there sighing, and shedding bitter tears of anguish, the Merman noticed her

sorrow and asked the cause; and then she begged and implored him so earnestly to let her go to church only once more, that he could not refuse her. Then he took her up to the dry land, bidding her to return as soon as possible to her little ones. And in the midst of the service, she heard the Merman's voice outside the church, calling, 'Greta, Greta;' but she thought she would just wait till the sermon was finished. But when the preacher had done, and the Merman came a second time to the church and called, 'Greta, Greta! art thou not coming soon?' still she did not obey. Then he came a third time, and cried, 'Greta Greta! comest thou not? thy children are crying for thee!' and as she still would not come to him, he began to weep bitterly and went back despairingly to the depths of the sea. But Greta stayed with her parents and left the Merman to take care of his poor little children alone, and his sighs and lamentations are often heard from the deep."

There was a pause when Karen had stopped speaking, for this legend is one of the few which calls forth sympathy with the poor rejected fairy race, with

"That which is neither ill nor well,
That which is neither heaven nor hell."

"It must have been hard for Greta, giving up her poor little ones," said Bodil Bryde, out of the depths of her motherly heart.

"Did you ever see a Merman or Mermaid, Kirstin?" asked Hendrick.

"I have once or twice when I was bathing in the fiord by moonlight thought I saw a woman's face rising up out of the water, and looking at me with such sad gentle eyes; but Hans laughed at me, and said it must have been a seal."

"Old Magnus hasn't told a story, and his are the best of all," said Bodil; and the old man was now besieged with entreaties.

"There's a funny story about Thorstein and the Dwarfs," said Kirstin, "but it is rather long"—for she noticed little Karen's flushed cheeks, and remembered Morten's dislike to the child's imagination being filled with grotesque, if not revolting pictures. "Suppose, grandfather, you tell us how the elves and hill-folk all went away."

"Yes, they are all gone from this country now, every one," said the old man, speaking in a low, feeble tone, but as he went on his voice gaining strength and animation; "they are gone off to Norway, or

the Feror Isles, or Iceland. They left Zealand long ago, they could not bear the continual ringing of bells, and the drums beating, and other noises. And I told Karen the other day how they were seen leaving Vendsyssel; but do you, any of you, know how they left the island of Erve?"

No one knew, and he was pressed to relate the story. |

"Well," he began, "you must know that [the miller of Dunkiar had plagued them terribly, and at last he must needs plough up their hills, breaking up the ground entirely, and this they could not bear, so they resolved to leave the country and emigrate to Norway. Some say that what I am going to tell happened in Eriskioping, others say in Marstel, but that matters little; this is certain, that one day a little old man came to a very poor skipper who wanted to be hired, and asked him if he would undertake the guidance of a vessel he should provide. Of course the skipper said, 'Yes;' but when the little man took him to the shore at Grisendal, and showed him a miserable wreck of a thing, he objected, saying it was not seaworthy. But the little man bade him engage a seaman and come again in three days, when all should be ready. The skipper had great trouble in hiring a mate, for all he spoke to laughed and turned their backs on him when he spoke of sailing in the wreck at Gravendal; but at last he met with a poor boy who was willing to go for the sake of getting a little food to eat. Well, on the third day the skipper and his boy went together to Gravendal, and there they found the ship lying at anchor, and provided with tattered sails: the wind was fair so they sailed at once. On the way the skipper took it into his head he should like to see his cargo, and peeping down through the trap door, he saw the place below swarming as it were with rats and mice. But then the little man who had hired him took off his hat and put it on the skipper's head, whereupon he became more clearsighted, and could see a multitude of tiny folk clad for travelling, and also a quantity of gold and silver which they were taking with them. When they had reached Norway the old man bade him go inland, for he would unload the ship himself. And when the skipper returned he found the ship empty, and the little man bade him wait three days for his fare. At the end of the three days he came again and told the skipper to fetch two sacks. 'Now shalt thou be paid for thy trouble!' quoth he, and he filled one sack with wood-shavings and the other with sea-coal, and saying, 'Mind

you give the boy his share,' he went away, leaving the skipper not particularly pleased. When they had sailed an hour or so, the skipper said, 'Go to the fire, boy, and make a cup of tea.' 'Yes, master,' answered the boy, 'but I have no firewood.' 'Take a handful of shavings out of the sack then.' 'Skipper, it shines!' cried the boy. 'Then take coals from the other sack.' 'Skipper, it shines!' cried the boy again; so the skipper went to look, and found the one sack full of gold, and the other full of silver coins. When they came back to *Ørve* they divided their treasure and became wealthy folk. Next year the skipper bought a yacht and sailed to Norway, when the same little old man came to him and asked various questions—how he was getting on? whether he had shared with the boy? and how the miller of *Dunkiar* was doing? And when the skipper replied that the miller had fallen down and broken his thigh the same day that the hill-folk had left the country, and was now a cripple for life, the answer was, 'No more than he deserved; serves him right.' For you know, my children," concluded old *Magnus*, "those never thrive who disturbed the elves and hill-folk—but they have left us now, and we can do very well without them."

CHAPTER IX.

TREASURE-TROVE.

THE long winter came to an end; the short, rainy spring season had passed; and bright summer sunshine lighted up the *Nissumfiord*. *Karen* had lost her cough, and life had returned to her pretty face, elasticity to her lithe form. *Kirstin* had become so fond of the little maiden, that her recovery would have alone sufficed to give her happiness; but her father, too, seemed more equable and cheerful, and her brother's letters arrived with due regularity. Sometimes, indeed, they were written in a complaining tone, for *Hans* seemed to consider himself not always sufficiently appreciated by his masters, but his style of composition showed how rapidly he was improving. *Kirstin* now resumed her visits to the pastor, who declared himself quite satisfied with her progress, and continued to lend her books, which were a never-failing source of enjoyment.

"How tall you are growing, *Karen*!" said *Kirstin*, one day: "why, when *Morten* comes back next year he will hardly know you."

Karen blushed with pleasure at hearing her brother's name, for he

was seldom mentioned between them. "When Morten comes back," she repeated; "yes, I was dreaming about that this morning."

"What, when you waked up crying, and would not tell me why? How should dreaming of Morten make you cry?"

"I don't know," and Karen's countenance fell; "don't people cry for joy sometimes?"

"I have heard so; but now, Karen, tell me what was your dream about, really?"

"Kirstin, I like to keep my dreams to myself," was the mysterious maiden's reply; and Kirstin pressed her no more.

Child as Karen was, she had a character of her own; gentle and impressionable as she seemed, she had her reserves even with her best friends. Morten was the only exception. To the brother who had been her protector and tender companion from infancy, every thought might be revealed; but she fancied it part of her fealty to him to place him above every other friend, even above Kirstin. It was something very touching, the love between the young fisherman and his half-sister, so much his junior, and clinging to him as though he were both father and mother to her. If Morten's object had been to keep his image before Kirstin's mind in the most winning light, he could not have hit on a better expedient than that of quartering Karen upon her; but in this matter the fact was, he had thought only of his sister's advantage, not of his own, and the idea was not one likely to occur to Michael. As has been said, Morten's name was very seldom mentioned by either of the two girls; seldom by Karen, because she was habitually reserved where her strongest feelings were concerned; seldom by Kirstin, because, occupied perpetually, she had little leisure for thinking of the absent, and when her thoughts did fly abroad it was to Copenhagen, or still oftener to Hamburg—very rarely to Norway.

"Karen," said Kirstin, one morning, "I think the bilberries must be ripe now on the moors; shall we go together this afternoon and gather them? Father will not want us to-day after dinner, and we shall have quite a long afternoon to ourselves."

Karen was charmed with the proposal. So after the mid-day meal the two girls set out together with large baskets in their hands.

It was a lovely day; the air clear, the heavens blue; the brown heath—for the purple blossoms were now dying away—bent under their feet, and the wild thyme gave out its refreshing fragrance as

they crushed it. Not even the gentlest breeze stirred the tiny herbs and stunted bushes of the moor. The distant hills bounding the horizon seemed to float like clouds around the plain, and as they watched them, shifted into manifold forms of houses, towers, palaces, and even of moving, living creatures. All was vague and changing as a dream; what at first seemed a hut, transformed itself into a church, then again into a pyramid; the figure of a man took the semblance first of a cow, then of an elephant; here rose a cathedral spire, there towered a grove of tall, dark pines; here rocked a boat, there sailed a stately ship. It was the *Fata Morgana*, the lovely air-phenomenon that delights and cheats the wanderer's eye sometimes on exceptionally clear summer days on the heaths of Jutland. The *Fairy Morgana's* palaces and hanging-gardens were altogether new to Karen, who had never been so far from home in her life before; and Kirstin, to whom the mysterious vision was no novelty, enjoyed it as though it had been so, while watching her sensitive little friend's face of delight. When the changing panorama had all faded away into the light of common day, and only the outlines of common objects surrounded them, Kirstin, looking at her companion, saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, it is all gone!" sighed the child; "I wish it would have stayed."

"Nay, that would not do either," responded Kirstin; "for it might keep us from our work;" and the two now began their business of filling their baskets, robbing the moors of a part of their treasure of bright, ripe berries; there was no fear of scarcity being left behind, the affluence was so great. At last, thoroughly weary, Karen threw herself down on one of the little hillocks covered with the myrtle-like foliage, which she had been so busily rifling.

"Why, Kirstin, you have filled your basket! I shall never be so quick as you in anything."

"Well, we will change baskets now," said Kirstin. "You rest and take care of my treasure;" and she took up Karen's basket and went on gathering, singing to herself the while. The little girl watched her admiringly, thinking, "How good she is—how kind to me—and how clever in everything! Can I ever be like her?" Yet any passer-by would have said Karen had no need to wish to be other than herself. She was tall and slender, perhaps too much so for a child of ten years old, and might have been taken for full three years older. Her face was

oval ; her features perfect, her grey eyes, no longer dreamy, had an eager, inquiring expression, and her cheeks wore a brilliant bloom. "Come and sit down now !" she cried, presently ; and Kirstin, always anxious to please her, at once complied ; it was time to do so, for labour in the sun had heated the elder girl.

"Do you know why I called you ?" asked Karen.

"No—why ?"

"Because I saw you were getting too hot ; besides, I had thought of something to tell you."

"Well, what is it ?"

"This is the place where it happened—at least I can just fancy it was, for it was on this moor ; and look, there is a flock of wild geese flying over our heads."

"You are a little goose yourself, Karen. It is some nonsensical story, I am sure."

"No, I think it is a story you will like. Bodil Bryde told it me the other day when I went to mind the baby, while she was making bread. There was a pedlar passing over the heath, and a couple of robbers attacked him ; he could not defend himself, but whilst they were plundering him, a flock of wild geese flew right over his head, and he cried out, 'Here are our Lord's birds, to be witnesses of your evil deeds !' But they killed him, and went their way, and no one knew who had committed the crime. And years passed away. But one Sunday, as the congregation were gathered in the churchyard, waiting till their pastor should come, all of a sudden a flock of wild geese flew screaming over them, and at the sight a horse-dealer from Holstein said to his companion, 'Look, there are the pedlar's witnesses !' People turned round, and asked what he meant. He stammered, and grew confused ; and when afterwards strictly examined he confessed the crime. It was our Lord's birds, you see, that made him confess."

Kirstin was very much pleased with this legend. She did not know that this story is one of a common stock told by all the Indo-European race, and as well known among Greeks and Indians of old, as among Jutlanders now.

"Ah ! you like my story," said the child, stroking Kirstin's hair in her pretty, caressing fashion.

"Yes, I do ; and now I suppose you want to get something out of me in return."

"That is true; I want you to tell me the story you thought too long for grandfather to tell on Christmas-eve. Let me hear it now, darling Kirstin, while we sit and rest."

"It was about Thorstein and the Dwarf; but indeed, Karen, it is a long rigmarole, and I cannot recollect it all. Thorstein was a very strong Norwegian youth, fond of adventures; the end of them was that he married Gudrun, the daughter of an old heathen earl, who was owner of two enormous drinking-horns ornamented with gold. When this old earl died, he was buried under a hill like this where we are sitting, and it was said his ghost was always walking about at night, but he could not haunt Thorstein's house, because he had a cross marked upon every door. At last, one night, Thorstein walked into the hill and took away the large horns which the earl had had buried with him. After that time there was no more ghost-seeing."

"Do you think," said Karen, "there is some old king or earl buried under this hill we are sitting on?"

"Very likely," replied Kirstin; "the pastor, when he showed me his museum, told me the mounds on this part of the moor were mostly artificial. The dead hero, or king, was placed upright on his horse, the earth was thrown up in a circular form, the horse walked into the midst of the mound, and then it was closed up over him."

"Oh, the poor horse!" cried Karen; "what a shame! And were their drinking-horns buried with the kings?"

"Yes, very often; and swords and gold ornaments: there may be something of the sort buried here, but no one would like to dig for it; they would fancy they were disturbing the repose of the dead. Oh, Karen! the sun is setting, and I have not filled the basket. I must make haste;" and she returned to her work.

But Karen did not offer to help her; her mind full of what she had been hearing, she began examining the hillock where she had been resting with lively interest; she even turned aside the bilberry plants that grew so thickly over it, as though the very ordinary black mould covering a heathen chief's resting-place must be worth looking at. Presently her hand came upon something hard, projecting a little from the mould, though hidden from sight by the trailing heather and thick-leaved herbs. She pushed them aside, and tried to remove the earth surrounding it: the more she strove the clearer it became to her that she had something large and heavy in her grasp; at length she called

out, "Kirstin! Kirstin!" in so eager a tone that Kirstin ran up to her almost frightened.

"What are you about, Karen?"

"Oh, Kirstin! I am sure there is one of these horns buried here—do you think it would be wicked to take it out?"

Kirstin laughed.

"Why," she said, "this is something carved, like the things Mr. Nordenfelt showed me. No I don't see any harm in pulling it out of the ground: it is not opening the hill."

"Oh, then, do let us try; I would give anything to see it."

Kirstin set to work vigorously, the little girl helping; the cracks in the soil from the late drought favoured their exertions, and Kirstin had a knife in her basket which was some assistance; unfortunately, however, the knife, poor thing, broke off in the effort, and the blade was left sticking in the mould.

"What can we do now?" asked Kirstin, more amused than distressed by the accident.

"Oh, Kirstin!" exclaimed Karen; "don't you remember last time you came here for some turf you left your spade behind? would you mind going to the spot where you left it? would it tire you too much?"

"Not at all; only we shall be very late—but no matter, I'll fetch it;" and off she ran, pleased to gratify the little maiden.

She soon returned; and, armed with her spade, recommenced operations with such zeal that in a few minutes her exertions were rewarded, and she stood upright, her arms aching, her eyes wide open at the sight of a huge drinking-horn, shaped like that of an ox, but curiously carved.

Karen exclaimed with delight, "Do you think it is gold?"

"There's no knowing what it is made of, it is so spoiled by being in the ground; how ever shall we get it home? my poor arms have had enough work already. Shall I leave it here, and ask father to fetch it to-morrow?"

Karen looked blank at this proposal.

"Oh, I want to examine it so much!"

"But, my child, you will want your supper, I suppose; and it would take a long time to get home with this burthen, and there are the bilberries to carry besides. Oh, I know now what to do; you,

Karen, take your basket and go home, and whoever you come upon first, whether father, or Hendrick Bryde, tell them where to find me, and help carry off this great thing. But are you sure you can find the way?"

"Oh, yes, never fear."

But Karen was too confident in her own recollection of the way she had been brought, in fact she had not given heed to it. Kirstin waited and waited, no one came.

"How foolish of me to let that child go by herself! the moor is everywhere so much alike, the landmarks are so few."

She had plenty of time for self-reproach: an hour passed by, and no one appeared. The sun had set, but the moon was at the full, so it was light enough. She had just resolved upon taking up her basket and going home, when she saw the figure of a man appearing. "Hendrick! father!" she cried out.

The man, who had not perceived her before, started, and came up to her. "Who? Kirstin, Michael's daughter!"

Kirstin started in her turn, for she recognised Niels Petersen, who was, as usual in the evening, considerably the worse for his late visit to a tavern. "Kirstin Ericksen!" he repeated, "wandering alone by the light of the moon. For whom are you waiting, pretty one?"

"I am waiting for my father," she replied, haughtily.

"Father's name is not Hendrick," he retorted. And approaching nearer, he caught sight of the horn. "Where did you find that?" he asked.

"I did not find it at all; Karen Möller found it."

He did not seem to hear her, he was examining the horn. "You and I will go shares in this, Kirstin."

"You shall not touch it, it is Karen's!" she exclaimed.

"Then I will have it all to myself since you are so proud, pretty saint, parson's pet!" and he stooped to pick up the horn. But not for nothing was Kirstin a daughter of the Vikings: her blood boiling over, she said in a resolute tone, "You shall not rob Karen!" and as he sneeringly made some insulting answer, she dealt him a blow that sent him reeling several paces off. At the same moment another black shadow fell across the moonlit heath. "Father!" she exclaimed; and in answer Hendrick Bryde's hearty voice hailed her; "Kirstin! here I am, all right!"

Never had Hendrick received such a cordial welcome from his fair neighbour before, although they were always good friends. "What! fighting, Kirstin? I never knew such a girl, but I say, don't teach that little game to my wife—and who is the offender?"

"Niels Petersen," said the girl, who felt now much inclined to cry. "I could not help it, indeed, he wanted to take this, and it is Karen's?"

"Let us look at this wonderful article. Why, Kirstin, it is worth a king's ransom!" and the young fisherman held the huge horn at arm's length, and surveyed it with great satisfaction.

"Is it really so valuable? are you sure?"

"No doubt of it; but come, take your basket, and let us make haste home. That ill-conditioned fellow!" he muttered; "I wonder what brings him in this part of the country again; no good, I'm sure."

When Michael saw the prize, and Hendrick dilated on its value, his eyes sparkled. "This is yours, Kirstin."

"No, father, it is Karen's; she found it."

Kirstin spoke with a throbbing heart: it cost her a great effort to thwart her father, but it was hardly worth while to defy Niels Petersen in Karen's behalf, and now to give way to home influence.

But Karen herself solved the difficulty. "It is half mine and half Kirstin's," she said, in her sweet, silvery tones. "I found it, but I could not have got it out of the ground without Kirstin, and I should not have tried, if she had not told me what it was."

Kirstin herself was not satisfied with this view of the case, till the pastor, who was next day summoned to make a survey of the horn, pronounced it to be perfectly just. He then, after a close examination, told them that the horn had been bronze with gold ornaments, and was a valuable relic of antiquity, but he could not tell what sum Government might offer for it, as that would depend upon there not being others like it already in the museum at Copenhagen. It was settled that he should take charge of it and negotiate for the sale.

Mr. Nordenfelt was much amused by little Karen's earnestness and enthusiasm in the matter. As he went home, he said to himself, "That child, God willing, will grow up as perfect a creature as her mother was before she married that stump, Claus Möller."

(To be continued.)]

THE BELL-BIRD.

IN the forests of South America is found a bird whose note, we are assured by travelers, exactly imitates the sound of a bell; hence the English have called it the bell-bird, and the Spaniards the campanero. It is thus described by Waterton: "It is about the size of a jay, its plumage white as snow; on his forehead rises a jet-black spiral tube, clothed all over with small feathers. His note is clear and loud like the sound of a bell, and may be heard three miles off." And Mr. Swainson says: "Their notes are particularly loud, and are uttered morning and evening from the recesses of the forest."



THROUGH the woods of Brazil one autumn day

A father and daughter toiled their way;

An old, old man, who must lean for aid

On the delicate form of a fair-haired maid.

On house and home they had turned their back

To follow the lonely forest track;

For the fruitful fields where the sun goes down

They had left for ever their native town.

The brook as they went dashed on before,

Like a friend who would lead to the welcoming door;

And the birds had been singing the whole day through,

"There is golden treasure in store for you."

They talked as they went of many things,

Nor wearied, for Hope had given them wings;

They spoke of the home they had left behind,

Nor sorrowed, for Hope had made them blind.

Onward they walked till the day was old,

And the sunset wind was whistling cold;

Till the old man said, with a stifled sigh,

"Oh, would that the shelter we seek were nigh!"

Then clear and true from the western dell

There came the sound of an evening bell;

So sweet and full did its notes arise,

It brought the tears to the wanderers' eyes.

"O father! be glad," said the maiden then,

"The village must lie in yon darksome glen;

For do you not hear through the silent air

How the evening bells are ringing for prayer?"

They walked till the grass was damp with dew,
And the stars came out in the eastern blue;
The old man's head had sunk on his breast—
"Oh, where is the place where my bones may rest?"

Then once again through the evening clear
The notes of a bell rose loud and near;
And backwards and forwards, and round and round.
Deep, deep in the forest they followed the sound.

They walked till the owls flew screeching by,
And clouds had covered the face of the sky;
And the old man sank with a gasping breath.
"Oh, leave me here, I am faint to death!"

She took his head on her trembling breast—
"O father! Patience! and hope the best;
We shall hear the bell, as we heard before."
But the treacherous bell was heard no more.

Only the shriek of the panther rose,
Or the pole-cat struggling with midnight foes;
The beasts of the forest were roaring round,
As they knelt to pray on the frozen ground.

But He who has promised to shield from harm
Those who have trust in the might of His arm;
Who honours the faithful, and loves the good,
Was watching them then in the darkling wood.

He felt their sorrow, He heard their prayers,
And the skies were brightening unawares;
And down the path with an uncouth song
A backwoods hunter came striding along.

He raised them up, and he gave them food,
His words were kind, though his tongue was rude;
He cheered and guided their fainting feet,
Till he left them safe in the village street.

The sun had flooded the world with day,
Once more, in gladness they knelt to pray;
And clear and loud, with a jubilant shout,
The bell-birds' notes were ringing without.

.PAN.

LISA'S DREAM.

By the Author of "Courage and Cowards," &c.



LISA! Lisa! look, quick! Did you ever see such dreadful, horrible, dirty little wretches?

Lisa jumped up at once, almost letting her doll fall, in her eagerness to see what wonderfully horrible things Charlie was looking at. "Horrible things were so truly delightful!" as Lisa and Charlie had often agreed.

The two children had spent the whole morning in sight-seeing with Uncle Tom, with whom they and their mamma were spending a few days; for as they did not very often come to London, of course they wanted to see everything. Indeed, Charlie would have liked to be seeing something the whole day long, he found it so very dull in the house, and there was no garden, and his ball *would* go through the window, and Jumper *would* bark so loud that the footman came up and carried him off to the lower regions, thereby putting an end to their game. After this, Charlie had disconsolately seated himself at the window, but he had not extracted much amusement from what he saw in the street, till his sudden call roused Lisa, and made her come and join him.

What did she see? only a little chimney-sweep, as black as he could be, and a little ragged crossing-sweeper, not much cleaner. But, to Charlie's great amusement, these poor little boys were fighting, and looking as angry as two turkey-cocks. He watched them for some moments, much as if they had been Punch and Judy, and was intensely delighted when at last a policeman came up and took both boys away with him. The next instant he would have been as much in want of something to do as ever; but, fortunately, just then mamma came in, and both Charlie and Lisa had enough to do in telling her all the wonders they had seen with Uncle Tom.

"And mamma," said Lisa, "Uncle Tom said something so very odd. Charlie says, 'He's sure it can't be true.' It was about the queen's crown."

"Yes," interrupted Charlie, "he said diamonds were charcoal, and

sapphires clay. But I know he only said it to chaff Lisa, because she thought them so fine—just like a girl, you know, mamma !”

Poor Lisa looked a little ashamed, for she was fond of pretty things, of course, because she was a girl. We all know boys are much more dignified, and would at any time rather make mud-pies or sail their boats in a puddle than see the most splendid jewels in the world. To tell the truth, Charlie had been as much interested by the fight between the two sweepers as by anything else he had seen that day, excepting the thumbscrews, and other delightful instruments of torture kept in the Tower. So he turned up his little nose at Lisa, and looked very wise, as he repeated : “ It was only Uncle Tom’s chaff !”

“ Indeed, Master Charlie, you are mistaken ; Uncle Tom was not ‘ chaffing,’ ” said mamma. Whereat Lisa brightened up, and Charlie opened his eyes very wide, as he answered : “ Well, mamma, it’s impossible to know what Uncle Tom means ; he nearly always does chaff. But ”—he added, feeling rather vexed at having taken himself in by too great wisdom—“ how can diamonds be charcoal ? It’s black and thick, and they are white and clear like glass.”

Lisa looked at the diamond in one of her mamma’s rings, but she could make nothing out of it ; and Charlie went on, “ Well, mamma, why don’t people make them if they are only charcoal ?”

“ Ah ! Charlie ! we are not clever enough for that ! I can only tell you that a diamond is made of the same ‘ stuff,’ as you would say, as charcoal, and coal, yes, and even soot,” said mamma, as Lisa caught at a large smut which was sailing by.

“ And the beautiful blue sapphire in the queen’s crown, is it only clay ?”

“ It might have been clay used to make a china cup, or it might have been emery to brighten our needles, if it had not been the beautiful stone it is.”

“ They are all made of the same stuff then ? It’s very wonderful, but I don’t a bit understand how it can be ! Can’t you tell us, mamma ?”

“ I am afraid not, Lisa, because I really don’t at all know how to make a diamond or sapphire, though I know pretty well what they are made of.”

“ That’s rather like the pudding I tried to make,” said Charlie ; “ cook gave me all the right things to put in, but somehow they

wouldn't go properly together at all, and it didn't turn out a bit like a pudding."

They all three laughed at the remembrance of Charlie's pudding, and then mamma said, "Who can tell me what snow is?"

"Rain! water!" cried the two children together.

"And ice?"

"Water too, but they are not at all alike! and sometimes the snow is in beautiful stars, and sometimes it isn't, and yet it is the same stuff still. Oh! and mamma, the steam out of the urn, I know it is water too, because I have caught it on a plate, all in drops—and the clouds, they are water too, and they are all sorts of different beautiful colours when the sun shines on them. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Very wonderful, my darling," said mamma; and then Lisa sat quite still for a moment thinking, till she suddenly exclaimed in delight: "And Charlie's horrid little sweep is only covered with diamonds in disguise! It makes more beautiful things in the world than there were before, at least than I knew before!"

"Just like Lisa!" observed Charlie, "always making a story out of everything. Now you have told her that, mamma, I shouldn't wonder if she spent all her time in catching smuts, till we go back to the country; and she'll certainly run after the next little beastly dirty sweep, and tell him he has got a bag of diamonds, like her pet Sinbad the sailor."

"But they are not exactly diamonds after all," said Lisa, softly, "only perhaps they might have been, if——" but Lisa finished the sentence to herself, and Charlie began to tell his mamma about the fight, to which Lisa did not listen much. She was thinking about the jewels still, and puzzling her little head extremely, as to why all the smuts should not be diamonds. It would make the world much prettier. But then—"Ah! they would hit rather hard if they flew about in the air though," she concluded aloud, and Charlie stopped suddenly short to ask what in the world she was talking about now.

"It was only—I was thinking, if all the smuts were diamonds," answered Lisa, half ashamed. "It seems very hard for them always to be so black and dirty, poor things! nobody likes smuts, but everybody likes diamonds—almost; and yet they are made just of the same stuff. I dare say the diamonds are quite ashamed of them!"

What Charlie's answer might have been, if he had been listening, it

is of course impossible to say; for he was peeping out of the window, and now cried out, "Mamma! look! that horrid little crossing-sweeper has come back again. Isn't he a dreadful little figure! he ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"I don't like to hear my Charlie call any one 'horrid'; certainly not that poor little boy, who perhaps is quite as good as himself."

Charlie looked astonished, but his mamma was evidently quite serious, though her next question was a very odd one. "In what way are you better than the little crossing-sweeper?"

"Why, mamma, I am quite entirely different," he said, with a red face; but his mamma only smiled, as she said, "Then I am afraid you must be a very odd sort of little animal, and not a boy at all! Pray, how many legs and arms have you got? And what are you made of?"

"Oh! mamma!" interrupted Lisa, delighted, "it's like the smuts—he's made just of the same stuff, only one's a diamond—I mean one's a sweeper—and—what do I mean?" she concluded, quite confused with the puzzle she had got herself into.

"Quite right, Lisa, though you have not explained it very clearly. Charlie and the sweeper are both made of flesh and blood and bones."

Charlie did not seem to admire the comparison, and remarked: "That he certainly was the cleaner of the two."

"The sweeper might be made clean if he had any one to wash him and give him clean new clothes."

"He's very naughty, I'm sure," said Master Charlie. "I don't fight like that."

"I hope not, Charlie; you have been taught better, but that poor little boy perhaps has not been taught at all. If he had been brought up as you have been, he would probably have been quite as good as you; and if you had lived in his home, I am afraid you would not have been any better than he is. So next time you see him, instead of calling him 'horrid,' just think to yourself that you might have been like him, or worse, if God had not given you a papa and mamma able to take care of you and teach you what is right. And then, Charlie boy, there is one more thing you must think of, that if, with all your advantages, you are not a great deal better than the poor sweeper, some day he may be a great deal better off than you."

Charlie looked serious, for he knew what his mamma meant, only it

had never struck him that the little crossing-sweeper might some day be a bright angel in heaven—he did look so very dirty!

He did not altogether like the idea either of being no better than the sweeper, and could not quite bring his mind to allow it. He confided this to Lisa as soon as they were left alone again, and the conversation served to keep him quiet for some time.

"Now, Lisa, if I and the boy were out there together sweeping the crossing, I'm sure you wouldn't think we were the same, would you?" asked Charlie, looking down at his velvet knickerbockers and scarlet stockings.

Lisa shook her head, as she answered slowly, "But the clothes are not you, Charlie, you know; they don't even grow on you as the bird's feathers do, and you didn't even buy them. Besides, don't you know what nurse says sometimes, 'Fine feathers make fine birds,' and when you haven't got your fine feathers on, or when you've been down to the pond, you know, Charlie, you do look a little dirty, not like the sweeper," added Lisa, for fear of hurting his feelings, "but a *little* dirty!"

It was quite true! Charlie remembered a particular day, when he had been "swarming" a fir tree, and had come down with a torn jacket, patches of dirty green all over his knickerbockers, and torn hands besides, not to mention a large yellow stain where his pocket was, which was caused by the unfortunate smashing of the bird's eggs he had been up to get.

"I was in an awful jolly mess that day, wasn't I; Lisa? and I dare say I should be every day if nurse didn't bother. I suppose that little boy has got no nurse; it must be awful jolly for him. There! and it's beginning to rain, and he won't be obliged to go home. I do like being out in the rain. But even if I were ever so dirty, I can read and write, Lisa, and I am learning French and Latin, nasty horrid things! I dare say he doesn't know his letters. I shall ask him when we go out to-morrow morning, and then I'll tell mamma that's the difference."

Charlie looked quite satisfied with himself, till Lisa reminded him that he could not have learnt without some one to teach him, and the little sweeper might have learnt too if he had been sent to school.

"You see, dear, we are all made of the same stuff," said Lisa; she didn't quite know what to say, and she was still thinking about the

diamonds; "and I've heard mamma say that diamonds look quite dirty and dull till they are cut and polished."

Charlie stared at her for a minute, thinking she was half asleep, and then announced that the sweeper was going away. It was growing dark now, and the rain was coming down very fast, as the little boy shouldered his broom and walked off with bare feet.

A sudden thought struck Charlie and made him sit quite still for a second. "Where was the little sweeper's home?"

Lisa thought very likely it was in one of those dreadful little houses nurse had been telling her of, where the streets were so narrow you could hardly see the sky, and everything was black and dirty and dismal; and she sat in the twilight wondering about it till nurse came to tell her they must be dressed for tea.

But no sooner were the dressing and the tea over, than Lisa and Charlie scampered away down to the drawing-room, and when they were there, instead of looking at their new books as nurse advised, they preferred getting inside the window-curtains, and squeezing their faces against the window, to watch the twinkling lamps and the splashing, pattering rain.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Charlie, as he rubbed his nose flat against the glass; "I wonder if we *are* made of the same stuff; because you see, Lisa, if we are, I don't see it at all, and I think it's very hard and a great shame!"

Lisa did not quite understand, but she said, "Perhaps it won't be always, but there are a great many things I should like to know about, and we will ask mamma about it when we go home. I hope he is not out in the rain, Charlie," she whispered, as the drops came down thicker and faster. "He has got such very bad chilblains, and no shoes."

But Charlie only jerked himself away, and said gruffly, "I wish you wouldn't be such a plague, Lisa," while he squeezed his nose flatter than ever against the window, and a moment after began to whistle, "Paddle your own canoe," which seemed very unfeeling of him. Lisa said no more, but she wished all the sweepers, both of chimneys and crossings, could have nice warm knickerbockers and worsted stockings and strong shoes. But long before she had settled all she would like to do for them, she and Charlie went down to dessert.

"Well, Mr. Knickerbocker! a pretty mess you have made of your-

self!" exclaimed Uncle Tom; "you have been up the chimney, I should think!"

Lisa started, half-frightened, as she looked at Charlie and noticed his stained face. She wondered whether he could have been looking up a chimney in the hope of finding a diamond, or to see how he should like to be a chimney-sweep. But she felt sure he would tell her if he had made any discoveries, and therefore to shield him from Uncle Tom's remarks, she said they had only been looking out of the window, and then she chattered away faster than usual, till Charlie came back with a bright, shining face. By this time Uncle Tom had forgotten all about the matter, and was soon so busy talking to mamma, that the only further notice he took of his nephew was to give him an orange and some almonds and raisins, all of which disappeared with marvellous rapidity. Charlie was more silent than usual, and Lisa, as she looked at him under her eyelashes, began to feel sure he had seen something wonderful.

As soon as nurse left the room that night, after seeing Miss Lisa safe in bed comfortably tucked up, and the candle out, before she went down to her supper, Lisa softly got up again, and going to the window, peeped behind the blind. But the drizzling rain had ceased, and snow was falling instead. Already by the light of the lamps Lisa could see there was a thin white covering on the dingy window-ledge; and, as she stood sleepily watching the flakes floating gently down, she whispered dreamily, "It's the same stuff still, though; the dirty black rain, and the bright, white snow—the same stuff."

"Are you talking about it still, Lisa?" quoth Charlie, who had entered unperceived, with his little red dressing-gown round him, and his curly hair rumbled up in a wonderful state of roughness.

Lisa was too sleepy to be much astonished, and Charlie went on, "Well, now, I wonder if he is made of the same stuff, because if he is, perhaps he feels like us, and so—perhaps Lisa he likes raisins—eh! do you think he does?" and Charlie produced the identical bunch which disappeared so mysteriously from his plate, adding, in a funny, half-ashamed voice, "We'll try to-morrow, if you'll keep them, Lisa, because you see nurse might come poking into my drawer, and she might think they were meant for her, or, you know—I might perhaps eat them in my sleep."

So the raisins were put safely away; Charlie went back to his room,

and Lisa lay down again in her little bed, too sleepy to ask him whether he had discovered anything in the chimney, but smiling to herself, and repeating over and over, as her eyelids drooped lower and lower, "It's all the same stuff—all the same; Charlie and the sweeper, and the dirty rain and the white snow; diamonds and smuts, and—and the same stuff;" and what had become of Lisa? She was quite wide-awake, but somehow or other she seemed to have got into the street, and was contentedly watching the snowflakes fall around her, without feeling either cold or wet. There was one beautiful large snowflake floating towards her like a star! it seemed such a pity it should fall upon the dirty pavement, that Lisa put out her hand to save it; but, as she did so, the snowflake grew larger and larger, till she saw it was a snowflake no longer, but a child as big as herself, dressed in shining white and with a face which somehow reminded her of the little crossing-sweeper, only that it was so much cleaner. He nodded to Lisa and smiled, saying, "I am not always dirty, you see; I am nearly as clean as Master Charlie himself."

"A great deal cleaner," answered Lisa; "but how did you get so clean?"

"Oh! that was easy enough: I am not naturally dirtier than Master Charlie, but I had the misfortune to fall into the gutter a few days ago, and there I was obliged to lie till the sun kindly sent down a sunbeam to pick me up, and then Jack Frost turned me into a snow-star."

"But I wonder how it was the sun made you clean?" persisted Lisa.

"The sun sent for *me*, and of course he left the dirt behind; the dirt was not *me*, as he knows very well. It is no matter where I drop, he knows how to find me—and I am going now; I can't stay much longer, you're so warm, and I am afraid I shall soon be in the gutter again—but never mind!"

"Oh! do stop one moment! do tell me, aren't you the little crossing-sweeper? oh! dear! dear! what is going to become of you?" exclaimed Lisa, in despair.

"I'm only *melting*!" said a faint voice; "but I am the same stuff still—mind that, and I am not dirty; it's only your dirty streets that are to blame if I look dirty to-morrow."

The voice ceased, and the beautiful snow-star was quite gone, and

Lisa could have cried, as she said, "Oh! if it had but fallen into a clean place!"

The snow melted as fast as it fell, and the pavement and roads were horribly wet and dirty. She watched the flakes falling for some time, but there were no more like that one strange star; and when, at last, the snow changed into a drizzling rain, Lisa's only thought was that there would be plenty of work for the crossing-sweeper. What a quantity of horribly dirty mud!

"Horrible dirty mud, indeed!" was repeated by something or somebody; "much you know about it! why if we had had *advantages*, we should have been diamonds and sapphires—it is only the advantages that make the difference."

Lisa looked round, half-expecting to see the chimney-sweep with a sack of diamonds on his back, and his clothes powdered with diamond-dust besides, but she saw nothing but the wet streets and the falling rain. She began to feel cold and miserable, and her feet were wet. Looking down to see how this was, to her astonishment she saw her toes peeping through the ends of her shoes, and her frock had grown, oh! so shabby and full of holes, and her straw hat was so ragged it would hardly keep on her head. She was very hungry, too, and her poor little hands were swollen and red with chilblains; but somehow, after the first moment, she was not in the least puzzled by the change in herself, and she stood there shivering in the cold grey morning light, as if she had been accustomed to it all her life. She fancied she knew the house opposite which she was standing, and she felt as if it were her duty to sweep the crossing in front of it; so she took up the old broom, which was lying there ready, and began. But oh! she was so very, very hungry, and her hands and feet did ache so bitterly, she could hardly help crying. By-and-by, the door of the great house opposite opened, and out came a pleasant-looking gentleman, holding the hands of a little boy and girl. They looked so warm and comfortable, and Lisa knew they were Uncle Tom and Charlie, and the little girl was her other self, dressed up in her own warm jacket and frock; but they did not seem to know the poor little sweeper, though Uncle Tom did give her a penny. She heard Charlie say to the little girl, "Lisa, how nice it must be to stand in the mud and have no lessons and no nurse:" and she very nearly cried out to him that "it was not nice at all, and that even lessons were better than hunger and

cold." But the sharp wind froze the words on her lips, and she did not speak, though she thought to herself, "I was Lisa once, when I lived in a nice house and had warm clothes and plenty to eat; now I am only a little crossing-sweeper, but I am the same stuff still—the same stuff—only I had the misfortune to fall into the gutter." She was dreaming now about the wonderful snow-star, for the cold made her very sleepy; and presently she crouched down in a corner, drew her tattered frock round her to keep off as much of the cold wind as she could, and rocked herself to and fro in a dreamy sort of way, murmuring, "I hope the sunbeam will soon come down and fetch me; the little white boy said it would, and leave the mud behind; I'm sorry for the mud too; it might have been diamonds and beautiful stones if it had fallen into another place—that's like me; I might have been Lisa, but I fell into the gutter instead; but I shan't stay there, nor will the little white boy. I wonder if he was only a snow-star—it did seem such a pity he fell into the mud; but the sunbeams are coming to fetch us all away, and perhaps I shall have a bright dress covered with snow-stars!"

By this time the poor little girl was fast asleep, in spite of the cold wind, and she slept till she felt some one touching her shoulder and trying to rouse her. She looked up in a fright, expecting to be ordered off by a policeman, but, to her great surprise and relief, it was only nurse standing by her bedside and saying, "Come, Miss Lisa! how sleepy you do seem! and the sun's shining so bright, it's dried up the pavements beautiful, that is, for London. I never did see such a dirty place; and the smuts as come in at these top windows, it's something surprising!"

"Ah! they might have been diamonds, if only they had dropped somewhere else!" sighed Lisa, in a dreamy tone.

"Might have been diamonds! Miss Lisa, what are you dreaming about? Come! do rouse up, there's a dear, or you won't be ready for breakfast!"

Lisa felt as if she should like to lie quiet and think over all the wonderful things she had heard and seen. But she was too glad to see nurse again to think her tiresome, as she often had done before; so she only flung her arms round the old woman's neck, and kissed her heartily, as she said, "Dear old Nurse! and you might have been a policeman! I will never think you tiresome again!"

Nurse was too much puzzled to make any answer; but Lisa said so many strange things in the course of the dressing about snow-stars and crossing-sweepers, and smuts and diamonds, that nurse made up her mind to tell her mistress she was quite sure Miss Lisa had been overtired with sight-seeing, and would be quite ill if she had much more of it.

The very moment she was dressed, Lisa rushed down to the breakfast-room, and finding no one there, climbed up on a chair to look over the wire blinds and see if the crossing-sweeper were there. She was still so full of her dream, and it seemed so wonderfully real, she could hardly believe it was only a dream. The little boy was there, as dirty as ever, so that it was difficult to imagine him a snow-star. Lisa sighed as she thought to herself, "He might have been Charlie if he had been born in a nice house, instead of falling into the gutter." You see her dream kept coming back to her, and the little boy and the snow-star were confused in her mind. Of course she told Charlie all about it when he came down; and though he interrupted her rather gruffly once or twice, and was inclined to whistle, Lisa was quite satisfied with the attention he gave her.

"And so, Charlie, you see," she concluded, "he does feel the same, and I am sure he will like the raisins; but he is so very hungry, I don't think you have ever been so hungry; and his hands and feet do ache so; and when he sees us go out in our warm things——"

"Don't!" said Charlie, in a very gruff voice, and he ran fairly out of the room, for he was not a hardhearted boy after all, and this talk was becoming too much for his feelings. He came back again in a minute or two, however, and standing behind Lisa, said in his funny little short way: "I say, I suppose *he*"—and he gave a little jerk with his elbow towards the window—"I suppose *he* would like a new pair of shoes, as you say his chilblains hurt him, so if you'll give half——"

Lisa turned round and gave him a kiss, she was so pleased, and Charlie went on, "But don't you go and dream about the chimney-sweep to-night, Lisa, because, I say, I can't stand it; it's a chouse, it is! for I meant to buy the boat this very morning, and Uncle Tom will be sure to chaff, but as you say, we're the same stuff——"

The rest of Charlie's speech was interrupted by the appearance of mamma and Uncle Tom. Both children were rather silent during breakfast; but when it was over Lisa crept up to Uncle Tom, behind

the newspaper, and whispered something which made him laugh, though he answered kindly, with an odd sort of twinkle in his eyes: "May you, little one? to be sure, anything you like, while you are in



London." And a few moments after, Lisa and Charlie were at the hall-door, taking the little crossing-sweeper such a breakfast as he had never seen before. When he saw him eating it, Charlie had no longer


any doubt as to whether he were made of the same "stuff" as himself. Before he and Lisa went to their house in the country, the little sweeper had his comfortable shoes, and a warm old coat of Charlie's, which mamma had given him. Lisa never forgot her dream, and for years after, whenever she saw a poor little beggar-child, she would say to herself, "It might have been Lisa, and I might have been a beggar, if God had not been so good to me." But, as she grew older, she thought less about being made of the same "stuff," and more about a verse in her favourite hymn-book—

"And God loveth *all* His children,
Rich and poor and high and low;
And they all shall meet in heaven
Who have served Him here below."

The cold and the hunger would all be over *then*, left behind for ever, and this thought comforted her, whenever she thought of the crossing-sweeper.

SELINA GAYE.

RATHER A LONG WALK.

WHEN I was a boy, ever so long ago, when the world and everything in it seemed much pleasanter to me than they do now—though I manage to live pretty contentedly now, thank God—I used to consider that if I walked twelve or fifteen miles I had had a very long walk indeed, and one that entitled me to a few days' rest. I have seen a good many places and things since then, and travelled many a weary mile on foot and on horseback; and I am now going to tell you of one journey I once made on foot, which I think you will be inclined to call rather a long walk, or series of walks, for of course I did not do it all in one day.

This is how it was: I was staying in a small seaport town in the far north of Australia, and I began to think that it was time to look for some work to earn some more money, for I had not more left than would pay for two or three days' food. Now I was not at all fond of what is called "hard work." I had often tried it, and I found, or thought, that it did not suit my constitution (this also was when I was much younger than I am now). Besides, I was awkward and clumsy

at it, and could not do half so much as many men much weaker than myself, because I did not know how to use my strength. In the same way, a clever, idle boy will be often taken down in his class by a hard-working, plodding fellow who has not nearly as much ability.

(This is the meaning of educating [*e-duco*], bringing out what is within and making the most of it.)

But leaving all that, I had made up my mind that manual labour—hard work—was not my forte; so, of course, as I must do something to earn my living, I was going to look for some employment of a lighter description.

Ah, me! when sitting at the far end of the table, an usher in a school, and eating thin bread and butter, spread with an oniony knife, I have often sighed for the chance of hard work and freedom and appetite—forgetting that I was once only too glad to run away from those very things. But where on earth am I straying?

Such being the case, I determined to walk up the bush and look for a job of shepherding—an employment that certainly did not involve much hard work, as things are managed in Australia. In looking over my resources I found that I had left seven shillings in cash, a pair of blue blankets rather the worse for wear, a triangular piece of looking-glass, with all the stuff at the back—whatever it is—rubbed off (this I threw away as useless), a Church Service, which I had carried about with me for two or three years, a tolerably good comb, a towel, a clay pipe, a spare shirt and trousers, and half a bar of soap. This was all my worldly wealth. Just then my tongue strayed to the roof of my mouth—I jumped up; I had discovered a treasure, and one that I had carried about me for the last four years without thinking about it. I had in the front of my mouth—a false tooth! “A wonderful discovery this, truly,” you will say; “how on earth could a false tooth help you in Australia?”

Wait a bit, my young friends, I did not say it could; but mine happened to be fastened to the roof of my mouth in some mysterious way that I never could understand by a plate of gold. Fancy discovering a gold mine in one’s mouth! It hurt me rather pulling it out, for it had not been moved since it was put in; but I thought to myself, I wish a few more of my teeth had gold plates to them, wouldn’t I pull them out!

So I got this tooth out, and went about trying to sell it; and I had

not far to go. There was a chemist in the town, who also professed to be a dentist, and he offered to buy it, but at first he would not give me enough for it. Finally, he agreed to give me ten shillings for it, which was not more than the value of the gold plate, but I was obliged to take that or nothing. There was an ugly great gap in the front of my mouth; but I considered that people would not care much for appearances in the bush, where I was going.

When I was a little boy six years old, I was playing bagatelle with a party of other children, and I am sorry to say that one young lady of seven lost her temper, and threw a bagatelle ball at me, or at the company generally—I don't remember which—and broke one of my front teeth right off; a false one had been put in to fill up the gap; but I was sitting before the fire in my rooms at Oxford one morning, and sneezed so violently that my tooth flew up the chimney. Then I got another, which went overboard one day when I was looking over the side of a ship. And the present one was the third.

I had now the sum of seventeen shillings, and I thought I might as well stay a day or two longer before starting, so that when I actually did start I was no better off than I was at first, and had lost my tooth into the bargain.

At last I felt that I must go. I spent all my money except one shilling in laying in a small stock of tea, sugar, and tobacco (those three things are necessities in the bush); and I also bought a quart pot to boil the tea in, and a pint pot to drink it out of, and a box of matches. When this was done, I started with my blankets strapped to my shoulders, and all my goods inside, and walked ten miles out of the town.

I knew I must walk about a hundred miles before I got into the country where they wanted shepherds; but for most of this distance the houses were never more than twenty miles apart, so that I was sure of a good lodging every night, and travellers always get a hearty welcome in the bush.

In England you read every week of people starving to death in the midst of plenty. In Australia there are no such people as beggars, and yet no one ever starves, if there is any one near who is able to prevent it—the will is never wanting.

Thus it is a common thing to find men travelling through the length and breadth of the land without money, and depending on hospitality for their daily food.

I shall not say much about the first hundred miles, which I accomplished in about a week. I met with no particular adventures: the road was good, and easily found; I met plenty of travellers, some on foot and others on horseback; long trains of bullock drays, each drawn by eight or ten bullocks, and loaded with wool. Sometimes I used to meet them just as they were "camping" for the night, by the side of some creek or waterhole, and then I stayed with the drivers, and slept under one of the drays.

These drays bring the wool in great bales from stations hundreds of miles up the bush, and are often some months on their journey. They cannot go more than about ten miles in a day.

When the wool has been left at the port ready for shipping, they either return empty, or else carry up "stores" for the station. The men have very long whips, which they do not always use to whip the bullocks. The cracking is generally enough.

I used to hear many interesting and amusing stories of real life in the bush by the camp fires in the evening: when I am not writing about anything else I may perhaps tell you some of them.

If I met one of them going my way, I used to ride for a mile or two on the top of the wool to rest my feet.

Very often the only road to be found is made by the track of these drays; and when a tree or a log is in the way, each dray takes a winding track round it, so that sometimes the road seems to branch off in three or four directions; all these tracks are nearly sure to meet again further on.

As I made progress on my journey, the sights and sounds of the bush began to be more numerous and interesting. Emus stalked and ran in companies of three or four together across the road. Kangaroos were quite a common sight, and one day I counted more than twenty of them in a drove. The birds were chiefly parrots, cockatoos, and laughing jackasses. But the noise of birds is seldom heard in the bush (in Queensland, North Australia), except in the mornings and evenings, and near water.

The "bell-bird" keeps on all day. He is so called because his note resembles almost exactly the distant tinkling of a bullock-bell or horse-bell.

Travelling in the bush at midday, you would be apt to notice most the chirping of the insects called by the colonists locusts and crickets.

These keep up a constant "simmering" noise at noon, which resembles very much the singing of a gigantic kettle. During this first part of my journey the country was pretty flat, and covered with the smaller kind of gum trees, one tree being exactly like another as far as the eye could see. Put a stranger down in such country as this, and just turn him round twice, he would probably wander helplessly about till he died of thirst.

All this country was occupied by cattle, which are allowed to stray about pretty much as they please over it, only visited now and then by the "stockman" to keep them together, and prevent them from straying too far.

At the end of this first week I came to the banks of a mighty river, which had been flooded by rains up the country. These rivers are dry for nine or ten months of the year, and have large trees growing in mid-channel, but are easily flooded by the heavy rains, which sometimes last a fortnight or three weeks.

Here I found many persons "camped," waiting for the waters to go down so that they might cross—you see that as the rivers are generally dry, no bridges are wanted.

I, however, had not to wait so long, as a traveller, whom I had known in the town, came up the next day, and, having a spare horse, said I might use it to get across. The way to swim a horse across a river is to ride in a little way, and then get off and catch hold of his mane or ear, when he will guide himself and his rider across safely.

When I was once on the other side, I had got at last into the wild bush land, where the sheep stations were, only they were much further apart, and the next halting-place was thirty miles away.

However, the road was pretty good, only very lonely. I did not meet a soul all day, and, I was glad just before evening when I heard an old crow's mournful note on a tree, and saw the hawks hovering round; for these were sure signs of man's habitation. For man is the purveyor to these birds, and they act as scavengers in return, and clear up all bits of refuse, which would otherwise become a nuisance in that climate.

At this station there was a traveller's hut—a large wooden place consisting of one room, in which travellers were received for the night—and a man was kept to cook for them. I had a good night's lodging,

and supper and breakfast. But I could not get employment here as I had hoped.

Beyond this station there was no regular road, but only what was called a "marked-tree line," along the coast. That is a piece of bark was stripped off a tree here and there. Occasionally there were a few horse tracks, on softer ground; but the way lay chiefly through broken country, up and down great stony hills and ridges.

I now began to experience the discomfort of having very little water. The next station was thirty miles off, and there was only one drink to be obtained all the way.

It is true that here and there, down in the flats and valleys, there were lonely shepherds' huts; but it would have been almost impossible for a stranger to find them, and there were none near the road. All this was rather discouraging; but after coming so far there was no turning back, so I started very early in the morning.

All this country, too, swarmed with black fellows, who had been driven into the hills and scrubs by the white men and their sheep and cattle.

It is astonishing how these black people manage to keep out of sight, in places where there are plenty of them everywhere. I saw plenty of fresh traces of them, where they had been cutting trees; and more than once I heard them shouting to one another.

It was not a bit of use being afraid, however, as I was obliged to get on. The only thing was to hope for the best.

Once I heard a chopping noise ahead of me, and thought surely I had come upon some men out cutting bark or timber. I quickened my pace, whistling as I went; but when I reached the place, there were the fresh chips under a small tree, where a black fellow had been interrupted in making a ring round it to get the bark off with his stone tomahawk.

Once I left my knife under a tree, and when I went back about a quarter of a mile to look for it, on the ground I saw a naked footprint covering my own! The owner of the foot could not have been skulking many yards away, and had probably followed me out of curiosity. The smallest cover, such as a tuft of grass, will cover them, and, as a last resource, they will crouch and stay motionless, and are often successful in being mistaken for burnt stumps, which are everywhere left by the "bush fires." There are numerous tales of these stumps being mistaken for black fellows, and fired at.

I had gone as I fancied about eight miles, when I lost the track altogether. I managed carelessly to lose sight of the last marked tree, and could neither find that again nor any other. But I was too much accustomed to the "bush" to be much dismayed; and after wasting an hour in looking for the trees, I sat down to think.

I noticed that all the little dry gullies and water-courses sloped in one direction. Now, I thought, if I follow one of these I must come by-and-by to a larger one, and following that again I shall reach one yet larger, and then, sooner or later, I must reach water, and, if I find water, I am certain in this dry region to find a habitation of some kind.

There is nothing like danger to sharpen a man's wits; and although this idea was not quite original, the mere thinking of it showed me that I had yet got my wits about me.

People who are lost in the bush are very apt to lose their wits altogether; and then it is all over with them.

I knew that if I could "hold out" without water for a few hours, I had a very good chance of coming right; so I started, clambering downwards on the side of the gully I had chosen, bringing a small avalanche of stones and loose earth with me at each step.

There seemed to be no living thing except myself in all the bush, and the noise I made seemed almost startling.

The water could not be many miles away; how else could the black fellows live? but they only, perhaps, knew where to find it. Perhaps it was only a little rain-water caught in a natural rock basin.

After a mile or two of this work, my boots began to go to pieces; but the country began to get more level as I went on, and my gully got larger as little ones came into it.

Presently, as I expected, I reached a much broader creek, into which mine entered; and here the stones came to an end, and there were signs of water. The bottom of this new guide was formed of mud and sand, caked hard, and in this grew great waving grass-trees and cabbage-tree palms and beautiful Australian tree-ferns; but I knew that the waters which nourished them might be yet many feet beneath the surface.

By a little examination I found the course of the current, and travelled on. It was now very wearisome walking, as I had to fight my way through tall grass tangled and matted together, and the pointed seeds entered my flesh like little arrows.

Of course all the country I had traversed would have been impassable in rainy weather, every little gully being a raging torrent.

It was now getting late, the sun was low, and I began to fear that I should have to pass the night without water; but still every step took me nearer, as I could see. I startled more than one kangaroo; and there were a few parrots here and there, but all these might roam far from water and return to it before night.

At last I espied right ahead a thin tree-line, and heard the hoarse scream of a cockatoo. I pitched my hat up in the air, and cheered aloud. When I saw the white wings gleaming, I began to run; and there, right before me, was a famous sheet of water, part of a river, and the lily leaves flapped deliciously in the evening breeze. I had a good drink, and smoked a pipe. I had been afraid to smoke before, because it might have made me thirsty.

As I was fumbling in my pouch for a bit of tobacco, I turned over my last shilling. Now I bethought me that, having reached the water, I did not know yet whether I ought to go up or down the stream; for the house or hut of which I was in search might lie in either direction. The thought struck me that I could not do better, as it must be a chance matter, than toss up with this shilling. There was something amusing in this, so I threw the shilling, and arranged that head should mean up, and tail down.

It was a head, so I went up. I had not gone a quarter of a mile, when I saw sheep tracks. I felt as cheerful as a lark. In half an hour I could hear the sheep, and soon saw them feeding contentedly along, and evidently close to home. I had nothing to do now, as I did not see the shepherd, but to follow the bank of the river.

On a small open space right on the edge, I came on it; and the banks behind it were all worn smooth where the sheep went down to water; and there was the shepherd coming up with a bucket of water.

(To be continued.)



MICROSCOPIC OBJECTS.

(Second Paper.)



THE imperfection in our account of "Diatoms" in last month's paper on this subject tempts us to a few more words.

"What! talk about Diatoms, and never mention that peculiarity which has had so much to do with their being considered animals?"

"What! talk about Diatoms, and never explain the peculiarity which gave rise to their name?"

Such were the disparaging remarks we seemed to hear made, and not without reason. They are shocking omissions it must be owned. It is very true that superficial papers on scientific subjects are never read by scientific people, and *un-scientific* ones do not find out the mistakes, but that is nothing. An amateur, in the proper, old, original meaning of the word, has, at any rate, some *love* of his subject himself, and would fret not to do his utmost to enlist the sympathies and admiration of others for whatever he tries to speak about. We shall therefore try to make both the omissions good.

To supply the first, be it known to "K. W." and others that Diatoms *move*. They go forwards, and they go backwards, as may be easily seen by any one who puts a drop of water, with some of the *free* sorts in it, under the microscope. And by *free* sorts I mean those which float about by themselves, not being attached to the edges of grass or waterweeds, or joined together in a colony by threads, as others are. Look out in a trough or roadside runnel for what lies like a brownish sediment on the soil, and carry some home in a bottle; or take your chance with water from any weedy pond. The probability is that a drop or two of this in your animal glass will show you several of the *free* species of Diatoms, and some *very* narrowly oval, with pointed ends. Watch these, and you will presently see one or more of them give a jerk, and then move slowly over the field of the microscope. He may, indeed, go quite across, and so get out of sight; but he may suddenly stop short and wait a bit, and then go back the way he came. That he has no sight is certain, for if another Diatom, or morsel of weed, lies in his way, he takes no notice. On he goes, knocking the obstacle

on one side if it is the weaker, or if not, stopped by it for a time, after which it will start afresh on its return travels!

Does this sound like animal life? A great authority, Smith, says: "There is no character of animality about the movement;" and Dr. Harvey writes: "It is at least certain that mere motion, such as has been observed in the Diatoms, is no proof of animality."

Moreover, watch the movements of these creatures yourself, and I think you will own there is a remarkable, though not easy-to-be-described difference between them and the motions of any infusorial animals who happen to be present in the water. About the latter there is no mistake. They are fully alive and sensitive, whereas the former, if alive, certainly seem to be moving in their sleep—drifting, rather than going, anywhere. However, some celebrated naturalists have maintained that these very movements were due to voluntary action, and the dispute can scarcely be said to be completely over even yet. Meantime, if you are asked what Diatoms are, you are quite safe in calling them "uni-cellular (one-celled) algæ," for they constitute Family XXXII. of Dr. Harvey's Catalogue of Seaweeds.

So much for omission one. Now with respect to the name *Diatom*, it signifies *cut through*; and these creatures are so called because at maturity each cell (*frustules* the Diatom forms are called) divides itself in half; the "two transparent plates" of which it was composed having parted company, each half having carried away half the internal vegetable substance, and grown a new transparent plate exactly like the others, to cover it with. And as soon as the new frustules are perfected they do the same thing!

"During the healthy life of the Diatom," says Smith, "the process of self-division is being continually repeated; the two half new frustules proceed at once to divide again, each into two frustules, and thus the process continues. I have been unable to ascertain the time occupied in a single act of self-division; but supposing it to be completed in twenty-four hours, we should have, as the progeny of a single frustule, the amazing number of one thousand millions in a month!"

"The world is a vast catacomb of Diatomaceæ," exclaims Dr. Harvey in his poetical account of them in "The Seaside Book" (pp. 173, 174).^{*} "Nor is the growth of those old dwellers on our earth diminished in

^{*} Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

these latter days." He goes on to describe the discovery of a great bank of them in the Antarctic Seas: "Other sea-plants ceased at Cockburn Island in the low latitude of 64° S., and thenceforward the Diatomaceæ formed the whole vegetation. The icy wall called Victoria Barrier, which at length stopped the southern progress of the intrepid navigators, was found embrowned with them. Floating masses of ice, when melted, yielded them in millions. In many places they formed a scum on the surface of the icy sea. But perhaps the most remarkable fact observed, is the result of soundings continued for four hundred miles along the Victoria Barrier, when the existence of a bank of unknown thickness, but at least of the extent of surface stated, was found composed almost wholly of these microscopic vegetables" (p. 174). Finally, "from their siliceous nature they resist even the strong heat of volcanoes, and their remains are found thrown up in the pumice and dust of the crater" (p. 175).

Here we stop, for wonder gets exhausted at last, and we hope we have done the Diatoms a little more justice. In case, however, any one should ask what means the word *siliceous*, we will mention that it is derived from *silex*, a flint. These plants have, as Dr. Harvey words it, the "power" of "*feeding on flint*"—i. e., they withdraw silex, or flint-earth, from the waters of the sea, and fix it in their tissues. How this is done is beyond the power of man to say, but the fact accounts for their indestructibility. Whoever wishes to know Diatoms thoroughly must study Smith's "Diatomaceæ;"* but a charming general account is to be found in "The Seaside Book" from which we have quoted. It contains figures of two very pretty sorts, with elegant markings, which markings, by-the-way, remind one not a little of the patterns one sees on old-fashioned mother-of-pearl fish used as markers in card-playing, where the lines sometimes seem ridges, sometimes depressions on the surface.

We will now mention that since the appearance of our March number a naturalist friend has sent us a mounted morsel of the ray of the brittle star-fish (*Luidia fragilissima*) as a specimen of an interesting and beautiful microscopic object, which it certainly is. Here the surface seems a forest of stars, for each star forms the top of a pedicel. The difficulty is that the *Luidia* is not a gentleman easily caught to make specimens of, as he has an unpleasant habit of com-

* Van Voorst, Paternoster Row.

mitting suicide by breaking himself up into fragments when he finds himself in danger or difficulty.

The spines of Sea Urchins are more commonly met with, and are well worth microscopic observation from the delicate symmetry of the patterns which mark them. It is scarcely too much to say that each one is elaborately carved. These tiny little spines can be easily gummed upon a slip of white cardboard, and thus be kept permanent curiosities for the general microscope-peepers to admire and enjoy.

Lastly, we have a concluding hint for country friends. There is one interesting microscopic object which returns to them every summer (with hundreds of others) in their gardens and hedgerows, and that is *fern seed*; or, to speak more correctly, the *capsules which contain fern seed*, the actual seeds * being exceedingly minute, and "contained in capsules collected into clusters, which in general are beautifully arranged on the under surface of the leaf. Each capsule is encircled by an elastic crenulated (wrinkled) ring, which at maturity suddenly bursts, tearing up the membrane and scattering the seeds. These, in former times, it was imagined, could be seen only on St. John's Night, at the hour when the Baptist was born; and whoever became possessed of them was thereby rendered invisible."† This is what Shakespeare calls the "receipt of fern-seed"—

"We steal as in a castle, cocksure; we have the receipt of fern-seed; we walk invisible."‡

Passing over the interest of this legend, we can assure our young readers that there is no doubt about the beauty of those fern-seed capsules, and they are at hand in almost every country stroll at the proper season. Only turn up a fern-leaf as you go along, and observe the under surface. If you see rows of spots upon it like yellowish or brownish buttons, or lines of the same colour, be sure your fern is in fruit, and you have only to take it home, cut out a piece convenient for your microscope, and throw condensed light upon it, to be charmed. The capsules look very much as if they had been framed in fairy-land, whether their contents have a magical power or not.

EDITOR.


* In botanical parlance, *spores*.

† Johnston's "Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed." Vol. ii. pp. 14, 15. Longmans & Co.

‡ Henry IV. Act. ii. Scene 1.

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

III.—THE NIX IN MISCHIEF.

N a certain lake in Germany there once lived a Nix, who became tired of the monotony of life under water, and wished to go into the upper world and amuse himself.

His friends and relations all tried to dissuade him. "Be wise," said they, "and remain where you are safe, seeing that no business summons you from the lake. Few of our kindred have had dealings with the human race without suffering from their curiosity or clumsiness; and, do them what good you may, in the long run you will reap nothing but ingratitude. From how many waters have they not already banished us? Wherefore let well alone, and stay where you are."

But this advice did not please the Nix—(as, indeed, there is no reason to suppose that advice is more palatable under water than on dry land)—and he only said, "I shall not expect gratitude, for I have no intention of conferring benefits; but I wish to amuse myself. The Dwarfs and Kobolds play what pranks they please on men and women, and they do not always have the worst of it. When I hear of their adventures, the soles of my feet tingle. This is a sign of travelling, and am I to be debarred from fun because I live in a lake instead of a hill?"

His friends repeated their warnings, but to no purpose. The Nix remained unconvinced, and spent his time in dreaming of the clever tricks by which he should outwit the human race, and the fame he would thereby acquire on his return to the lake.

Mischief seldom lacks opportunity, and shortly after this it so happened that a young girl came down to the lake for water to wash with; and dipping her pail just above the Nix's head, in a moment he jumped in, and was brought safe to land. This was Bess, the washer-woman's daughter; and as she had had one good scolding that morning for oversleeping herself, and another about noon for dawdling with her work, she took up the pail and set off home without delay.

But though she held it steadily enough, the bucket shook, and the water spilled hither and thither. Thinking that her right arm might be tired, she moved the weight to her left, but with no better success, for the water still spilled at every step. "One would think there were

fishes in the pail," said Bess, as she set it down again. But there was nothing to be seen but a thin red water-worm wriggling at the bottom, such as you may see any day in a soft-water tub. It was in this shape, however, that the Nix had disguised himself, and he almost writhed out of his skin with delight at the success of his first essay in mischief.

When they once more set forward the Nix leaped and jumped harder than ever, so that not only was the water spilled, but the maiden's dress was soaked, and her tears dropped almost as fast as the wet dripped from her clothes.

"The pail is bewitched!" cried the poor girl. "How my mother will beat me for this! and my back aches as if I were carrying lead, and yet the water is nearly half gone."

"This is something like fun!" laughed the Nix. "When I go home and relate *my* adventures, no dwarf's pranks will be named again!" but when Bess looked into the pail, he was the same slimy, stupid-looking worm as before. She dared not return to the lake for more water—"for," said she, "I should be as much beaten for being late as for bringing short measure, and have the labour to boot." So she took up her burden again, and the Nix began his dance afresh, and by the time they came to their journey's end, there were not three gallons of water in the pail.

"Was ever a poor woman plagued with such a careless hussy?" cried the mother when she saw the dripping dress; and, as Bess had expected, she seasoned her complaints with a hearty slap; "and look what she calls a pailful of water!" added the mother, with a second blow.

"Late in the morning's unlucky all day," thought poor Bess, and, as her mother cuffed her, she screamed till the house rang with the noise; for she had good lungs, and knew that it is well to cry out before one gets too much hurt.

Meanwhile the Nix thought she was enduring agonies, and could hardly contain his mischievous glee; and when the woman bade her "warm some water quickly for the wash," he was in no way disturbed, for he had never seen boiling water, and only anticipated fresh sport as he slipped from the pail into the kettle.

"Now," cried the mother sharply, "see if you can lift *that* without slopping your clothes."

"Ay, ay," laughed the Nix, "let's see if you can, my dear!" and as poor Bess seized it in her sturdy red hands he began to dance as before. But the kettle had a lid, which the pail had not. Moreover Bess was a strong, strapping lass, and, stimulated by the remembrance of her mother's slaps, with a vigorous effort she set the kettle on to the fire. "I shall be glad when I'm safely in bed," she muttered. "Everything goes wrong to-day."

"It is warm in here," said the Nix to himself, after a while; "in fact—stuffy. But one must pay something for a frolic, and it tickles my ears to hear that woman rating her daughter for my pranks. Give me time and opportunity, and I'll set the whole stupid race by the ears. There she goes again! It is worth enduring a little discomfort, though it certainly is warm, and I fancy it grows warmer."

By degrees the bottom of the kettle grew quite hot, and burnt the Nix, so that he had to jump up and down in the water to keep himself cool. The noise of this made the woman think that the kettle was beginning to boil, and she began to scold her daughter as before, shouting, "Are you coming with that tub to-night, or not? The water is hot already."

This time the Nix laughed (as they say) on the other side of his mouth; for the water had now become as hot as the bottom of the kettle, and he screamed at the top of his shrill tiny voice with pain.

"How the kettle sings to-night!" said Bess, "and how it rains!" she added. For at that moment a tremendous storm burst around the house, and the rain poured down in sheets of water, as if it meant to wash everything into the lake. The kettle now really boiled, and the lid danced up and down with the frantic leaping and jumping of the agonized Nix, who puffed and blew till his breath came out of the spout in clouds of steam.

"If your eyes were as sharp as your ears you'd see that the water is boiling over," snapped the woman; and giving her daughter a passing push, she hurried to the fireplace, and lifted the kettle on to the ground.

But no sooner had she set it down, than the lid flew off, and out jumped a little man with green teeth and a tall green hat, who ran out of the door wringing his hands and crying—

"Three hundred and three years have I lived in the water of this lake, and I never knew it boil before!"

As he crossed the threshold, a clap of thunder broke with what sounded like a peal of laughter from many voices, and then the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

The woman now saw how matters stood, and did not fail next morning to fasten an old horseshoe to the door of her house. And seeing



that she had behaved unjustly to her daughter, she bought her the gayest set of pink ribbons that were to be found at the next fair.

It is on record that Bess (who cared little for slaps and sharp speeches) thought this the best bargain she had ever made. But whether the Nix was equally well satisfied is not known.

SCENE IN AN ELEPHANT KRAAL.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF THE BISHOP OF COLOMBO.



WHILST I was on Visitation in the neighbourhood of Ruanwelle, I received an invitation from my friend, Mr. Saunders, Government agent of the district, to join a party he was expecting from Colombo to witness an elephant kraal. He had prepared huts for his friends in the jungle, and a large body of natives had the herd in "watching" in the vicinity of a favourable spot. I joined him on the Saturday, and on Sunday we held service in a large tent. It was no slight addition to the solemnity of our worship to feel that we were in the mid-forest; and I preached on the subject of creation, with the special reference to the circumstances of our assembling. I had a very attentive congregation.

We arrived at the actual spot the evening before the elephants were driven in. The herd had been watched night and day by natives, who, at first forming a wide circle round them, had by degrees pressed closer, and driven them towards the entrance of the kraal, or enclosed space prepared for their capture.

During the night after our arrival they had approached so closely that one actually entered, but went out again and rejoined its companions. The next morning the drive took place. The natives, with shouts and firing of guns, pressed closely upon the elephants, and driving them into the enclosure, immediately closed it with strong bars, and prepared for the rush which was sure to be made by the affrighted animals when they found themselves entrapped.

We ourselves could not yet see them, but the crashing of the trees and jungle in different directions sufficiently showed us their motions, and kept us anxiously waiting for the next step in this exciting sport, viz., the noosing them and tying them to separate trees when caught. This is done by means of tame elephants, which are brought into the enclosure by their keepers, each carrying besides a native prepared with ropes, and ready to act on foot.

The first act of these allies was to level the jungle with their trunks, so as to expose the unfortunate victims to view, a task which they performed with much deliberation. The scene was now most exciting.

The terrified creatures ran backwards and forwards, sometimes dashing on to the strong fence, and almost overthrowing it; and they were only kept back by the resolute front the natives presented, and by the frequent discharge of firearms in their faces. At length they began to pause and apparently to realise their position; one of their number occasionally advancing, and, not finding any outlet, rejoining its companions where they stood.

But stronger measures were now adopted: the tame elephants approached the herd, when, to our surprise, they immediately retreated, and gave their captors the opportunity they desired of noosing them. The native to whom this part of the business was entrusted, slipped off the elephant he was riding, and running up to the retiring herd, caught one of them by a hind leg in his noose, and quickly passing the rope towards the next of the tame elephants, gave his signal to the rider, who, turning his elephant round, made him exert his whole strength to drag the captive to the nearest tree. This was soon effected, the very struggles of the terrified victim affording his enemies fresh opportunities of tying his feet, and at last his neck, when, throwing himself on the ground, he submitted to his fate, with cries and actual tears expressing his rage and grief.

The sight indeed at this juncture was painful; since, although it is for a purpose really useful that the poor animals are captured, it is impossible to witness unmoved the efforts they make in their despair. And in the present instance the sight was more touching, as there was in the captured herd a mother with a calf only a few months old. She was rendered so furious by her maternal instincts, that it was determined to shoot her. Against this intention, however, we protested, and at my request the "dissave," or head chief, passed an order that her life should be spared.

I fear that what I have now to relate may have led some of the captors to repent their compassion. After several chasings of the now helpless elephants by the mounted natives, and when two more of the smaller ones had been noosed, one of their number climbed up a part of the rock which on two sides formed a natural barrier for the kraal, and after examining it (which he did amidst the laughter of the native spectators), descended and rejoined his friends. The laughter was not long on the side of those who to this point had believed their victory safe. The same wary old elephant was seen shortly to ascend

by the same steep ridge he had climbed before ; and this time he was followed by the rest of the herd who were still free, including the mother with her calf, which she kept in front and assisted with her trunk. Astonished and silent, the crowd of hunters watched the movement, wondering what it meant. Their curiosity was quickly satisfied. Hidden by a jutting point of rock, there was an outlet just wide enough to admit their passage singly, which their wary sentinel had doubtless perceived, and communicated his discovery to the rest ; and in a few minutes the whole herd had disappeared from our sight, and were enjoying, doubtless, both our discomfiture and their own nearly-lost liberty.

PIERS C. COLOMBO.

CONTRASTS.



WHEN I see the gutter-children
Play before the lighted shops—
When I hear the London sparrows
Chirrup on the chimney tops—

Then I wish those Arab children
Had a field where they could play,
And I wish the London sparrow
Chirp'd upon a leafy spray.

When I see a London donkey
Tugging at a heavy cart—
When I see a grinder's monkey
Drill'd to do an actor's part—
Then I wish the donkey browsing
On a thistle in a lane,
And the monkey, off the organ,
Back in Africa again.

When I see a starving mongrel
Beaten from a butcher's door—
When I see the Union entrance
Crowded by the famish'd poor—
Then I wish we all could enter
That fair city, far away,
Paved with gold and fill'd with plenty,
Lighted by eternal day.

A. G.

THE RICH YOUNG LADY.

From the French of Jean Macé.



HERE was, once upon a time, a little girl who was very rich: very *very* rich indeed. Nothing short of some dire calamity could prevent her having servants, carriages, and fine clothes, as many as she wanted, all her life long. Ill luck does overtake people unexpectedly sometimes, it is true; but I should like any one to tell me what is the good of troubling oneself about it beforehand. There is always time enough to sit and think it over when the misfortune has actually come.

She was rather idle, this rich young lady, and it scarcely amused her exactly to have to learn what other little girls of her age were taught.

"Shall you ever have to earn your livelihood by all that?" said an old nurse to her one day. Nurse knew nothing herself but how to spoil the child.

And the young lady found the argument so sound, that she yawned henceforth over her books without one misgiving of conscience, and preferred being weary of doing nothing to tiring herself with work. There is certainly no accounting for tastes.

One day, when she had been advised not to eat too much of a certain dish which she was very fond of, because it might in the long run injure her digestion and cause her discomfort for the rest of her life—

"Parcel of nonsense—let them talk," cried the good old nurse, in a sort of affectionate indignation. "What does it signify to you about injuring your digestion? You will always be rich enough to afford a doctor."

This reasoning did not seem quite so satisfactory as the last, and our young lady pouted a little. Still greediness prevailing, she passed it over and ate without stint of the dangerous food.

Another day her mamma found great fault because she had been stooping instead of holding herself upright, which, as everybody knows, is apt to spoil the figure and may even lead to deformity. So little miss went grumbling to her nurse.

"A pretty misfortune indeed, my dear!" cried she. "Even if you should be a little humpbacked, will not your dowry be always large enough to secure you a husband?"

This time the little girl pulled a long face in good earnest. And thus she began to reflect within herself, that it would be quite a misfortune to be rich if it was to lead to one's becoming ugly, ruining one's health, and remaining ignorant for the rest of one's life.

EDITOR.

MAUDE'S DISCIPLINE.

PART II.



LD Mary was groaning in her bed when they arrived at the cottage. "Eh! Miss Agnes," she said, "but it's hard to bear lying here alone with none but the lass Elsie." Agnes delivered her message and dispensed the wine, and then stayed to read a chapter to the old woman till Freddy became impatient, and shouted to her through the window to "make haste." She did not wish to overtake her cousin, with whom she still felt sore and angry, and was glad to while away the time with what gave her some self-complacency. It was past five when she left old Mary, and a heavy fog was rising from the mere and hung in wreaths on the hill side: the course of the stream on either side was marked by a line of white mist, and the air was raw and full of moisture.

"How late you are," exclaimed Freddy as he joined his sister. "It will be dark before we get home."

"No it won't," said Agnes; "the sun doesn't set till nearly six, and I heard Mary's clock strike five. What a fog though!" she added, looking about her; "let us make haste off the moor before it gets thicker," and she set off running.

Freddy scampered after her as fast as his legs would carry him, and Toby barked and enjoyed the fun; they scampered across the stream, but before they had reached the end of the lane, Freddy and Toby stopped short. "Aggie! Agnes!" he shouted, "stop." Agnes reluctantly turned. "What, are you out of breath already?" she said.

"No, but hark! didn't you hear some one call?" he said, looking puzzled.

"No; nonsense," replied his sister.

Toby ran back and pricked his ears. "I thought I heard some one say 'Agnes,' quite plain," said the little boy. "It couldn't have been Maude, could it?" he added, more doubtfully.

"Nonsense, Freddy, come along; how absurd you are; as if Maude wasn't safe over her book by the fire, long before this. Come:" and she turned and again began to run down the hill. After running a little way she looked back; Freddy was close behind her, but Toby had

disappeared. She waited till Freddy overtook her; he also looked back. "Where's Toby?" he said.

"Hunting rabbits, I've no doubt," replied his sister. "He'll come home all safe; that's an old trick of his."

"I wish I felt sure no one called," said Freddy, as they walked on.

"Freddy, you're a silly boy," replied Agnes; and he said no more.

At the rectory gate they met their father. "Well, young folks," he said, "I heard where you were gone, and I was coming to meet you. How is old Mary? did you tell her I would go up to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, papa," said Agnes, "and we took her some wine from mamma; she is very ill, I think, but she seemed pleased to see me."

"What have you done with Maude?" asked Mr. Wilmot; "I was told she went with you."

"So she did, papa," replied Agnes, colouring, "but she didn't like it, and came home."

"Oh! you quarrelled, did you?" said her father. "Well, run in now, I'm glad you are all in: I never saw a thicker fog on the moor: we shall have a white frost to-morrow;" and he walked away to the stables with Freddy at his heels.

Agnes looked into the schoolroom before going up stairs: it was empty, and the fire had gone out; Maude's books lay untouched upon the table. "She's sulky," thought Agnes, and went up stairs to her mother's room.

"Is your head better, mamma?" she asked as she entered.

"Yes, thank you, dear, much better," replied Mrs. Wilmot.

"I'm very glad you are at home though, papa says there is such a thick fog. How is old Mary?"

"No better; she was very grateful for the wine," said Agnes.

"Poor old creature! she has not many comforts," observed Mrs. Wilmot, "and her cottage is always so dirty. Did Maude go in?"

"No, mamma; Maude turned back before we got there." Agnes paused, then added, "She is so cross to-day."

"What have you done to make her so, Aggie? I always suspect, when I hear of disagreement, that there is some fault on both sides; but, my dear," continued her mother quickly, "you did not walk there and back alone, did you? that is against the law."

"No, mamma, Freddy was with me," answered Agnes. "There is

the bell for dressing:" and glad to escape further questioning, Agnes hurried away.

A knock came at the door just as she was dressed. There's Maude, she thought; she can't get on without my help after all; she may wait. "I'll come presently," she called out; "I can't let you in." She stayed longer in her room arranging and putting away: the knock was repeated. "What's the matter? what do you want? How impatient you are, Maude," she said, moving slowly to the door.

"It's me, miss," said Martha's voice. Agnes opened the door at once.

"If you please, Miss Agnes, is Miss Maude here?"

"Maude? no; isn't she in her room?" asked Agnes.

"No, miss; she's not there, for I've been twice to look for her: did she leave her walking things, here, miss?"

"No," said Agnes, looking round with a vague feeling of something wrong; "she came home before us, and I haven't seen her since."

"But don't you know where she is, miss?" said Martha, looking at her incredulously.

"No, I don't indeed," answered Agnes. Martha said not a word, but knocked at her mistress's door. "If you please, ma'am," she said, as she opened the door, "I can't find Miss Trevillian anywhere. Miss Agnes haven't seen her, nor no one else, and I don't think she's been in since she went out; I can't find her hat nor nothing."

"Where is Miss Agnes?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

Agnes pushed by Martha and stood before her mother.

"Agnes," said Mrs. Wilmot, "what is the meaning of all this? where is Maude?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, mamma," said Agnes.

"But, my dear Agnes," said her mother, rising, "this is a very serious matter; when did you see her last?"

"When she turned back, out walking," faltered Agnes.

"Where was that?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

"At the stepping-stones;" then as her mother's anxious face assumed a look of unwonted severity, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I couldn't help it, mamma; indeed it wasn't my fault."

"She must have missed her way if she is not in the house," said Mrs. Wilmot, and she hurried down stairs. Martha spoke first.

"I lay she's got down to the quarry," she said. "I suppose you

told her of that path where blind Sam got killed, didn't you, Miss Agnes?"

"No," sobbed Agnes.

"And yet she left you close by? It'll be a mercy if she don't break her neck;" and Martha hastened away to spread the news.

Mrs. Wilmot returned to her daughter in a few minutes. "Agnes," she asked, "did you caution Maude about that first turning?"

"No, mamma."

"Agnes," shouted her father's voice, "come here."

Agnes went down stairs; her father was in the hall with a lantern in his hand, and a great-coat on; George, the out-door man, stood by the open front door; it was nearly dark.

"Agnes," said Mr. Wilmot—and his voice sounded very stern—"where did your cousin leave you?"

"At the stepping-stones."

"Why?"

"Because she didn't like to cross."

"Why?"

"She was afraid."

"Who was with you?"

"Freddy."

"Why did you not send Freddy back with her?"

"She said she could find her own way—she—we—I didn't think of it;" and Agnes burst out crying again.

"Don't cry—listen to me," said her father; "did you tell her of that dangerous path to the quarry?"

"No, papa."

"And yet you knew there had been two accidents there lately." Agnes made no reply.

"Did you forget it?"

"No, papa."

"And yet you did not tell her—why?"

"She was cross—I was vexed. I didn't mean any harm. Oh! papa, I didn't mean any harm indeed!"

"Go to your room, Agnes," said Mr. Wilmot; "if any harm comes to your cousin you'll have much to answer for;" and he went out, closing the door behind him.

Agnes obeyed: she was very miserable. Mrs. Wilmot desired

Martha to light a fire in Maude's room, and arrange everything that could be wanted in case of an accident, and then went down stairs to her younger children; she found both crying. May had vainly endeavoured to comfort her brother, but had succumbed to tears herself.

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed Freddy from the corner, "I did want Aggie to turn back; I thought it was Maude, and I said so, but she said I was silly, and—and papa's so angry with me for not telling—but I forgot it all when I came in. Oh dear! I am so sorry."

"I don't think papa is very angry with you, Freddy," said his mother, soothingly; "you are only a little boy, and you could not make Agnes act differently. Now jump up and have your tea, and May too."

The children obeyed, subdued and silent, and Mrs. Wilmot sat and gazed in the fire and listened for every sound. Seven o'clock struck—the children went to bed. Eight o'clock, and still Mrs. Wilmot sat there. Many thoughts passed through her mind. Had she been wise in taking the responsibility of a girl like Maude, so proud and high-spirited and selfish, and yet so reserved and silent, and different from her own child? Had it been good for either? Would it not be wisest now to send Maude home before Mrs. Trevillian began to complain of the severity of Westthorpe discipline, or accused her of making a difference between the girls; and then, above all, rose a dread for Maude's safety—and the thought of her brother a ruined man, bereft through her carelessness of his only girl—or Maude might be injured—might be a care and anxiety for years, and how would her parents bear that; in their present trouble they needed no additional anxiety.

These thoughts and others like them filled her mind when she heard footsteps passing the window. She sprang up and flew to the hall door.

Her husband entered, with his rough coat all silvered with mist, and dewdrops hanging from his hair and beard.

"We've found her there," he said. "I'm afraid she's a good deal hurt though: George is gone for Grey: I came on, for I thought you'd be frightened. I hope and believe there's no dangerous mischief; it's a mercy it wasn't worse. The ground gave way as usual, and she went down some fifteen feet, and then stopped on a ledge of rock where she had no room to turn, expecting every moment, as she said, to go to the bottom of the quarry."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilmot, "how dreadful!"

An hour or two later found Maude safe in her bed: she had broken her collar bone, and been very much shaken, but Dr. Grey said that there was not, as far as he could ascertain, any cause for further alarm. He advised that the patient should be kept as quiet as possible, and took his leave, promising to call next day.

"Aunt Kate," said a low voice, as Mrs. Wilmot lay down on a sofa she had wheeled into her niece's room, "you had a headache in the morning, I'm afraid I've made it worse."

"Hush, dear Maude," replied her aunt; "it's better, thank you."

"One word more, Aunt Kate, please. Will you tell Aggie I'm not much hurt, and I'm sorry I vexed her—that's all?"

Mrs. Wilmot rose up, bent over her niece and kissed her, and then went to deliver her message.

"I don't know what it's all about, Agnes," she said, as she left her, "I must hear to-morrow; but this I know, that 'Maude might have been killed; and how would you have felt when you met her parents?"

Next day Agnes told her mother all.

"She didn't like coming out," she said, "and I made her because you said I mightn't go by myself; then she was silly, at least I thought she was, about Toby coming; and she was cross when he dirtied her dress with his paws; and then she said I would give up anything to have my own way; and then she wouldn't cross the stepping-stones."

"Was that all, Agnes?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma, that was all," was the reply.

"Then indeed, Agnes, I think you were most to blame," replied Mrs. Wilmot. "Maude is your guest; you broke the laws of hospitality. Where was your consideration when you urged her to go out?"

"But, mamma, old Mary," pleaded Agnes.

"My dear," replied her mother, earnestly, "never put a work of charity in the place of a simple duty; you will always find self at the bottom of that: why did you take Toby when she did not like it?"

"Because I thought she was silly," said Agnes.

"Was that the way to make her wiser? Oh, Agnes, self—self—self!"

"She shouldn't have spoken as she did though," said Agnes, warming at the remembrance of her wrongs.

"What, when she said you liked your own way? But, Aggie, isn't it true? What is all you have told me but proof that you liked it, and more, that you were determined to have it without the smallest consideration for your cousin?" Agnes was silent, and her mother continued: "If this gives you a lesson, Aggie, I shall never regret it: you want sadly to learn consideration, and self-denial, and patience."

"Aunt Kate," said Maude, a few evenings after this, "how very good you are to me!"

"My dear child," replied her aunt, "it is a pleasure to me to do what I can for you; I love you dearly, and I love your father better still."

Maude closed her eyes, and a large tear slowly trickled from the long silken lashes. "Aunt Kate, I do love you; I hope you don't think I don't; I can never, never repay all your love and kindness to me since I came to Westthorpe."

Aunt Kate had tears in her own eyes as she said, "Yes you can, Maude, by being happy, and loving, and unselfish."

"Unselfish!" said Maude, smiling, "ah! that is at the root of all my troubles. If I hadn't been so horridly selfish myself, I shouldn't have thought Aggie so."

"I think you are right, dear Maude; and so it is in everything: if we wish other people's faults not to vex us, we must conquer our own."

Maude was silent for a short time, and then said, "Papa will take me away, I am afraid, and I don't at all want to go: I hope he won't."

"I don't think Dr. Grey will let you go just yet, Maudie," replied her aunt; "but we must not forget mamma, must we?"

"Oh no!" said Maude quickly, adding, "but mamma is so often ill, and she never talks to me as you do."

"My dear Maude," said Mrs. Wilmot, "remember that your mother's life has for many years been a very trying one; perhaps her unselfish wish to spare you the knowledge of anxiety and trouble which you were too young rightly to appreciate may sometimes have made her silent to you when she was all the time longing for sympathy, and had no one to whom she could confide her dread of the future."

"She might have trusted me," exclaimed Maude.

"Perhaps so; but one cannot tell, Maude; you are apt to overrate your own powers of endurance;" and Mrs. Wilmot smiled.

"Aunt Kate," said Maude, after a short silence, "I want to learn to be unselfish; how can I?"

"By consideration for other people; efforts to save trouble; forbearance and leniency towards the faults of others; watchfulness and severity against your own; above all, earnest, prayerful endeavours to take Him for your example Whose life was lived, and death was died, not for Himself, but for an ungrateful world." Then there was a pause.

"Thank you, Aunt Kate," said Maude; "I will think of that." She hesitated a moment, and then said, "But do *you* never find some people much harder to get on with than others?"

"Every one does sometimes, I think," replied her aunt; "generally, if our faults and another's clash, often from pure prejudice."

"Like mine against Toby," said Maude, laughing; "poor old Toby! he was my best friend, after all, for he heard me call when the others went on, and stayed with me till uncle came."

"Very true, Maude; and even from that trifle you may learn a lesson: never let a person's want of refinement make you act or feel unkindly towards them; rather win them by your gentleness and courtesy, and remember that though a rough exterior is, I admit, a great disadvantage, and sometimes a fault, it often hides a warm, true heart, that may stand us in good stead some day, when mere worldly friends hold aloof."

Maude recovered rapidly, and as she gradually returned to her every-day life, her conduct plainly showed that her time for reflection had not been lost upon her.

Agnes was shy and uncomfortable with her at first, but it gradually passed away, and the two girls became far better friends for the accident. Not that they always agreed perfectly; their dispositions were too unlike, and their tastes nearly opposite; but both were learning forbearance, and in this as well as in ready courtesy, Maude bid fair to outstrip her cousin.

And now my story is nearly done. The first week in December took Maude back to her parents. She was sorry to leave Westthorpe and her cousins, and hung round Aunt Kate's neck as if she could not tear herself away.

"I never saw a girl so improved as Maude in so short a time," observed Mr. Wilmot to his wife, on his return from taking Maude to

the station. "I do not know what you have done to her, Kate, but I think her parents should thank you."

"Maude's own warm heart, and good sense, have been her best friends," was the smiling reply.

Mr. Wilmot looked up from his newspaper with a comical face. "As Aggie's not in the room," he said, "I am inclined to think her tumble into the quarry was the best of all."

It is Christmas Eve, and the sleet and rain are driving furiously against the drawing-room window of a small house in the neighbourhood of London; but within all is glow and comfort. A tall, grey-haired man is standing by the blazing fire, while a younger one, of soldierly aspect, sits at the head of the sofa on which reclines our first acquaintance, Mrs. Trevillian, pale and thin, as if from a severe illness, but with a happy, peaceful expression. Maude is sitting on the hearthrug at her feet, with a sunny light in her eyes, and a smile on her lips that reminds us of Aunt Kate. No wonder Mr. Trevillian surveyed the group with satisfaction; and there was scarcely a shade of regret in his tone, as he said, "This time last year we were at Granerton Park."

Maude turned her sympathising eyes to his face. "Poor papa!" she said, softly.

"No, dear," he answered; "we will not say 'Poor papa' any more. Papa has much to thank God for—a quiet, happy home, where he knows his incomings and outgoings, good health, an active life, dutiful children, and, above all, the great mercy which has brought back your dear mother from the brink of the grave, and, not least, saved his little girl from what might have been her death."

The tears were running down Mrs. Trevillian's cheeks; she was still very weak, and these words from her husband touched her deeply. Maude looked up brightly, "It has been good out of evil, hasn't it, papa?" she said; "who would have thought, three months ago, we should all have been so happy to-night!"

"I shouldn't have suspected it," said John, "especially after those very gloomy epistles which used to arrive punctually twice a week, dated Westthorpe, with which a certain little sister of mine sought to raise my drooping spirits by detailing the grievous shortcomings of the Wilmot family. Oh dear!" he added, laughing, "what a rigmarole

it was. Let's see, Maude; Agnes was selfish, wasn't she? oh yes! I recollect; Agnes was very selfish, and Charley was rude—wanted licking, the young cub!—and Tommy, I forget, wasn't there a Tommy, Maude?"

"Oh no! please don't talk about it, John; I was very silly; and if it hadn't been for Aunt Kate I should be silly still."

"Oh, then you're not silly now?" said her brother, laughing.

"Don't, John! let bygones be bygones," said Mrs. Trevillian, who had recovered her composure. "Maudie and I have both much to thank Aunt Kate for; but for her good nursing, I should not be here now, I believe, and we can never thank her enough for her kindness to Maude."

"Dear Aunt Kate!" said John, warmly; "I never meant to seem ungrateful: she's one in a thousand; it's a pity there are not more like her."

"Here's one who'll be very like her," said Mr. Trevillian, bending, and laying his hand fondly on Maude's silky hair; "because she is every day acquiring more and more of that which is the chief beauty of Aunt Kate's character, UNSELFISHNESS."

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



A. S., Alice, and others. We once knew a young lady whose music-master said of her that she never played wrong notes. Even if one was printed wrong in the music before her, she always *read it as it should be*. May we hope we have some readers of a similar sort? In the paper on Hannibal in our January number, the date of the death of his father Hamilear was misprinted 220 B.C., instead of the proper date, 229 B.C. This the Author corrected for the March Correspondence; but in printing the paragraph the name *Hannibal* was wrongly substituted for *Hamilear*. Let us hope that the grossness of the blunder has prevented its puzzling anybody, or else that it has been *read right* though printed

wrong. The only person concerned who is quite free from blame is the Author.

"N. K." Try "Jessica's First Prayer," "Little Meg's Children," "Alone in London" (Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row), or any of Mrs. Sewell's ballads; but much depends upon the intelligence and amount of education in the listeners. Happily the Tract Society and the S. P. C. K. provide food for all classes of minds.

"Zummie" must send to Messrs. Field, Birmingham, or other scientific instrument maker for a list of prices and *powers* of microscopes. Years bring improvements, and even reductions in price. There is a student's microscope, price 10s. 6d., but Aunt Judy doubts its being sufficiently powerful.

"Mrs. Bunniwink." Aunt Judy cannot help her, but a practical zoological naturalist or a chemist probably can. There is such a thing as a wide-mouthed bottle with a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch coat of deadly poison at the bottom, which sends out a breath of death to anything placed within. Mrs. Bunniwink must take care Zummie and Drummie do not get hold of it if she buys one!

"F. R." Aunt Judy does not know whether the author of "Effie's Friends" has written anything else.

"Agnes Day." Cannot your mamma help you to find a suitable chorus from amongst the Christy Minstrel melodies? and surely some papa or uncle will help you to put up the scenes. Aunt Judy believes it is an old wife's tale about the use of old postage stamps. She answered an inquirer on this subject fully some time ago.

"Cluran" asks whence come the following lines:—

"Ye daisies gay,
The livelong day
Are gathered here together;
To play in the light,
To sleep in the night,
To abide through the sullen weather."

"E. L." asks who was the author of "God Save the King." There is a great deal of conflicting evidence on the subject. Chambers, in his "Book of Days," gives Henry Carey as the composer, who died in 1743; others give a much earlier date, and say that Ben Jonson wrote the words in the time of James I., on the occasion of the Popish Plot, and that they were set to music by Dr. John Bull, who was professor of music at Gresham College in 1596, and was chosen organist to King James I. in 1607. One Mr. Clark (of the King's Chapel Royal) is said to have traced this out from the books and records of the Merchant Taylors' Company. It is said to be down in the catalogue of Dr. Bull's MS. music as "No. 56, God Save the King." The

subject has been discussed at some length in "Notes and Queries."

"Ursula, Maud, and Dorothy" wish to know if any of Aunt Judy's correspondents can recommend to them a play for three characters (no objection to one of these being a boy). The proceeds of the performance to be given to "Aunt Judy's Cot." There is a play in Madame de Genlis's "Théâtre d'Education"—"Les Flaçons"—which might answer the purpose, but it would need translating. Perhaps some one can mention an English piece.

If "A Constant Reader" will request her bookseller to order a bright-coloured case for binding, the publisher will be able to supply it.

"Violet, Daisy, Primrose, and Lily" are referred to the reply given to "Agnes Day" for an answer about postage stamps.

Aunt Judy cannot answer "Flo's" first question. As may be seen in the account of her visit to the hospital, *Ethel* was the occupant of the Cot. There were plenty of toys about the room, but Aunt Judy cannot exactly say what *Ethel* may have had upon her bed, the child herself took up so much of her interest. The children have, however, an unlimited use of their toys all day, and even all night, if they choose it; they are not even cleared away at meal times.

"Flo" is thanked for her pretty book-mark.

"Mary E. Fish." To what little books does she allude?

"E.F.S." Aunt Judy is now completely mystified. The discussion has been upon the date of *Hamilear's*, not *Hannibal's* death. She really must refer E. F. S. to some book of chronology. The Cot patient can always be seen.

"May." The inquiry about Margaret is answered in the Cot Report. Annie went home with her mother, and has not

since been heard of. Aunt Judy does not know that any particular days were ever selected for confirmation.

Report of "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

The Cot supporters will be pleased to hear that Thomas S— has so far recovered from the serious illness that led to his becoming the "Aunt Judy's Cot" patient, as to be among the number of children selected this month for the convalescent branch at Cromwell House, Highgate. He was full of great expectations when told that he was going to the country for a month; he still maintains his claim to the name of *Peter*. It is hoped that his health and strength will be thoroughly re-established by this visit to the country.

The "Aunt Judy's Cot" (with twenty-three other cots) is at present unoccupied, the boys' ward having to undergo the usual spring cleansing and whitewashing, which requires it to be closed for a week or ten days.

Some inquiry has been made concerning "Margaret," the first occupant of the Cot (referred to in the magazine for April and June, 1868). She has not yet gone back to her home (if home it can be called), but is still enjoying all that kind care and good nursing can do for her at the "House of Relief for Children suffering from Diseases of the Joints." How long she will remain there depends very much on the kindness of the friends who have hitherto taken interest in her, as the little fund raised for her support (principally by Aunt Judy's readers) is now all gone. During last summer she improved so satisfactorily, that she was able to be up and dressed, making her way slowly about the wards, and paying visits to her little companions in their cots; soon, however, pain returned, and a very severe attack, with great suffering, came on. At Christmas, when the other children enjoyed

their "Tree," and the wonderful performance of a conjuror, Margaret, with one other little girl, were the solitary tenants of a quiet room apart; but they were not forgotten: some of the visitors brought presents, and kindly went up to their room to amuse them while the entertainments were being enjoyed in the wards below. Margaret has recovered from this severe illness, but she has the prospect of lying in bed for many months yet before a cure can be effected. She is very grateful that during nearly two years she has had so much of comfort and attention, first in the Children's Hospital, and now at the House of Relief; but for these institutions, what an amount of additional suffering and trial this poor cripple girl might have had to endure!

Many of Aunt Judy's readers have written to ask whether any other photographs than that of "Annie" have been taken. They will be pleased to know that, by the kind permission of F. P. Shuckard, Esq., a photograph of his painting of "The Convalescent Ward at the Children's Hospital" (recently exhibited at the Dudley Gallery) has been taken, and will shortly be published. The picture contains drawings from life of seventeen children, under the care of their teacher, in the fine old-fashioned room used for the purpose of a convalescent ward. The photograph will be ready for issue on the 1st of May, price 2s. 6d. each, and can be obtained by application to the secretary at the hospital.

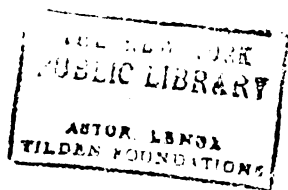
Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to March 18th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
"A Thankoffering"	0	10	0
Kate Hall, Hull	0	1	0
F. M. R., The Lawn, Tulse Hill (subscription)	0	2	6
Collection in St. Peter's Sunday School, Chester	0	12	8
Some members of the Forde family, Chester	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. William Pritchard, 5s., Katie Smith, 1d., E. Stevens, 1d., Mary Jane Davies, 1d.	0	5	3	A Mother and Daughter, Pen- rith (annual)	0	10	0
Lucy and Beatrice, Exeter	0	2	0	Ben Ma., 1s., Ben Mi., 1s., E., 2s., C. S. G., 1s., L., 1s.	0	6	0
H. A. K. S., Blandford	0	14	10	Jane Mary, H. Randolph, Ring- more Rectory	0	1	0
Gertrude Lamb	0	1	0	"In thankfulness for the re- covery of a dear little sister"	0	5	0
From Beaumaris	0	5	6	Edith Shortlands, 6d., Mary, 6d., Fred, 6d., Mamma, 1s., Papa, 2s., a present on the anniver- sary of a wedding day, 2s., Uncle Ned, 2s.	0	8	6
"Many a little makes a mickle"	0	1	6	Eleanor L. M. Vaughan, Gun- nergate Hall	0	5	0
Susan and Harriet, sixpence each monthly from their pocket- money, January and February	0	2	0	Kate Vaughan, ditto	0	5	0
Ditto ditto for March	0	1	0	"Eight little lovers of Aunt Judy," Kiddminster	0	5	0
A. M. C.	0	5	0	F. R., 6d., E. M. R., 6d., St. John's Wood	0	1	0
"Violet, Primrose, and Snow- drop," Brentwood	0	5	0	Alice and Robert Leeds, The Oaks, Kerdistone	0	1	0
"Constance" (subscription)	0	1	0	"Dickerydock and her unfor- tunate aunt," Erme Castle, Devonshire	0	5	0
M. A. B.	0	2	6	Alice Kitton, Norwich (col- lected)	1	16	0
Master Thomas A. Argles, Evers- ley, Milnthorpe (collected), also a parcel of books and boxes of puzzles	0	9	6	Amy and May, Fulham	0	11	0
Edith and Amy, Aldborough Vicarage, Hull	0	12	0	Miss Lawrence, 33 Imperial Square, Cheltenham (annual)	1	0	0
C. E. Major, 2s. 6d., Papa, 6d., Mamma, 1s., Derry	0	4	0	Two Welsh children, E. S. Sand, E. M. S.—	0	9	0
Frank Schloesser, 2s., Maud Schloesser, 1s., 25 Devonshire Terrace	0	3	0	"The Cheshire Cat" (4th dona- tion)	0	5	0
Miss Abney Paget	0	5	0	Miss Cottrell Dormer, Rensham, Oxford	0	5	0
Miss Parodi, Spy Park, Chip- penham (subscription)	0	5	0	"Little Emma's saving"	0	1	0
Christabel and Constance, The Limes, Muswell Hill	0	2	6	"Collected by the owls in the ivybush, at the Towers, Can- terbury"	0	10	0
Arthur, ditto	0	5	0	"A Muscovy duck"	0	2	0
"Palma"	0	2	6	"A small boy"	0	0	6
Kathleen, Courtney, Maude, and Teddy, Tunbridge Wells	0	12	0	Odd pence collected at Clifton Lodge, Rotherham	0	7	0
Master W. T. Sutthery, Clifton Rectory	0	1	0	Beatrice Flint, The Vicarage, Sunningdale	0	2	0
Emily, Harriette, and Anna Barton, and L. M. T., Tenby.	0	1	10	Miss G. H. Gordon, Hartrigge House, Jedburgh	0	5	0
M. M. T. and R. R. T., 88 Bel- size Gardens, Hampstead	0	0	6				
Master Thomas Woodham, Win- chester	0	1	0				
Etty Lovell, Frome (collected)	0	3	8				
"Addy," Lympstone, Devon.	0	1	0				
Sophia Dora Spicer, Spy Park.	0	5	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"Guggs, Mabel, and Henry"	0	7	6	"Aunt Judy," for Margaret	0	2	6
"Cis and Kate," Reading	0	5	0	Josephine, Ireland, a scrap-book for Peter.			
"Aunt Lizzie and Bessie," Lich- field	0	2	0	Lily and Janie, two dolls, a needle-book and box of shells, muffatees and comforter.			
Evelyn and George, 5s., Agnes, 5s.	0	10	0	Anonymous, eight pictures.			
"From a very happy and grate- ful girl"	0	5	0	"Abbots Ripton," a second par- cel of books and clothing.			
"Schombine"	0	2	6	Ditto, box containing children's tea set.			
Gertrude Clyde, Shipley, near Leeds	0	2	6	E. B., a parcel of embroidery work.			
Scagina, 1s., Coraline, 1s., Maude, 1s., Constance, 1s., Alfy, 1s., Pansy, 6d.	0	5	6	Miss Blanche Jefferies, some dolls.			
"Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Maid Marian," The Ridge	1	3	0	Edith, Bertha, Ethel, Dora, a parcel of toys and clothing.			
Annie, Madge, Lucy, Leonard, and Baby	0	10	0	"Clara," a soft ball for the Cot patient.			
Katie, Charlotte, Annie, and George	0	2	0	From "Flo," given to the Aunt Judy's Cot patient, Thomas S—, a pair of knitted cuffs.			
Kate O'Brien, 2s., Miriam West, 1s., 35 Eaton Place	0	3	0	R. C. W., Colchester, a pair of socks.			
Aunt Emmy, 1s., Agnes Lucy, 1s., Henry, 1s., Arthur, 1s., Percy, 1s., Bristol	0	5	0	"Hurry scurry," Sheerness, a scrap-book and some valen- tines.			
Mother, 1s., Annie, 1s., Edith, 1s., Dorothea, 1s., Gilbert, 6d., Allbrey, 6d., Alice, Mabel, Nelly, Ethel, Gertrude, Flo- rence, Lancelot, Harold, Gerald, 1s. 6d., Blackheath	0	6	6	"Bell," a musical box.			
Little Jack, Butterthwait, for Margaret	0	2	6	Some brothers and sisters, three patchwork quilts and four picture books.			
"The Irrepressible" and M. C. G., collected in coppers	0	3	7	Charley, Edith, Bertha, Ethel, and Dora, some toys and clothing.			








KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

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CHAPTER X.

"THE SHADOW FEARED OF MAN."

 MICHAEL was doomed to be disappointed. He for a long time flattered himself with hopes that his daughter's share in the sum expected to be paid by Government for the old horn would more than cover that which he had laid by for her dower in the earthenware vessel which had been stolen. But negotiations went on slowly; at last an antiquary accredited by Government came to the Parsonage to inspect the precious relic. Yes, it was a curious one, and had it been found only a twelvemonth earlier would have been highly valued. But meantime the museum at Copenhagen had been enriched by two horns almost exactly similar: it was not worth while to purchase a third made after the same fashion; in conclusion the Professor recommended Mr. Nordenfelt to sell the horn to some private collector, if any could be found with whom he could come to terms.

The pastor was much vexed at this failure; he gave the two girls as much as he could well afford to give for such things, and promised to keep a sharp look-out, and take the first opportunity of making a better bargain for them, meantime retaining the treasure in his own possession.

As for the removal of Michael's hidden treasure, the mystery was now cleared up, and poor Signete freed from all suspicion. The very same night of the girl's adventures on the moor, a robbery was committed very near the spot where the horn was found. The hosier's thatched cottage had been broken into and despoiled. Judging by appearances, this little tenement would not have invited any attempt at plunder; but though the dweller on the heath may be meanly clad, and his habitation scantily furnished, he often keeps precious metal in his chest—and such was known to be the case with Jansen, the hosier. The poor fellow was found half dead on the floor, and his house rifled of every-

thing of value. Hendrick Bryde, however, having testified to his meeting the younger Petersen near the cottage two hours previously, Niels had been apprehended in consequence; and sufficient evidence convicting him, he had made full confession of not only his own misdeeds, but his father's. Amongst other statements, he said that old Kung Petersen, having had a quarrel with Michael Ericksen, had determined to revenge himself by robbing him of his buried savings, had succeeded, and the two had left the neighbourhood to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. The money had soon been spent, and then the younger Petersen thought he might as well try his luck at poor Jansen's cottage. No compunction was manifested by the culprit; he told the whole story of his guilt, and abided his sentence—imprisonment for life—with stolid indifference.

So there was now no hope of Michael's ever seeing his beloved money again, and that certainty made the disappointment with respect to the girl's treasure-trove the more poignant.

The summer was ended, and the rains of autumn set in. And now again began a dull and gloomy time. Karen caught cold, and had to keep within doors. Yet it was not altogether so dreary a confinement to her as it had been the previous year; her education had made rapid strides during the intervening months, and she was now able to read some of the pastor's books, and enjoy talking them over with Kirstin. Mr. Nordenfelt had no children's books, but he possessed copies of the "Arabian Nights," and "Don Quixote," which gave never-failing delight to both the girls. They could likewise appreciate "Plutarch's Lives" and a history of Denmark. There is certainly this advantage in a limited stock of books, that each one is read over and over again, until the reader's mind becomes, as it were, impregnated with the spirit of the author. And Kirstin's slender acquirements were made more certain through her having to impart them to her docile little pupil.

One afternoon, as Karen was sitting alone reading, the pastor came in. The weather had been terribly stormy during the last week, and Kirstin had not been able to walk to the Parsonage. "You see, I have come to look after my lambs," said the old man, seating himself by Karen's side; "I knew this was Kirstin's day for bread-making, and that she would not have time to come to me, so I have brought her a fresh book to read." And he brought out of his pocket a volume of "Norwegian Memoirs," which Karen immediately called Kirstin to look at. He then said he was in correspondence with a gentleman at

Odense, in Funen, who might perhaps purchase the bronze horn for his little museum in his native town.

"Father will be glad to hear that," said Kirstin; "so I am glad too."

"And I am glad," said Karen; and she added in a low voice, "I shall give it all to Morten; I shall be so glad to have something to give to Morten."

The pastor soon took his leave, and Kirstin went back to her bread-making. When she had finished and returned into the kitchen, she spoke to Karen, but received no answer; she looked at her: the girl was sitting in precisely the same languid attitude as when she left her. The book was open before her, but her eyes were fixed dreamily on the page, and for the first time that autumn, Kirstin was struck by the pinched and sharp outline of her delicate features. The thought flashed across her, "Karen will not live to give this money to Morten."

She strove against the idea, but again and again it recurred as she listened to the child's cough at night, and watched by day the listless fits which now returned. More than ever she sought to interest and amuse her drooping charge, and Karen tried to respond to her efforts, and often taxed her strength to attend to what no longer gave her pleasure.

Christmas passed with even less of festivity than on the preceding year, for Michael had grown more parsimonious than ever: Karen was more decidedly an invalid, and old Magnus more feeble. The winter wore away, and spring returned, but neither of the invalids seemed to regain strength, though their spirits revived under the cheering influences of returning sunshine and longer daylight.

One Sunday—Kirstin had been to church, and the mid-day meal was concluded—the two girls were left sitting together. Karen, who had been reading her Bible, suddenly closed it, and throwing her arm round her friend, nestled her head in the folds of Kirstin's shawl. Her warm tear-drops fell slowly on the hands that were locked fast in each other. Kirstin felt them, and with a great effort restrained her own; silently she pressed the little girl closely to her. At last the tears ceased falling, and Karen spoke in her usual quiet voice. "Kirstin, I was reading the Epistle of St. James: he says we should confess our faults to each other, and I have something to confess to you."

"What is it, darling?" said Kirstin, carefully steadying her voice.

"Do you remember, one morning last summer, the very same day

we went to the moors—do you remember my waking up crying? but I would not tell you what I had been dreaming.”

“There was no harm in that, darling; you said you liked to keep your dreams to yourself.”

“Please listen, Kirstin. I dreamed Morten came home, and he said, ‘I am very glad to see you, Karen; I love you dearly, but I love Kirstin better, and I am still more glad to see her.’ And he looked as he said, more glad to see you. And I said, ‘Morten, Kirstin does not love you as I love you.’ Then he looked so vexed, and I began to cry, as I always did when I vexed him.”

“Indeed, indeed, Karen, there was no harm in all that; it was only a silly dream.”

“It was a dream, I know, but some dreams are truth, and that was truth. And I was jealous because he loved you best—and I know he does love you best; and because I was jealous, our Lord will not have me see Morten again. He will come home, and Kirstin, darling, you will love him very much, won’t you? it will be so lonely for him, you know.”

Kirstin’s cheeks were scarlet, and the tears now rained down unrestrained, so fast as almost to choke her voice: “Darling, we must not talk of these things; Morten is not my brother as he is yours, and if you were thinking of anything else, father would perhaps object, and I could not leave him. And, please God, Karen, you may get well and strong again.” And she rose up abruptly, and began to busy herself in the room. Karen heaved a sigh, but said no more, and the subject was not renewed between them.

That night Kirstin was roused from sleep by a faint cry: she started up, and beheld Karen sitting upright in bed, a stream of blood on the coverlet. Terribly alarmed, she roused her father, and sent him to fetch their neighbour, Bodil Bryde, who, she thought, would know what to do in such cases. The kindhearted woman came promptly at the call, and helped Kirstin with her best advice and tender attentions. The pastor also, who was considered bodily as well as spiritual physician for the district, came early the next morning, prescribed the medicine suitable, and recommended perfect rest and quiet. There was no fear of her being otherwise than quiet, for she was too weak to leave her bed for weeks.

Mr. Nordenfelt continued his visits: he read to her, and prayed; but Kirstin noticed that, from the first, he never prayed for her recovery,

or even referred to it; he asked only that patience under suffering, resignation to the will of God, and an earnest desire for heavenly joy might be granted her. He taught her to distrust herself, but to look forward to the future with confidence, assured of the love of God, her Creator and Redeemer.

He always spoke cheerfully, and would sometimes amuse her by reporting the news of the neighbourhood, or by reading out bits of his own correspondence, or passages from books; but the subjects on which he dwelt most fully were, the love of our Lord to sinful man, and the certainty of a joyful resurrection for the lowly and faithful Christian. "Look at me, Karen," he would say, "here am I, a poor, feeble old man, not much stronger than old Magnus—there is old Magnus, who seems nearer the grave than I am—there is yourself, a frail sick child—Christ loves us all three, and is watching over us every hour of the day. There is no knowing which of us three He may be pleased to call home first; but this we do know, that His kind arms are waiting to receive us, and a place in Paradise is made ready for us." Then he would make use of the analogies of nature, showing that as spring, with its joyous burst of new life, follows winter, so the resurrection follows the sleep of death. He brought her bulbous roots to illustrate this, and showed how, from the uncomely root, bursts forth in radiant beauty the queen-like lily or brilliantly-tinted hyacinth. Karen was very much delighted with this. "I see," she said; "the root put into the ground is the dead body laid in the grave; the beautiful flower is the body that will come out of the grave when our Lord comes and calls us to life again."

Another time Mr. Nordenfelt, when he came, brought her a caterpillar, a chrysalis, and a butterfly, and explained how the creeping, grovelling caterpillar represented man's earthly life, the chrysalis his sleep in the grave, and the beautiful butterfly his glorified, risen life when he will be like the angels.

Karen was not the only person who profited by Mr. Nordenfelt's instructions; her little bed was removed into the kitchen on mild, sunshiny days, so that Kirstin could attend to her without neglecting other duties. Here also generally sat old Magnus, and the pastor would be careful to speak so as to be easily heard by him. And such was the child-like character of the mind of Magnus that the same easy, familiar speech that suited Karen was equally suitable to him. Whatever Magnus Ericksen might have been in busy middle life, in his

quiet old age he was like a child, and always preferred the society of young people.

One day as the pastor was enlarging on his favourite topic, the resurrection, Karen said, "But those old heathen chiefs who are buried under the mounds on the moor—they will rise too—what will our Lord say to them?"

"Dear child, He will say something different to every one, according to their different lives. Some of the old heathens did good and noble actions, and thirsted after truth, as you, Kirstin, must have seen when reading 'Plutarch's Lives.' Do you think their own nature or instinct prompted them, or the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit?"

"I don't know," said Karen.

"What do you say, Kirstin?"

Kirstin, who was knitting stockings, deliberated before she answered, "The Bible says, 'There is none good but God, none that doeth good, not one,' so I suppose it was only by the Holy Spirit that any one at any time did right, was it not?"

"I do not doubt it, Kirstin; and if so, does it not prove that our Lord cared for His poor, erring, ignorant creatures in olden time as well as now? Do you think He did not especially love those among the heathen who followed the gentle guiding voice in their hearts, although they did not know whence it came?"

Old Magnus looked up and said, "I am so glad to hear you say that, Pastor Nordenfelt."

Kirstin mused a few moments, and added, "You would not have spoken like the missionary who, when a chief about to be baptized asked what had become of his heathen forefathers, answered, 'They are all in hell-fire;' whereupon the chief declared he would share the fate of his forefathers, and not be a Christian at all."

"I should have said the same as that old chief," exclaimed Magnus, the colour rising to his shrunken cheeks.

"Certainly," said Mr. Nordenfelt, "I could not have spoken like that missionary: I think, knowing, as we do, so much of our Father's and Saviour's tender love for the human race, we may be satisfied to leave our forefathers in His hands; we do not know what may be their future destiny, but we are sure His mercies are over all His works."

And he finished his visit by reading aloud the twenty-first chapter of the book of Revelation.

Spring had ripened into summer, and the time of flowers, of singing

birds, green trees, and warm sunshine seemed for a time to bring new life to Karen. She was able with help to leave her bed, and even to sit out of doors, just in front of the house; and the fresh sea-breezes gave some colour to her cheeks. She took an exquisite pleasure in the bouquets of wild flowers that Kirstin brought her from the moors. A new longing for prolonged life had sprung up in her soul. Sometimes she would look on the sea and exclaim, "Oh, must I never bathe again!" or she would sigh gently, "The pretty shells on the shore, and there's no one to pick them up now!" Kirstin overheard this, and took the first opportunity of going to fetch some for her. But Karen smiled only faintly when she saw them, and seemed no longer to find pleasure in looking at their perfect forms and delicate tints.

One day she felt so much better that she called Kirstin, and cried out, "Oh, Kirstin! I think I may live to see Morten come back; do you think I may?"

"I hope you may, dearest," was the answer; "you are certainly better to-day."

And Karen went to rest that night full of hope. But next day the terrible hæmorrhage came on again, and after this second attack Karen never left her bed, not even for the couch. Her longing for life continued; she tossed from side to side, moaning, "Morten, Morten! come home and see me, Morten!"

Mr. Nordenfelt, warned of her danger, came to see her; he brought a print of the Crucifixion, which he nailed on the wall opposite her bed. He reminded her of her Lord, who had thought no suffering too hard to bear for her sake. Could she give up nothing for Him? would she not give up striving against the will of God? His will was that she should not see her brother again in this world; could she not wait for their certain meeting in another? Then he reminded her of her baptism; she was a child of God, a lamb of Christ's fold: the good Shepherd was watching over her; He was waiting to take her to Himself; one short struggle, and all would be peace and rest and safety for ever.

When the pastor was gone Karen lay very still, as though wearied out by conflict. Kirstin gave her an anodyne, and she fell asleep. She awoke up with a peaceful light in her eyes. "Oh, Kirstin! I've been dreaming. The angels brought me the dream, I'm sure. Morten was come, and I said, 'I love you, Morten, but now I love our Lord better,

and I am going to live with Him. Make haste and come too, Morten. And then I heard such sweet music—I think it was the angels singing.”

She lay very quiet after this, often looking at the print on the wall. Once she said, “Now I shall not fret any more about Morten; our Lord’s love is enough for Karen.”

Towards night a coughing fit came on, and she was much exhausted. An hour after, it was a very feeble voice that murmured, “Kirstin!” Kirstin bent over her. “Repeat a hymn, please;” then, “Give my love to Morten, and dear old grandfather, and the pastor.” There was a pause. “Kiss me, dear; you have been so good to me, Kirstin, you’ll be good to Morten, won’t you?” What could Kirstin answer when those earnest eyes of the dying girl were fixed upon her? She turned very pale and said, “I will, Karen.” Karen closed her eyes, as though satisfied.

Half an hour later Kirstin kissed her again: her lips were still warm, but the breath of life was gone. Karen’s guileless spirit had departed.

So Karen’s “treasure-trove” paid the expenses of her burial. She was a lovely sight as she lay in her coffin, a serene smile on her lips, a wreath of flowers on her white forehead, and a rose from the pastor’s garden placed in each tiny hand. And a garland made of white paper adorned the coffin when carried into church, and was afterwards hung up there by the side of similar memorials of other young maidens belonging to the parish who had died in the flower of youth.

After the funeral, the pastor took Kirstin home with him. “Kirstin,” he said, looking compassionately at her pale cheeks, “do you remember Karen’s mother?”

“A little,” she replied.

“Then you should not grieve for Karen. No one who truly loved that tender and sensitive child ought to regret that she has been called away. Life has hard trials for the strong and brave; they are very hard indeed for the shrinking and timid. Let us thank God together that Karen’s brief battle is over, her victory won; let us think of her as a rosebud gathered for our Lord’s crown before the storm had breathed on it, or the heat had damaged its freshness. And now, my child, go back to your battle of life, and fight it with a brave heart.”

(To be continued.)


THE GREAT MARQUIS.

CHAPTER I.

COME hither, Evan Cameron,
 Come stand beside my knee,
 I hear the river roaring down
 Towards the wintry sea.
 There's shouting on the mountain-side,
 There's war within the blast;
 Old faces look upon me,
 Old forms go trooping past.
 I hear the pibroch wailing,
 Amidst the din of fight;
 And my dim spirit wakes again
 Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host
 Through wild Lochaber snows,
 What time the plaided clans came down
 To battle with Montrose.
 I've told thee how the Southron fell
 Beneath their broad claymore,
 And how we smote the Campbell clan
 By Inverlochy's shore.
 I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
 And tamed the Lindsay's pride;
 But never have I told thee yet
 How the Great Marquis died.

(AYTOUN: *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*)

 AMES GRAHAM, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612. His family was one of the oldest and noblest in Scotland, and we hear of a Sir Patrick Graham, who was the intimate friend of Sir William Wallace, while another ancestor of our hero, also an Earl of Montrose, fell by the side of James IV. at the battle of Flodden Field.

I am sorry that I can tell you nothing of the boyhood of Montrose—but little or nothing is known of it. We only know that he lost his father at fourteen, and that his guardianship was entrusted to his brother-in-law, Archibald Lord Napier of Merchistoun. Lord Napier had married Lady Margaret Graham, an elder sister of the young earl, and acted the part of a loving father to the boy, who through life felt the strongest affection and reverence for him. Lord Napier had a son,

also called Archibald, but better known as the Master of Napier. You will hear more of him hereafter, and of his passionate devotion to the young uncle, who was to him far more like an elder brother. Besides Lady Napier, Montrose had three sisters: Lillias, married to Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Katherine and Beatrice. The last was an infant at the time of her father's death.

From what we know of Montrose's early life, we gather that he spent his boyhood chiefly in his country-place, on the borders of the Western Highlands. The name of his castle was Mugdock, situated near the lovely lakes of Lomond and Katrine. That part of the country was called Menteith, and was chiefly inhabited by loyal clans, related, however distantly, to the family and clan of Graham or Græme.

Here, then, no doubt, he used to roam over the blue hills and heathy moors, following the deer perhaps through the rocky pass of Glencroe, as far as Loch Fyne itself, and looking down from the heights on the old grey walls of Inverary, the residence of Archibald, Earl of Argyle, the chief of the mighty clan of the Campbells; but, while full of life and health, he devoted himself with all his natural ardour to these favourite sports, his education in other matters was not neglected; and under the paternal care of his brother-in-law, Lord Napier, he diligently studied the classics, or, as the Scotch would say, learnt his humanities.

So passed Montrose's boyhood; and when he reached his sixteenth year, you will perhaps be surprised to hear that he was married to a maiden a year younger than himself, Lady Magdalen Carnegie, the daughter of the Earl of Southesk. And the young husband and wife were still so entirely considered as children, that they were not allowed to set up an establishment for themselves, but were placed under the care of Lord Southesk. And the boy-husband was hardly seventeen when he found himself the father of a little boy. The birth of the heir gave great satisfaction, for Montrose himself was an only son.

They seem to have been a happy and affectionate family, living much together, the younger ones at least troubling themselves little about politics. Montrose and his nephew were like David and Jonathan, devoted to each other; there was only a difference of five years in their ages: they studied, shot, and fished together, and their friendship became later quite a proverb. Early marriages seem to have been the fashion in those days, for when the Master of Napier

was sixteen, he married Lady Elizabeth Erskine, the daughter of the Earl of Mar; and we find in after years that she quite shared this affection that her husband had for his glorious relative. But these peaceful days of childlike happiness could not last, and we almost lose sight of our hero, till we find him again, at the age of twenty-two, a widower, and the young father of three boys: Lord Graham, James, and Robert. It was either to divert his mind from his grief at the loss of his wife, or that his education was not considered perfect, that Lord Napier advised him to go abroad and see foreign countries, and thereby open his mind.

Where he travelled we do not exactly know; we only know that Italy was one of the countries he visited, for a record was found in a monastery at Rome that an Earl of Montrose and an Earl of Angus dined there on a certain day. He remained on the Continent for a year or two, and then returned home, full of renewed health and spirits, and anxious to be introduced at court, and see a little of London life.

Perhaps you would like a description of Montrose at this period of his life. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Legend of Montrose," says that he was not regularly handsome, but that there were moments when his soul looked through his eyes with all the energy and fire of genius. I have seen a picture of him in an old Cavalier house, which must, I think, have been taken of him at this time, before the toil and exposure of his campaigns had bronzed his brow and deepened the lines in his noble face. It is the happiest, most joyous countenance I ever saw; the nose rather aquiline, the eyes bright and blue; a small moustache shades the mouth, and wavy chestnut curls fall over his shoulders, after the fashion of the day. He was considered one of the most accomplished horsemen of the time; indeed, he was known at a distance by his perfect seat on horseback. He also spoke several languages well, and he became at once established as a favourite amongst his associates. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if he expected to meet with a favourable reception from the king, Charles I., more especially as he was to be presented by the Marquis of Hamilton, who happened to hold rather a high office about the court at this time.

He had a still better reason for hoping this, for his family had always been renowned for their loyalty to the House of Stewart. One

ancestor lay side by side with the brave and unhappy James IV. on Flodden Field; another, his great-grandfather, had been killed at the battle of Pinkey, when the Barons rose against James V.; and his father had been left guardian of the kingdom of Scotland while James VI. was absent in England. Besides, it was at this moment the interest of Charles I. to be very courteous and civil to all those Scottish nobles who were attached to him, for it was just the beginning of his troubles. He was surrounded by enemies both in England, Scotland, and Ireland; not open enemies either, but secret foes, many of whom, while pretending to be very anxious to serve him, were plotting against him. But Charles was one of those unfortunate men who are sure to do the wrong thing at the wrong moment; and even when he wished to be conciliatory, his manner was stiff and unbending, more like that of the Spanish princes, which he had greatly admired on his visit to Spain. It is also conjectured that Hamilton had, for reasons of his own, secretly indisposed the king against his young countryman, for when Montrose approached, the king carelessly held out his hand to him to kiss, and then turned away to resume a conversation he was holding with some one else. Montrose was deeply mortified, for the slight was as marked as it was public. Instead of staying in London, as he had intended, he went off to Scotland at once in a fit of pique. He arrived at Edinburgh in a discontented mood, his quick, warm feelings wounded; and the enemies of the royal party saw at once that he was just the man for them, if they could only get him on their side: clever, brave, full of energy, and full of genius, they thought he would make an admirable leader to the popular party.

But, before I go on with my hero's history, I must tell you something of the state of things in Scotland, that you may understand my story better.

CHAPTER II.

"To my true King I offered without stain
Courage and Faith. Vain faith and courage vain!"

(LORD MACAULAY.)

It was only a year or two before Montrose's visit to London that Charles I. had greatly offended the Presbyterian party in Scotland by endeavouring to introduce the English Prayer-book and Services into the churches. The people would not hear of it, created great disturbances, and were very unruly. The king at length went to Scotland

himself, to try and soothe the minds of the malcontents. This was in the year 1633. He was very well received, apparently, by the leaders of the party who opposed episcopacy. Those two leaders were men who played a great part in the history of the Scottish Rebellion, and not at all an honourable part; their names were, the Earl of Argyle and the Marquis of Hamilton. I shall often have occasion to refer to these names again. Argyle was, without a doubt, the most powerful nobleman in Scotland at this time. He was the head of the mighty clan or family of the Campbells, and his home, the old Castle of Inverary, was situated in one of the loveliest spots that could be seen in Scotland. Close on the shore of Loch Fyne, whose waters mingle with the sea, stood the grey stone castle, the huts of the villagers clustering round it for protection, the surrounding country peopled almost entirely by Campbells, and shut out from the neighbouring clans by steep heathy hills. There were hardly any roads in Scotland at that time, and such as there were, were little better than tracks, and very often impassable in winter to any but the hardy mountaineers.

Argyle was much beloved by his own clan, for he had done all in his power to make them rich, and he ruled almost like a sovereign prince in his own fastnesses, where it was his proud boast that no enemy dared to penetrate. In person he was dark, tall, and slender, with a sinister expression of countenance; and a slight cast in his eye had obtained for him the Gaelic name of Gillespie Gruamach, which means literally "Squinting Archibald." His own people gave him a grander title, *Mac Callum Mohr*, or "the Son of Colin the Great;" Colin having been a mighty ancestor of the Campbells, and a friend of Robert Bruce, while the whole clan gloried in calling themselves the sons of Diarmid, and are addressed in the song of "*Flora M'Ivor*" as

"Ye sons of brown Diarmid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum Mohr."

The second leader of whom I spoke, the Marquis of Hamilton, was a very different kind of personage. His character is one which seems to have puzzled historians, so different are the accounts which have been given of it; but he appears to have been a vain, selfish man, whose only anxiety was about his own interests.

We will now return to our history. After King Charles had tried to introduce episcopacy into his native kingdom of Scotland, a number

of the Scottish nobles and Presbyterian clergy resolved that no such attempt should be made again. They therefore drew up what they called the Solemn League and Covenant, by which they all agreed to defend the rights of their country and their own kirk against the aggressions of the Bishops, putting in at the same time a sentence to express that they meant to be very loyal to the king all the while. This covenant was drawn up in imitation of one which had been made in the reign of James VI., and which that king had signed himself, though not very willingly. "The Solemn League and Covenant" was declared to be a mere repetition of the first; but this was hardly the truth; for, notwithstanding that clause about loyalty to King Charles, it was highly rebellious in its spirit, and so it was intended to be by the crafty Argyle and the Earl of Rothes, who were at the head of the whole proceeding.

It was about this time that the young Earl of Montrose came from London, as I have said, not in the best humour in the world with the royal party. He was immediately received with the greatest courtesy and affability by several of the Presbyterian or Covenanting Lords, as they were soon afterwards called, chiefly by Leslie, Rothes, and Argyle. They did all they could to get him on their side; they told him that the Solemn League and Covenant was merely intended to promote the interests of the king and the good and happiness of Scotland; and that, if he would only sign his name with theirs, success was certain. Montrose was young, enthusiastic, and inexperienced; his vanity was flattered by the general kindness and deference which was shown him on all sides; and being, moreover, assured by all that the king's interest was one of the chief things considered, he agreed to what they recommended, and signed his name to the Solemn League and Covenant. Meanwhile, in England, the affairs of the king were going on from bad to worse. The Long Parliament was sitting, and was becoming daily more powerful and more encroaching in its demands. It was the year 1641, and Charles had sent for the Earl of Strafford from Ireland to take the command of his army, when the Parliament affected great alarm that the king was about to march upon London, and turn out the Parliament (as Oliver Cromwell did not many years later), so they sent off in a great hurry to the Scottish Parliament to send their army to help them.

For I must explain that all this while the Scottish Parliament,

generally called the Scottish Estates, had levied a large body of troops, which they had placed under the command of Montrose. They had before this been sending Montrose about the country with orders to insist upon every town through which he passed subscribing to the Solemn League and Covenant.

Accordingly our hero rode through some of the southern counties with a blue scarf over his shoulder, obeying these orders with great zeal. But, though most of the towns thought it wisest to comply, there were some who were by no means disposed to do so.

There lived in the Highlands an old nobleman, George Gordon, Marquis of Huntly. Instead of signing the covenant, he collected a little army of his own vassals, and led them against Montrose; but his plans were baffled, and he was obliged to yield himself prisoner, together with his eldest son, Lord Gordon. Montrose was as kind to them as his peculiar position would permit, and not many years later he and Lord Gordon became the fastest and dearest friends. The old marquis, however, did not share the generous disposition of his son, and he showed a jealousy and dislike of Montrose which in after days proved very unfortunate. Huntly had five sons, George Lord Gordon; James Viscount Aboyne; Ludovic, Charles, and Harry. When his father and elder brother were made prisoners, Aboyne took the command of the Gordons, assisted by his brother, Lord Ludovic, a wild boy of thirteen, who escaped from his grandmother's charge at Gordon Castle, and joined the royal army, as it now called itself. The brothers were, however, defeated in a sharp skirmish, and their followers dispersed.

Montrose felt but little pleasure or satisfaction in the performance of his duty at this time, nor did he receive any encouragement from his employers; but, on the contrary, was blamed and censured by Rothes and Leslie and the Estates for the mildness and gentleness of his measures, and they soon sent for him to return to Edinburgh.

He did not remain long there, for he was despatched immediately with the army which the Scottish Estates had raised at the demand of the English Parliament. This army was put under the orders of General Alexander Leslie, and Montrose commanded a portion of it. They marched to the Borders, but a truce was agreed upon almost immediately, and the Scots retired again. During the truce King Charles sent for Montrose, and had several interviews with him at

Berwick. The subject of their conferences is not exactly known, but it is certain that from that time Montrose seems to have liked less and less the party under which he was serving. But, before many months passed, the war between the king and the Scottish Estates broke out again with greater violence than ever. It was now some time that Montrose had been thinking that it was rather strange that the Estates should always profess so much their loyalty to the king while they were levying armies to fight against him. But, deeply troubled as he was by these perplexing thoughts, he was still bound by his engagements, though he was beginning to see clearly that Argyle had purposely deceived him. However, when the Scots reached the Tweed, Montrose, anxious to hide from them what was passing in his mind, made a great show of zeal, dismounting from his horse and wading through the river twice to encourage them. But there was again no fighting this time, and the Scottish army marched quietly back again.

But Montrose had changed his mind about many matters. One day he was visited at his own house by several friends, amongst them his brother-in-law and guardian, Lord Napier, the Master of Napier, his nephew, and another nephew, Sir George Stirling of Keir, and a good many more. They had a long and earnest talk together, and then they drew up a paper called the Bond of Cumbernauld, and in this paper they resolved that they would not have anything to do with those who had signed the Solemn League and Covenant, so long as they showed themselves hostile to King Charles. This bond was drawn up in secret; but, unfortunately, it came to the ears of Argyle. The covenanting Marquis was furious; he had never truly liked Montrose from the beginning; their characters were so different in every way; and, in truth, Montrose liked him as little. Unfortunately for our hero, Argyle was in power, and he, immediately upon hearing of the Cumbernauld Bond, locked up Montrose, the two Napiers, and Stirling of Keir, in the old Castle of Edinburgh, and then he accused them to the Estates of being traitors, and expressed himself very anxious that they should all be hanged, but particularly Montrose.

But Montrose did not make himself unhappy about his imprisonment; indeed, it was very difficult to depress his spirits under any circumstances. He knew well enough that no case of high treason could be proved against him; but he knew also that Argyle and Rothes

would have his life if they could get it, and that he must be very careful in his defence, and not allow himself to say anything rash.

He was kept in prison with his friends for a considerable time; and though they were all confined in the castle, they were never allowed to see one another. During this period they were all brought up before the Estates for examination at different times; but Montrose defended himself so well, and so clearly proved his innocence, that Argyle could not succeed in getting him condemned. But he kept him still shut up in the old castle, and there the young earl lingered out the days and weeks wearily enough, till news arrived that King Charles was about to pay his second visit to Edinburgh. The king came, and his visit was a blessing to our prisoner, for the result was that Montrose was set at liberty, though on the condition that he should leave Edinburgh, and that he should not come within six miles of any place where the king was.

Montrose went at once to his own estates in the country, and remained there for several months, educating his sons, looking after his tenants, and arranging his affairs. Time passed on, and in his beautiful Highland home Montrose watched the progress of events, waiting till the time should arrive when he might come forward from his retirement and take his part in public life once more. And that time came at last.

(To be continued.)

RATHER A LONG WALK.

(Continued.)



BEFORE the sun was well down, I was sharing a good supper of salt mutton, tea, and damper with him, and telling him how it was that I had come his way.

He was, of course, very glad to see me, as he would have been to see any one, but we soon found out another reason for taking kindly to one another. He told me that he was a Cambridge man; and as I had been at Oxford, we had, of course, many things to talk about.

Many persons would have pronounced this man to be a little "wrong in his head," if not quite mad, for in the middle of a sentence, or

whenever the whim struck him, he would break out into long quotations, perhaps from Virgil, or Shakespear, or Homer, stalking up and down the while and looking very fierce. But I knew very well what was the matter with him: he was rather "cranky," or peculiar, from living so many months alone, and, as he told me, he forgot at such times that there was anybody near him.

I stopped there that night, and he insisted on my stopping the next day; for he declared he had not seen a civilized man for the last five years, which was very probable.

So the next day the sheep went their way (when a flock have been long in one place they need little looking after during the day), and we sauntered off and sat in the shade, or climbed a spreading plum-tree to rest among the branches.

We called up a good many old recollections, and discoursed learnedly about many things. After supper we played a game of cribbage, with a bar of soap for a board (and a very capital makeshift it was). He had saved all his old trouser buttons to make a set of draughts, and had painted a very creditable board. This old shepherd (for he looked rather old and worn) was as neat and methodical in his ways as a woman, and his hut and all his belongings were pictures of neatness.

And the reason he remained a shepherd, and was fit for nothing else, was, that he used to spend all his money every six months at the nearest public house (fifty miles away): this he told me himself. I am sorry to say that there are many more that resemble him in this.

He gave me a pair of very good boots, and in the morning before I started he went out with a shovel to the corner of the yard and began to dig. I could not make out for a long time what he was doing.

Presently he brought up an old tin match-box, and opening it, discovered some pieces of paper, one of which he handed to me: it was a cheque for two pounds. He would not listen to my remonstrances. "You see," said he, pointing to the box, "this is my last three months' pay, and I have buried it there in my bank until the six months are up, when I can spend it; it will only be a glass or two less for me; I shan't miss it when I'm drunk, and it will help you on the road."

What could I do but take it? I saw that it would only offend him to refuse. He told me that if I followed the river fifteen miles down I should reach the head station. He walked a little way with me, as if loth to part, and then turned disconsolately homewards. I never

saw him any more, poor fellow; he may be there now, or he may be dead and buried, wrapt in a sheet of bark, under some gum-tree. We *must* all meet some time or other with such kindly chance acquaintances, in whom we *must* take a real interest, and whom we fancy we could grow so fond of, but the parting we cannot help, it is one of the evils (as we call them) of life.

You see, if I had gone down the creek, I should have had to go fourteen miles or more. I reached the station about four o'clock, but I met with the same answer: "they were full-handed."

The next station was seventy miles away; but there was a shepherd's hut on the road, "if I could find it."

I received ample directions for this said "finding," but they were rather perplexing. I was to cross three large creeks with oak trees (colonial oak) growing in them, and red banks, and just before I came to the fourth I was to strike off to the right, when I should find about half a mile from the road a "chain of water-holes," where the hut was.

I was in hopes, however, that the shepherd would have his sheep somewhere near the road. After crossing the first red creek with oak trees I began to doubt about finding the hut, for these creeks seemed to cross the road every quarter of a mile, whereas I had been told that the third was at least eighteen miles away. (These *oaks* are more like some kind of fir-tree in appearance, but the wood is something like oak, very hard and "close.")

I knew that my only chance was that of meeting the sheep or the shepherd; but I walked all day, and the bush seemed as lonely as if it had never been disturbed.

I began to get very thirsty, and at last reached a water-hole in the bed of a creek, but there was a dead bullock in it. However, with the help of my two tin pots, I strained some of the water through a piece of my blanket, but I did not like to drink much; so I lighted a fire and made some tea, a process which takes no time at all in the bush.

There was about an hour more of daylight, when I saw all the ground "padded" with sheep tracks; but it was so late that I did not dare go off the road, so I made up my mind for a night in the bush.

The "road" now left the flat country, and I was travelling again among stony ridges.

The wind began to rise, and feel unaccountably cold, and I was not pleased to see a pile of black clouds rising fast in the *opposite* direction. I knew this meant a thunderstorm. The air had been very sultry

all day; but it was cold enough now. I had not long to wait. The sky was quickly all black, and the air was nearly as dark as night. The next moment, all the "bush" seemed in a blaze, and I was almost blinded and deafened at the same moment. The blue jagged lightning seemed to burst into balls of fire within a few feet of me, and the "crackling" and roaring of thunder was incessant.



I had never seen a tropical storm in all its fury before. This lasted about ten minutes, then down came the rain, not in drops, apparently, but in a regular sheet of water. The lightning was over.

It was no use going on thus, so I picked out a gravelly ridge, where

the water would run down on both sides, unpacked my blankets; rolled myself up on the ground, and determined to make a night of it.

This may seem like "taking it easy," but what else could I do? all the road, such as it was, was washed away, and I could scarcely see my hand before me. When the rain first soaked through my blankets, it felt rather cold; but after that I began to feel quite warm, steamy and comfortable. I was soon sound asleep, for I was very tired.

I often think of it now, and can hardly realize that I lay thus, once, a whole night like a bundle of wet rags, in the wild bush, and that no one either knew or cared anything about it.

All night long it rained, for although I did not wake till morning I felt it in my dreams every now and then. Just at daybreak the clouds rolled away, and before the sun rose the sky was clear and glorious. When I woke I was rather stiff at first, but I soon felt quite fresh and jolly.

It seemed impossible to feel anything else on such a beautiful morning. I wrung the wet out of my blankets, and set about lighting a fire to make some tea—which was all the breakfast I could promise myself. I had some matches in a little tight tin box in my pouch, and I got sufficient dry stuff to light, by stripping off part of the outside bark from a fallen tree, and collecting the stringy stuff inside; this I managed with my knife.

I had no trouble in getting water, as it had collected in every little hollow; and I soon had a potful of it boiling at a roaring fire. But when I went to look for my bag of tea, it was gone! I had wrapped it up carefully, with the other small possessions which I have mentioned before, in my spare shirt, and placed the bundle in a hollow log. I found that, during the night, the log had become a water-course, or rather water-pipe, and everything had been washed away—goodness knows where. So I had to be content with chewing a bit of tobacco, which I carried in my pouch, for breakfast.

I found the comb down below, broken in two between two stones, I suppose by the force of the stream. I also found one or two leaves of the Church Service; but I never found the rest of my property.

I started at once to go on, as I did not know how far I should have to go before I got anything to eat—I judged about thirty-five miles.

When I got on to the flat country again, it was about six inches deep in water, and very heavy and boggy. My boots here became well soaked, and when I got on the stones again they began to go to pieces.

The soles came half off, and kept flapping and doubling under my feet. I cut up one of my blanket straps and tried to repair them, but it was no use, so I had at length to throw them away. I was now bare-footed (for no men wear stockings in the bush), and I must have been an extraordinary figure. Bare-footed, my canvas trousers, once white, stained with earth of different colours, and all manner of defilement, my shirt not much better, while above all my broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat drooped and flapped about my head. But I did not think of that so much, as my chance of getting a dinner or supper.

When I went over the stones they cut my feet, and when I got off them the black mud poisoned the wounds, so that I began to limp rather. However I kept on. By mid-day I felt as if I had walked for a month, but I dared not stop to rest. I had no relish for another night in the bush.

About three o'clock I got clear of the hills altogether, which was a good sign; and, better still, there was now a regular beaten track, and many trees had been stripped of their bark for roofing.

About four, I saw a bark hut ahead of me with two sheep-yards. I don't know whether you can fancy my disappointment when I found the hut empty. It appeared to have been deserted some time.

Although every mile made me more tired, every sign of the nearer presence of men gave me fresh spirits. But when I came to a black fellow's spear stuck upright in the middle of the road, I felt farther off than ever. I did not touch it, as the prints of naked feet were around it.

I began to feel rather weak, and I thought, "If I don't reach the station to-night, I shall die in the bush!" which was another reason for getting on as fast as I could.

Presently a man—the first I had seen for two days—came galloping along the road.

"Good-day, mate."

"Good-day."

"How far am I from the station?"

"Four miles."

This was all that passed, and he galloped on his way; but I had heard all I wanted, and now I could take it easy.

Those last four miles seemed longer than all the rest, and by the time I reached the station I could hardly crawl.

When I had had a good supper, I felt very jolly in mind, but so

stiff and sore, that I thought I should never be able to walk any more. I asked leave of the overseer to stop a day and rest—which was readily granted. He also took pity on me, and gave me a pair of boots. I had intended to buy them with part of the Cambridge shepherd's money; but he would not let me pay for them.

My pilgrimage was not yet over, but I had now reached a district where the stations were pretty close together.

I met with some bullock drivers, who allowed me to travel with them; and in return I used to light the fire and cook for them. I had a horse to ride, and drove the spare horses and bullocks with the drays.

This was comparative happiness. We went about nine miles a day, and took long rests in the middle of the day, when we had dinner.

The country, too, was much pleasanter; there was a good plain road, and no hills, but gentle slopes covered with green grass after the rains, and all the trees and even the ground were full of life.

The drivers had a gun, with which we used to shoot a pigeon here and there, or a turkey; and every water-hole was crowded with ducks of various sorts.

The drays were carrying wool down to a port, where there was a cotton and sugar plantation; and there, I was told, I was certain to get work.

I was glad to hear this, and did not care much what sort of work it was, for I thought to myself, no work can be so hard as tramping about looking for "shepherding." I need not describe the rest of the journey; we had the same incidents and accidents every day: sometimes the dray stuck fast in the mud, and before it was got out cost the drivers much swearing (I am sorry to say), and the bullocks much flogging; sometimes the bullocks strayed away in the night, and we had to waste a day in looking for them.

It all ended happily for me, at last. I got employed at once on the plantation. The work was easy, and the life pleasant. Some other time you may hear from me about that, and other things.


I reached the plantation just six weeks after I had sold my false tooth. I had travelled three hundred miles, of which two hundred had been done on foot in a fortnight, and seventy in two days.

Altogether, I think I was right in heading this paper, "Rather a Long Walk."

GEORGE CARRINGTON.

BENJY IN BEASTLAND.

PODGY BENJY.

ENJY was a bad boy. His name was Benjamin, but he was always called Benjy. He looked like something ending in jy or gy, or rather dgy, such as *podgy*. Indeed he was podgy, and moreover smudgy, having that cloudy, slovenly look (like a slate *smudged* instead of washed) which is characteristic of people whose morning toilet is not so thorough as it should be.

Now I am very fond of boys. I do not think, with some people, that they are nuisances to be endured as best may be till they develop into men. I think an intelligent and modest boy is one of the most charming of companions. As to an obliging boy (that somewhat rare but not extinct animal), there is hardly a limit to his powers of usefulness; or anything—from emigrating to a desert island to cleaning the kitchen clock—that one would not feel justified in undertaking with his assistance, and free access to his pocket stores. Then boys' wholesale powers of accumulation and destruction render their dens convenient storehouses of generally useless and particularly useful lumber. If you want string or wire, or bottles or flowerpots, or a bird-cage, or an odd glove or shoe, or anything of any kind to patch up something of a similar kind, or missing property of your own or another's—go to a boy's room! There one finds abundance of everything, from cobblers' wax to the carmine from one's own water-colour box. (One is apt to recognise old acquaintances, and one occasionally reclaims their company!) All things are in more or less serviceable condition, and at the same time sufficiently damaged to warrant appropriation to the needs of the moment. One suffers much loss at boys' hands from time to time, and it is trying to have one's dainty feminine bowers despoiled of their treasures; but there are occasions when one spoils the spoiler. Then what admirable field naturalists boys can make! They are none the worse for nocturnal moth hunts, or wading up a stream for a *Batrachosperma*, or for standing in a pond pressing recruits for the fresh-water aquarium. A "collection" more or less is as nothing in the vast chaos of their possessions, though some scrupulous sister might be worried to find "a place for it." And Fortune (capricious

dame!) is certainly fond of boys, and guides some young "harum-scarum" to a *habitat* that has eluded the spectacles of science. And their cuttings always grow! Then as to boys' fun; within certain limits, there is no rough-and-ready wit to be compared with it.

Thus it is a pity that some boys bring the class into disrepute—boys who are neither intelligent, modest, obliging, nor blest with cultivated tastes—boys who kick animals, tease children, sneer at feminine society, and shirk any company that is better than their own—boys, in short, like Benjy, who at one period of his career was all this, and who had a taste for low company too, and something in his general appearance that made you think how good for him it would be if he could be well scrubbed with hot water and soft soap both inside and out.

But Benjy's worst fault, *the* vice of his character, was cruelty to animals. He was not merely cruel with the thoughtless cruelty of childhood, nor with the cruelty which is a secondary part of sport, nor with the occasional cruelty of selfishness or ill-temper. But he had that taste for torture, that pleasure in other creatures' pain, which does seem to be born with some boys. It is incomprehensible by those who have never felt the hateful temptation, and it certainly seems more near to a fiendish characteristic than to rank as a human infirmity.

Benjy was one of three children, and the only boy. He had two little sisters, but they were younger than himself, and he held them in supreme contempt. They were nice, merry little things, and many boys (between teasing, petting, patronising, and making them useful) would have found them companionable enough, at any rate for the holidays. But Benjy, as I have said, liked low company, and a boy with a taste for low company seldom cares for the society of his sisters. Benjy thought games stupid; he never touched his garden (though his sisters kept it religiously in order during his absence at school); and as to natural history, or reading, or any cultivated pursuit, such matters were not at all in Benjy's line. But he was proud of being patronised by Tom, the coachman's scapegrace son—a coarse, cruel, and uneducated lad, whose ideas of "fun" Benjy unfortunately made his own. With him he went to see pigs killed, helped to drown supernumerary pups and kittens, and became learned in dog-fights, cock-fights, rat-hunting, cat-hunting, and so forth. Benjy's father was an invalid, and he had no brothers, so that he was without due control

and companionship. His own lack of nice pursuits made the excitement of cruelty an acceptable amusement for his idleness, and he would have thought it unmanly to be more scrupulous and tenderhearted than the coachman's son. The society of this youth did not tend to improve Benjy's manners, and indeed he was very awkward in the drawing-room. But he was talkative enough in the stable, and rather a hero among the village boys who stoned frogs by the riverside, in the sweet days of early summer.

Truly Benjy had little in common with those fair, grey-eyed demure little maidens, his sisters. As one of them pathetically said, "Benjy does not care for us, you know, because we are only girls. So we have taken Nox for our brother."

NOX,

so called because he was (as poets say) as black as night, was a big, curly dog, partly retriever and partly of Newfoundland breed. He was altogether black, except for his paws, which were brown, and for a grey spot under his tail. Now as the grey-eyed gentle little sisters elected him for their brother in the room of Benjy, it is but fair to compare the two together.

Benjy, to look at, was smudgy and slovenly, and not at all handsome, for he hated tubs, and brushes, and soap, and cold water, and he liked to lie late in a morning, and then was apt to shuffle on his clothes and come down after very imperfect ablutions, having forgotten to brush his teeth, and with his hair still in dusty "cockatoos" from tossing about in bed.

Nox rose early, delighted in cold water, and had teeth like ivory, and hair as glossy as a raven's wing, his face beamed with intelligence and trustfulness, and his clear brown eyes looked straight into yours when you spoke to him, as if he would say, "Let my eyes speak for me, if you please; I have not the pleasure of understanding your language."

Benjy's waistcoat and shirt-front were often spotted with dirt, and generally untidy.

The covering of Nox's broad chest was always glossy and in good order.

Benjy would come into the drawing-room with muddy boots and dirty hands.

Nox, if he had been out in the mud, would lie down on his return and lick his broad soft brown paws like a cat till they were clean.

It has been said that Benjy did not appreciate the society of girls; but when Nox was petted by his lady-sisters, he put his big head on their shoulders, and licked their faces with his big red tongue (which was his way of kissing). And he would put up his brown feet in the most insinuating manner, and shake paws over and over again, pressing tightly with his strong toes, but never hurting the little girls' hands.

Benjy destroyed lives with much wanton cruelty.

Nox had saved lives at the risk of his own.

The ruling idea of his life, and what he evidently considered his most important pursuit, in fact, his duty or vocation, must be described at some length. Near the dog's home ran a broad deep river. Here one could bathe and swim most delightfully. Here also many an unfortunate animal found a watery grave. There was one place from which (the water being deep and the bank convenient at this spot) the poor wretches were generally thrown. A good deal of refuse and worn-out articles of various sorts also got flung in here, for at this point the river skirted the back part of the town. Hither at early morning Nox would come, in conformity with his own peculiar code of duty, which may be summed up in these words: "Whatever does not properly or naturally belong to the water should be fetched out." Now near the River Seine, in Paris, there is a building called the *Morgue*, where the bodies of the drowned are laid out for recognition by their friends. There was no such institution in the town where Nox lived, so he established a Morgue for himself. Not far from the spot I have mentioned, an old willow tree spread its branches widely over the bank, and here and there stretched a long arm, and touched the river with its pointed fingers. Under the shadow of this tree was the Morgue, and here Nox brought the bodies he rescued from the river and laid them down. I use the word bodies in its most scientific sense, for it was not alone the bodies of men or animals that Nox felt himself bound to reclaim. He would strive desperately for the rescue of an old riding-boot, the rung of a chair, a worn-out hearthbrush, or anything obviously out of place in the deep waters. Whatever the prize might be, when he had successfully brought it ashore, he would toss his noble head, arch his neck, paw with his forefeet, and twist and stick

out his curly back, as much as to say, "Will no one pat me as I deserve?" Though he held his prize with all the delicacy of his retriever instincts, he could seldom resist the temptation to give it one proud shake, after which he would hurry with it to the willow tree, as if conscious that it was high time it should be properly attended to. There the mother whose child had fallen into the river, and the mother whose child had thrown her broom into the water, might come to reclaim their property, with equal chance of success.

Now it is hardly needful to say that between Benjy and Nox there was very little in common. And if there was one thing about Nox which Benjy disliked more than another, it was his talent for rescue, and the institution of the Morgue.

There was a reason for this. Benjy had more than once been concerned in the death of animals belonging to other people, and the owners had made an inconvenient fuss and inquiry. In such circumstances Benjy and Tom were accustomed to fasten a stone to the corpse and drop it into the river, and thus, as they hoped, get rid of all testimony to the true reason of the missing favourite's disappearance.

But of all the fallacies which shadow the half-truths of popular proverbs, none is greater than that of the saying, "Dead men tell no tales." For, to begin with, the dead body is generally the first witness to a murder, and that despite the most careful hiding. And so the stones that had been tied with hurried or nervous fingers were apt to come off, and then the body of neighbour Goodman's spaniel, or old Lady Dumble's Angola cat, would float on the river, and tell their own true and terrible tale. But even then the current might have favoured Benjy, and carried the corpses away, had it not been for Nox's early rounds whilst Benjy was still in bed, and for that hateful and too notorious Morgue.

MISTER ROUGH

was another dog belonging to Benjy's father, and commonly regarded as the property of Benjy himself. He was a wiry-haired terrier, with clipped ears and tail, and a chain collar that jingled as he trotted about on his bent legs. He was of a grizzled brown colour, excepting his shirt-front and his toe-tips, which were like the white toes of woollen socks. His eyes had been scratched by cats—though not quite out—his lean little body bore marks of all kinds of rough

usage, and his bark was hoarse from a long imprisonment in a damp outhouse in winter. Much training (to encounter rats and cats), hard usage, short commons, and a general preponderance of kicks over halfpence in his career had shortened his temper and his bark, and caused both to be exhibited more often than would probably have been the case in happier circumstances. He had been characterised as "Rough, Tough, Gruff, and up to snuff," and the description fitted well.

Now if Benjy had a kind feeling for any animal, it was for Mister Rough, though I think it might more truly be called admiration. And yet he treated him worse than Nox, to whom he bore an unmitigated dislike. But Nox was a large dog, and could not be ill-treated with impunity. So Benjy feared him, and hated him double. Next to an animal too strong to be ill-used at all, Benjy disliked an animal too weak to be ill-used much or long. Now this veteran Mister Rough, there was no saying what he had not borne, and would not bear. He seemed to absorb the nine lives of every cat he killed into his own constitution, and only to grow leaner, tougher, more scarred, more grizzled, and more "game" as time went on. And so there grew up in Benjy an admiration for his powers of endurance that almost amounted to regard.

MORE MISCHIEF.

Benjy had got a bad fit on him. He was in a mood for mischief. I think he was not well, and he certainly was intolerable to all about him. He even ventured to play a trick on Nox. Thus:

Nox was a luxurious, comfort-loving old fellow, and after a good deal of exercise in the fresh air he thoroughly enjoyed the drowsy, soporific effect of a good meal, a warm room, and a comfortable hearth-rug. If anything in the events of the day had disturbed his composure, or affected his feelings, how he talked it all over to himself with curious, expressive little noises, marvellously like human speech, till by degrees the remarks came few and far between, the velvety eyelids closed, and with one expressive grunt Nox was asleep! But in a few moments, though the handsome black body was at rest on the crimson sheepskin that was so becoming to his beauty, his—whatever you please to allow him in the shape of an "inner consciousness"—was in the land of dreams. He was talking once more, this time with

short, muffled barks and whines, and twitching violently with his legs. Perhaps he fancied himself accomplishing a rescue. But a whistle from his master would pierce his dream, and quiet without awaking him.

In his most luxurious moments he would roll on to his back, and stretching his neck and his four legs to their uttermost, would sleep with a perfect *abandon* of enjoyment. It was one of these occasions that Benjy chose for teasing poor Nox. As he sat near him he kept lightly pricking his sensitive lips with a fine needle. Nox would half wake, shake his head, rub his lips with his paw in great disgust, and finally drop off again. When he was fairly asleep, Benjy recommenced, for he did dearly love to tease and torment, and this evening he was in a restless, mischievous mood. At last one prick was a little too severe; Nox jumped up with a start, and the needle went deeply in, the top breaking off with the jerk, but the remainder was fast in the flesh, where his little sisters discovered it.

Oh! how they wept for the sufferings of their pet! *They* were not afraid of Nox, and had no scruple in handling the powerful mouth whose sharp white teeth had so often pretended to bite their hands, with a pretence as gentle as if they had been made of eggshell. At last the braver of the two held his lips and extracted the needle, whilst the other wiped the tears from her sister's eyes that she might see what she was about. Nox himself sat still and moaned faintly, and wagged his tail very feebly; but when the operation was over he fairly knocked the little sisters down in his gratitude, and licked their faces till he was out of breath. Then he talked to himself for a full half-hour about the injury, and who could have been the culprit. And then he fell asleep and dreamed of his enemy, and growled at him.

But Benjy went out and threw a stick at Mister Rough. And when Mister Rough caught it he swung him by it violently round and round. But Mister Rough's teeth were beginning to be the worse for wear, and at the fifth round he lost his hold for the first time in his career.

Then Benjy would have caught him to punish him, but either unnerved by his failure, or suspicious of the wicked look in Benjy's eye, Mister Rough for the first time "feared his fate," and took to his heels.

Benjy could not find him, but he found Tom, who was chasing a Scotch terrier with stones. So Benjy joined the sport, which would have been first-rate fun, but that one of the stones perversely hit the poor beast on the head, and put an end to the chase. And that night a neighbour's dog was lost, and there was another corpse in the river.

FROM THE MORGUE TO THE MOON.

Benjy went to bed, but he could not sleep. He wished he had not put that dog in the river—it would get him into a scrape. He had been flogged for Mr. Goodman's spaniels and though Mister Rough had been flogged for Lady Dumble's cat, Benjy knew on whose shoulders the flogging should by rights have descended. Then Nox seemed all right, in spite of the needle, and would no doubt pursue his officious charities with sunrise. Benjy could not trust himself to get up early in the morning, but he could go out that night, and he would—with a hayfork—and get the body out of the water, and hide or bury it.

When Benjy came to the river-side a sort of fascination drew him to the Morgue. What if the body were already there! But it was not. There were only a kitten, part of an old basket, and the roller of a jack-towel. And when Benjy looked up into the willow the moon was looking down at him through the forked limbs of the tree, and it looked so large and so near, that Benjy thought that if he were sitting upon a certain branch he could touch it with his hand.

Then he bethought him of a book that had been his mother's and now belonged to his sisters, in which it was amusingly pretended that dogs went to the moon after their existence on earth was over. The book had a frontispiece representing the dogs sitting in the moon and relating their former experiences.

"It would be odd if the one we killed last night were up there now," said Benjy to himself. And he fancied that as he said it the man in the moon winked at him.

"I wonder if it is really true," said Benjy, aloud.

"Not exactly," said the man in the moon, "but something like it. This is Beastland. Won't you come up?"

"Well, I never did!" cried Benjy, whose English was not of the most refined order.

"Oh, yes, you have," said the man in the moon, waggishly. "Now, are you coming up? But perhaps you can't climb."

"Can't I?" said Benjy, and in three minutes he was on the branch, and close to the moon. The higher he climbed the larger the moon looked, till it was like the biggest disc of light ever thrown by a magic lantern, and when he was fairly seated on the branch close by, he could see nothing but a blaze of white light all round him.

"Walk boldly in," he heard the man in the moon say. "Put out your feet, and don't be afraid; it's not so bright inside."

So Benjy put his feet down, and dropped, and thought he was certainly falling into the river. But he only fell upon his feet, and found himself in Beastland. It was an odd place truly!

As Cerberus guarded the entrance to Pluto's domains, so there sat at the going in to Beastland a black dog—the very black dog who gets on to sulky children's backs.

And on the back of the black dog sat a crow—the crow that people pluck when they quarrel; and though it has been plucked so often it has never been plucked bare, but is in very good feather yet, unfortunately.

And in a field behind the nightmare was grazing. And in a corner of the field was the mare's nest.

And in the mare's nest sat a tell-tale-tit—the little bird who tells tales and carries news. And it has neither rest nor nest of its own, for gossips are always gadding, and mischief is always being made.

And in a cat's cradle swung from the sky slept the cat who washes the dishes, with a clean dishcloth under her head, ready to go down by the first sunbeam to her work.

Whilst the bee that gets into Scotchmen's bonnets went buzzing restlessly up and down with nothing to do, for all the lunatics in North Britain happened to be asleep that evening.

And on the right nail hung a fancy portrait of the cat who "does it," when careless or dishonest servants waste and destroy things. I need hardly say that the cat could not be there herself, because (like Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris) "there ain't no such a person."

Benjy stared about him for a bit, and then he began to feel uncomfortable.

"Where is the man in the moon?" he inquired.

"Gone to Norwich," said the tell-tale-tit.

"And have you anything to say against that?" asked the crow.

"Caw, caw, caw! pluck me, if you dare!"

"It's very odd," thought Benjy; "but I'll go on."

The black dog growled, but let him pass; the bee buzzed about, and the cat in the cradle swung and slept serenely through it all.

"I should get on quicker if I rode instead of walking," thought Benjy; so he went up to the nightmare and asked if she would carry him a few miles.

"You must be the victim of a very singular delusion," said the nightmare, coolly. "It is for me to be carried by you, not for you to ride on me." And as Benjy looked, her nose grew longer and longer, and her eyes were so hideous, they took Benjy's breath away; and he fled as fast as his legs would carry him. And so he got deep, deep into Beastland.

(To be continued.)

REAL CITY ARABS.

"Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And *that's* what little girls are made of."



O, you know, *we* always say; but I am very much afraid that is not quite the view that is taken of us in some other countries we have all heard about.

I hardly know what a turbaned Turk thinks *we* are made of, he is so extremely unpolite about us; and it is the same all over the East. They don't like us even to be born. A poor little baby-girl, when she opens her black eyes anywhere between Constantinople and Hong Kong, gets no welcome from anybody—not even from her mother, who is always distressed, and perhaps cross, because she is not a boy; and, like everybody else, seems to believe that the sooner there are no more little girls born the better. In India many a baby-girl is left to die, because it is not wanted; and in a great city of China such numbers are deserted, that it is said a cart goes round the streets every morning to clear away the babies, just as the dustman's cart goes round in an English town to take away the rubbish. Of course, such poor little "rubbish" as these Eastern baby-girls, when they begin to grow out of babyhood, are not thought worth any kind of teaching. For years and years their brothers are squatting in a circle on the ground, round the old Moslem or Buddhist teacher, learning those curious Eastern charac-

ters, and learning, too, all the strange, deep wisdom which thousands of years ago was treasured up by Wise Men of the East. Carefully taught, and perhaps not so very raggedly dressed, they squat round, like very noisy little bronze or dusky coloured idols, while their little bronze sisters run wild in rags and dirt. But at last comes a day when the little maidens are "taken up," like a colt from grass, their eyes painted with khol, and their fingers tipped with henna, and the wild child is married. Then, if she is a poor man's wife, she is a mere slave; and though perhaps only a child, yet, herself, she has to work very hard, with no thanks from her husband. Her life can never be the honoured one an English cottage mother's can always be if she likes to make it so; so the poor little Eastern wife soon gets very weary, and no wonder she is not glad when every now and then her little babies turn out to be some more of those despised little girls.

In this state of things, you may imagine the surprise of some Moslem mothers when, one day, two English ladies proposed having a school for girls. The children themselves were so amused at such an absurd idea, that they only greeted the ladies' proposal that they should come to school with merry fits of laughing. It was so ridiculous that little girls should learn lessons like boys; but the mothers made up their minds that there must be something wrong about anything so new, so they said the English ladies only wanted to steal their little dusky daughters. It was no use persisting that there were plenty of pretty white little girls in England, and nobody wanted the dark ones there; they pretended they were all going to be stolen and shipped off, and never heard of any more; and it was some time before this difficulty was overcome. The children themselves seem to have been willing enough to come to school, and they soon found out they were not to be stolen. I think very likely *they* soon found out the secret of this very extraordinary proceeding of the English ladies (the "Sitti," as they called them); at all events, they trusted and loved them so much for their kindness, that before long all the whole bevy of little bronze-coloured beggar girls would only have been too glad to be stolen, if they could have gone away to live for ever and ever with the ladies they loved so well. And I think, too, the mothers must very soon have found that a love and a kindness had crossed their path quite unlike anything they had known before.

Some of the mothers and the children were Christians belonging to

the Coptic, the ancient Egyptian church ; but these Egyptian Christians have forgotten or changed so much of the truth our Lord left with His Apostles, that we should hardly think them Christians at all. The rest of the people in Egypt are Mahommedans—Moslems, they call themselves—and they look down upon and scorn the Copts, who are Christians. The Moslem mothers, I dare say, scorned the ladies too, when they found they held the same faith as the Copts. But they must soon have seen it was a high and noble faith which made those English women toil so kindly amongst them : something quite unlike all that *they* had ever been used to call Christianity. Perhaps, now, these Moslem mothers, and the many more Mahommedans who must have heard what was done, and the poor Copts themselves, will see that what one has been holding, and the other despising, as true Christianity, was about as far from the real faith and life of the Christian as the east is from the west.

It was Grand Cairo, the Arab city, where the Arabian Nights are all going on still—where there are plenty of one-eyed Calenders (ophthalmia, I am afraid, being very common) still to be seen, Noor-ed-Deen, or some one just like him, is selling his pepper cheese-cakes, and Aladdin and his Lamp quite to be expected round every corner. Perhaps the Efreets, too, are still up in the air. I don't know how that may be, or whether they go on carrying off people in their sleep, like they did Hassan Bedr-ed-Deen, all the way from Cairo to Damascus and back again—I can't tell. It is such a wonderful place, that mysterious land of Egypt!

The very name seems full of memories more sacred to us, who remember what happened there long before those Arab days when Cairo became the great city of the land.

Here were the Patriarchs ; here Joseph reigned like a king ; and here "the people were evil entreated four hundred years," till the great deliverer came—till Moses, in the might of Heaven, wrought signs and wonders in the land of Egypt. Long afterwards, One greater than he was here. Patriarch and people and prophet had come down to "sojourn" for a time in this wonderful land, and last of all came He for whom they all were waiting.

* * * *

To see Cairo—to see that it is really "Cairo the Grand," as the old

Arabs called it—one must stand on one of the flat-roofed housetops at sunset. On these parapetted roofs the people very often live all day, and sleep all night. Looking from such a housetop, all round is a wilderness of flat-roofed houses; but everywhere amongst them, rising up against the clear sky, are the graceful, rounded domes and the slender minarets of the mosques. Dark, feathery palms, and bright acacias lie like a cool green belt beyond; then a strip of pale yellow tone: *it is the Desert*; and the Mokattah cliffs, changing from pink to amber, and from amber to gold, in the wonderful light of that Egyptian sunset, beyond all. Just then, when the blue evening haze softens all that strange old city of the Saracen, leaving only the minarets and domes clear against the transparent sky, and the pale pyramids seen far off, like spectres in the desert—then over the gazer would come all the mystery of the land of Egypt, the house of bondage; the home, too, once of the Lord of Life.

Ah! to think of the hundreds of years that had gone by since that young mother, with the Divine Child, rested under those Egyptian palms, and to think that, after all those long centuries, words that He had spoken were to be heard again. In the land of His own childhood the children were to hear that He had said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And this was how it came about:—

* It is nearly eight years ago since two ladies, daughters of the late Archbishop of Dublin, while spending the winter in Egypt, determined to try and do something for the little ragged picturesque City Arabs of Cairo; and, especially, they wished to try the unheard-of experiment of teaching the poor little girls amongst them; and as nobody all over the unchanging East, from Constantinople to Canton, and from the days of Abraham till now, ever thought a little girl worth teaching at all, it was rather a bold experiment. We have called the children swarming in the streets of our great towns in their wretched rags and with their poor hungry little faces, *our* City Arabs; but here were the real little Arabs, and they were infinitely less wretched than their namesakes at home. Ragged they were—bundles of rags, like so many small scarecrows—but there was no rain, or fog, or damp cold wind to drive through and through them in this lovely sunny summer land. There, food is so cheap that a little rice and a few dates can always be had, without all the picking and stealing to which the poor little

* *Vide* Miss Whately's "Ragged Life in Egypt."

scarecrows in London resort when they want to get a dinner. They were dirty certainly, but everybody is dirty in the East; and, strangely enough, some of the children were kept ragged and dirty on purpose. A beautiful child, even of the higher classes, is sometimes to be seen as miserably dressed as the poorest little creature in the streets, that no one may look at it with envy, with that "evil eye" of many an old nursery tale in England, which blights and withers all it looks upon.

Before the little Arabs were caught, however, a school-room had to be prepared, and this was soon done in the East. No desks are wanted, no benches or tables, for everybody sits upon the floor. A few prints for the walls, and mats for the floor, a work-basket, and some alphabet books, and a great cool water-jar in the corner for the thirsty little Egyptians, and the room was ready.

Then a dame was engaged for the new school, as unlike as possible, I should think, to the spectacled dame with the birch-rod and her cat, in her rose-and-woodbined cottage, of old English days. This Egyptian dame must have looked as if she had just stepped out of the *Arabian Nights*—shrouded in loose blue cotton clothes, and with her long white veil, and for ever squatting upon the floor instead of upon a nice old high-backed chair, with her cat on one side and the birch-rod on the other! She was a Coptic Christian, and seemed to have been very earnest in wishing to help the ladies in the hard task they had undertaken; and her little girl of thirteen was also enlisted as a teacher.

Then came the great difficulty, how to get the children. "Moslem girls will not come to school; you are sure to fail. Among Copts, some chance of good might possibly be expected; but *Mahomedan girls* and of the lower class, too, it was certain to fail!"

This, and such-like prophecies, the English ladies heard upon all sides. One native gentleman, who knew better than Europeans were likely to do, told them that it was hopeless. His country people "did not wish for education in the lower classes, especially for girls, who are, as you know, looked on as inferior beings altogether by Moslems. Besides, if you collected a few, who would come from curiosity, some bigot would soon frighten away the children, and tell the parents you wanted to make Christians of them."

Very perplexed, but never despairing, the ladies sent messages

through their native servant to say they were waiting to teach any little girls who would come; but days went by and nobody came. They say, "Our servant had been sent to ask some of his wife's friends to send their daughters, and, though a devout Moslem, he seemed to take an interest in the novel concern, and promised to spare no eloquence; that is to say, he told us he 'would talk plenty.' Meantime, I, my little teacher, and her mother, looked as anxiously out at the windows as if listening for some one's chariot-wheels. The good woman hailed the old seedsman opposite, who was just eating his breakfast with his three young daughters, and in the most conciliatory tones asked him to send Cadiga and her sisters to learn to read and work. 'But we are Moslems, and don't want to learn,' was the reply given in a most sullen voice. It was necessary to go out into the highways and urge them to come in. The matron, therefore, assumed her white veil, and we set out together, and went first into the street, and then into the lane near the house, where girls of all sizes appeared to be a very plentiful article.

"Every woman we met we stopped and accosted in a friendly way, and then began to speak of the intended school, and urged her to send her children. Some laughed, and passed on; others said, 'Very good,' and at last we returned with the promise of several girls, feeling quite triumphant and thankful. As we re-entered the house, a woman wearing a quantity of coral and silver ornaments, though otherwise poorly dressed, came in with us; she was accompanied by a nice-looking child of nine or ten years old. She was invited in with the customary salutation, 'Be welcome!' and after throwing back her *burko*, or black crape face-veil, she began to pour forth a volley of words, of which all I could make out were, that her child was timid and afraid to stay, but she would send her to-morrow. Here was disappointment! The first fish seemed just hooked, and now it was escaping the fisher's hands! However, I reassured the child by caresses and kind words, and they went away, promising again to return, which they did the next day; and I heard it reported afterwards that the woman had said approvingly, 'She kissed my child!' And she did send her the next day; but at the time I could not be sure the promise would be kept. Presently, however, two little girls, about eight years old, trotted in, followed by their respective mothers, and I think their grandmothers also, for several women of

different ages and degrees of rags came in, and there was a great deal of unveiling, and saluting, and chattering. At last the grown-up children departed, and the two little scholars, with the two Syrian children, sisters to the young teacher, were established on the mat, and were soon joined by several more, till at length, by about ten o'clock, we had nine pupils seated in a semicircle, *all* Moslems. No recruiting sergeant was ever half so pleased with a handful of future soldiers, for it was beating up for recruits for the Lord. Each was now asked her name in turn, and then, Who made her, to which the older ones replied, 'Allah!' Several little ones said, 'Mohammed.'

"The first verse of the Bible, 'In the beginning,' &c., was then repeated to them, and they were taught to say it, first each one by herself, and then altogether. This was the *beginning* of instruction for them, poor children! The young teacher was too inexperienced to be able to explain it, so I did what I could in that way; and then we both set to teaching the five first letters of their difficult alphabet, till they seemed to be getting tired; they were then allowed a rest, and afterwards a singing lesson was commenced. The neighbours might have supposed a set of *cats* to be the pupils, if they listened to the discordant sounds which the first attempt at a gamut produced; but, as the proverb says, 'Children and fools should not see things half done.' Three months later a stranger, visiting the school, was delighted at the sweet singing of the hymns! The mewing and squealing were nearly forgotten by that time."

But the greatest success seems to have been the sewing, and the greatest innovation too in this city of the thousand and one nights, where the silken robes and veils, and silver-spangled muslin trousers of the ladies of the land, are still all made by the tailors. Even the woman's dominion over needles and scissors and thread is not amongst the womanly privileges in the East; but these little dusky City Arab girls at once showed a true feminine instinct in their delight at all the mysteries of hemming, and stitching, and felling. "The children were delighted when the work hour arrived, the real inducement to most of them and their mothers having been the needlework." Perhaps the teachers were not sorry when every little brown middle finger was supplied with a new thimble, and they could sit down for a few minutes. The children all took willingly to sewing; indeed, they had

many times in the course of the forenoon thrown down the cards, and cried out, "The work! give us the work!"

A picturesque group these little maidens must have made, sitting in their graceful Eastern attitudes upon the matted floor, demurely looking down upon their stitching, or reading, or looking up with those soft, gazelle-like eyes that only Easterns have.

As to their dress, the whole school must have looked like that delightful institution of old-fashioned boarding-schools, which used to be called, "The dressing-up night." Miss Whately describes them as "looking as if their attire had been taken out of an old-clothesman's bag, or as if they had all obtained access to a lady's chest of drawers, and pulled out old ragged scarfs and worn-out shawls to their hearts' content. Some had only a plain blue cotton robe, scanty and ragged; others had gay print trousers; and one or two sported an old silk jacket, with tarnished gold embroidery. All had their heads bound with kerchiefs of various kinds, and a veil of some sort was indispensable, even to the poorest. Every Egyptian girl knows how to put on a veil: if you lend her an old tablecloth, she will with one turn of her hand throw it round her in the most graceful folds possible, and wear it as no European child can manage to do. Even little Haanem, who was but five years old, would make a large pocket-handkerchief into a veil, if she got the opportunity!"

The name of one who was a favourite *protégée*, more than a pupil, appears again and again in Miss W.'s books.

Shoh appears first as a pretty, dirty, "fine tall girl, about fourteen or fifteen, wearing the common blue cotton garment, with its limp drapery, and a pink net one within it, and what resembled some one's old tablecloth on her head." "We did not know at this time that Shoh was married, and only supposed she thought herself too old to come to school, though manifestly wishing to do so. She came in and out, listening and smiling; and at last, about noonday, again returned, bringing an infant brother, in a very dirty condition, riding on her shoulder, and a quantity of oranges in the end of her veil. She poured the oranges at the lady's feet, put her dirty little brother down, and placing herself on a mat, seized an alphabet card, and began repeating 'Alef, beh,' in an undertone." Though her husband used to beat her for coming, from that time the poor young child-wife did her best to come whenever she could, to be with the lady whom she

learned to love so well. One day the Coptic teacher was trying to explain that the English lady hoped for no benefit herself in teaching them as she tried to do, but it was for their own good, and for love of them she taught them. "Then Shoh listened eagerly, and after a while whispered to Menni, looking across at me with a meaning expression—

"Does *she* love me?"

"Ya, Nabeeby (oh, my dear)! certainly I do, and all of you; I want you to go to heaven with me, Shoh!"

"The girl's eyes, as she listened to this reply, had that touching look which we observe sometimes in a very little child, when its dawning intellect begins faintly to perceive regions of thought which it cannot fathom. It is curious to note this strange, questioning, wistful look in a grown person, if poor Shoh could be so called, indeed. We may have long to wait, for the difficulties that surround her are many; but surely God has purposes of mercy for her sooner or later."

But poor Shoh reappears again and again, and always rather "naughty," quarrelling with her tiresome husband and her cross mother, but trying bravely on the whole to mend her wild temper, and loving with all her heart the lady who tried so gently to lead her into good and womanly ways. At last, after an absence of a year and a half, when Miss W. returns to Cairo, Shoh appears with what looks like a new doll, a little black-eyed baby, just five months old, of which she was so proud that she actually washed it and its clothes, that her lady might see what a pretty thing it was. "It was amusing to see her pointing out its hands and feet and eyes, saying, 'Look, Sitti, is it not nelwa, nelwa (sweet, sweet)?'" But poor Shoh seems to have been always in trouble, and the last one hears of her is that the day her lady left Egypt for ever, she sees Shoh standing weeping by the door, as she watches the luggage taken away on donkeys' backs to the railway station. But one hopes the poor child-woman was left less desolate than she had been, for she had learned something of Christianity, something of prayer. She promised "she would pray," and so she was left with many kind injunctions to be "gentle and good, and to show others by her life that she knew something about the love of God."

These little real Arabs were very greedy of praise, which did a great deal with them; when they did not get it, they asked for it. "Am I not good to-day, teacher? Am I not quite nice?" Or another would

say, "Teacher, you love me because I am good, don't you? *Say I am good!*" "Is my work very pretty?" lisps a little creature of five years old, with a bit of rag pulled over her forefinger, its original hue disguised by dirt, and what workwomen call "mauling," and with stitches half an inch long. One day the lady, after explaining a picture of the Publican and Pharisee which was hanging on the wall, tried to show how wrong pride and self-trusting were, saying that God did not like people who praised themselves; but that the Publican was right, because he was humble.

Next morning two or three children began, as usual, praising themselves for their supposed merits, when a little Copt girl, in many respects a very good child, but particularly addicted to this habit, called out from the corner, where she was sitting with her spelling-card, "Sitti! I am very bad!" (in a tone of triumph and exultation difficult to describe.) "I am good for nothing! I am a *pig!*" Even Miss W. burst out laughing, as from her corner she repeated, "I am not a *Pharisee*; I am good for nothing; I am a *pig!*"

Naughty little creatures they must have been, though so loving that, after an absence, when their lady had just come back to them, two or three of them would fling down their cards, and in a fit of fondness exclaim: "I am so glad you are come again! I love you much!"

"Then show me your love by being good and quiet," was the reply. "I *must* have order."

"Yes, yes; order, order!" echoes a lively officious little lass of ten or eleven, snatching up a ruler and laying about her vigorously, crying, "Order, order, you children! stand in order!" She beats the children till some of them cry, before the stick can be taken from her. Then another trouble begins. Some of the idle ones fancy they are hungry, and out of some pocket in their ragged garments come a green onion, a piece of sticky date-paste, a pickled turnip, or a bit of sugar cane, which all have to be taken away, and kept for the little rebels until the muezzim strikes the hour of noon, which released them from their school."

One of the prettiest parts of the story is about a school treat to a garden. At seven o'clock one morning, before it got too hot, the lady led her little flock of blue-robed and veiled children out of the dusty burnt-up city to a beautiful garden. Here there were myrtle hedges,

and plenty of yellow acacia blossoms, and a few scarlet pomegranate flowers, and each little girl had soon the happiness of having a flower stuck in her head. Then under a great spreading fig-tree they had their cakes and coffee; and the children chanted their delight in words they made up as they sang, clapping their hands and keeping time all the while. Then they sang their hymn, "There is a Better Land;" and one little girl said, just as they ended: "How pleasant it is here in the garden, is it not?"

The lady said: "Yes; but, oh, Saida, I know of a better place, where I shall go one day—*Inshallah*;* and there the roses have no thorns;" showing the child how the bush had just scratched her hand as she tried to get a rose.

"O, my teacher! will you take me with you there?" said the child; and several little voices echoed, "Take me."

She told them of the Happy Land, and the white robes there.

"O, my teacher! you said we should have white robes there," said one bright little girl. "Will they not be always *clean*?"

Then the lady tried to teach them how "the outward whiteness and purity, so often mentioned in God's Book, were emblems of the purity of heart of those who can no more sin."

The youngest and most ignorant seemed to like to hear this and to understand it. Soon afterwards the sun got very hot, and it was ten o'clock, so the veils were put on, and the carpets packed, and the joyous little party broke up and went back to Cairo.

This all happened some years ago now. The little maidens are all grown up, and the lady has left Egypt; but the work she began goes on, for there has been a school for little girls in Cairo ever since, and people have begun to think what could be done for women and children all over the East; and now not only in Egypt, but in India, English ladies may be found here and there teaching Eastern women in their own homes, or taking charge of little girls in schools,† where they will be taught very much as English children are, and learn like them to be good and happy children, with that new and happy hope set before them which, through God's mercy, is set before us all—the hope of the white robes of righteousness, the rest and the peace of the Better Land.

* If God wills.

† The Zenana Mission.

May-Day Song.

Words by L.L.B.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Un - - der the

Allegro. p

May - pole gay, Mer - ri - ly danc - ing we;

Lads here with las - ses play, O - ver the gras - sy

lea, Lads here with lass - es play,

O - ver the gras - sy lea. *Last verse only.*

2.

All round together we go,
Merrily dancing we;
Blossoms to each we throw,
Over the grassy lea.

3.

Old folks are sitting by,
Merrily dancing we;
Bright shines the May-day sky,
Over the grassy lea.


4.

Faster as sunlight fades,
Merrily dancing we;
Heed not the evening shades,
Over the grassy lea.

LL. B.

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

IV.—THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE.

 THE Good People cannot abide meanness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are invariably generous.

Now there once lived a certain housewife who had a sharp eye to her own interests in temporal matters, and gave alms of what she had no use for, for the good of her soul. One day a Hillman knocked at her door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan, good mother?" said he. "There's a wedding in the hill, and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Ay, to be sure," answered the housewife. "One must be neighbourly."

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, she pinched her arm, and whispered sharply—"Not that, you slut! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the Hillmen are so neat, and such nimble workers, they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the Good People, and saves sixpence in tinkering. But you'll never learn to be notable whilst your head is on your shoulders."

Thus reproached, the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by till the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the dwarf, who thanked her, and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and, as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper-time the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burnt and smoked, that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused the wash with which it was mixed.

"Ah, good-for-nothing husey!" cried the housewife, as she refilled the pan herself, "you would ruin the richest with your carelessness. There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!"

"*And that's twopence,*" cried a voice which seemed to come from the chimney, in a nasal, whiney tone, like some nattering, discontented old body going over her grievances.

The housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and it was all burnt and smoked as before.



"The pan must be dirty," muttered the good woman, in great vexation; "and there are two full quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs."

"*And that's fourpence,*" added the voice in the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk was hopelessly

spoilt, and the housewife shed tears of vexation at the waste, crying, "Never did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burnt for one meal!"

"*And that's sixpence,*" cried the voice from the chimney. "*You didn't save the tinkering after all, mother!*"

With which the Hillman himself came tumbling down the chimney, and went off laughing, through the door.

But thenceforward the saucepan was as good as any other.

J. H. E.

DISCONTENT.



STREAM that through yon darksome wood
Unceasing roll'st thy restless flood,
And hurriest past the towns afar,
Where homes of sin and sorrow are,
O bear me on thy tide away!
Life seems too hard for me to-day.

O sunset, fading o'er the hill
Into the depths unknown and still
Of that dim world we may not see,
Where vainly hearts for rest would flee,
O bear me in thy glow away!
Life seems too dark and drear to-day.

O golden stars in heaven serene,
Above our troubles small and mean,
And smiling in those depths of blue,
Where all must joyous be and true,
O bear me to your home away!
Life seems too low and sad to-day.

O rushing stream! O sunset rose,
Whose light with God's own radiance glows
O stars, whom He hath placed on high,
Far truer to your course than I!
Teach me your lesson of content;
To be on loving service bent,
And thankfully to feel and say,
"Life hath its sacred task to-day."

WALTER JOSEPH; OR, THE NAME REGAINED.



O! *Walter Joseph* must come here—must he! exclaimed Sir Hugh de Brackenburgh, as he pushed back his chair from the large, old-fashioned fireplace, that his old servant, Hannah Pettisworthy, was preparing to sweep clean. “*Walter Joseph!* another *Walter*. It is hard that I should be obliged to take him in, after the manner in which James has behaved to us. However, he must come. Of course he must! But I never thought the old castle would be disgraced by another *Walter* in my time.”

“He need not be a disgrace, Sir Hugh! he need not be like the old *Walter*, though he does bear his name. There were plenty of *Walter de Brackenburghs*, and right good ones too, afore he came!” remarked Mrs. Pettisworthy, who now and then presumed upon her fifty years’ faithful services to the family to give her opinion—uncalled for.

“He may restore the name amongst us,” added the baronet’s lady—doubtfully, however.

“Yes! likely enough, considering how he got it!” retorted Sir Hugh, rising impatiently from his chair, and striding across the room to the deep recess of one of the stone-mullioned windows.

There he stood, gazing moodily abroad. The approach of his little grandson caused no anticipation of pleasure to him. The very name of the child was an especial sorrow.

From the Conquest to the Rebellion “*Walter*” and “*Hugh*” were the names borne almost alternately by the successive heads of the House of de Brackenburgh. But at the Rebellion the heir of this most loyal family proved a renegade to all they held sacred. A Roundhead and a Puritan was he; and to such purpose did he use his influence, and spread his opinions amongst his father’s tenantry, that when the Sir Hugh of that day summoned them in the king’s name to take up arms for the cause of Charles, this son *Walter* interposed, and drew away more than half to the army of Cromwell. Nor was this all: when, after the battle of Worcester, the royal cause had fallen, and Royalists and churchmen were alike proscribed, *Walter de Brackenburgh* forgot his duty as a son in his supposed duty as a patriot, and persecuted his aged and defeated father with unrelenting vigilance. Poor Sir Hugh

concealed himself for some time among his tenants, such as he could trust; but, driven from one refuge to another by the determined pursuit of his son, he at last actually found shelter in the castle itself, in its secret chambers and passages.

There he effectually eluded discovery until an opportunity occurred for escape into France. He died in that country. Sir Walter also died without heirs; and the castle and lands descended to a brother, who had taken no part in Walter's rebellion, but who had, on the contrary, proved himself a true Royalist, and a dutiful son.

Many a touching tale had since been told, among the country people, about Sir Hugh, during his concealment in the castle. How he would wander in the rooms by night, his *own* rooms, seeking food in the remnants of his son's feasts—how many narrow escapes he ran of being discovered—how once he was seen, and chased through the dark passages, by one determined fellow, intent on obtaining the reward set on his head; the end of which pursuit no one knew: but Sir Hugh certainly escaped, and the Roundhead was seen no more. Tradition accordingly said that he still wandered inside the walls; and when the night was very stormy, and the wind howled loud, could often be heard pursuing his chase; but with poetic justice the people would say it was the unnatural Sir Walter's spirit, not Sir Hugh's, that this disloyal varlet was perpetually hunting. The memory of Sir Walter was regarded by the country people with abhorrence, and with scarcely less dislike by the descendants of his brother. No child of the de Brackenburghs had since borne his name, until the unhappy little offender came—the Walter Joseph of our story.

And why was he afflicted with this unenviable distinction, which, however, hitherto had troubled Master Joe but little? I will tell you. His father, James de Brackenburgh, the present Sir Hugh's second son, when he grew towards manhood, found himself heir, by his elder brother's death, to an ancient name and a fine old castle; but to encumbered lands and a dilapidated fortune. With the not uncommon violence of youth, he at once set himself to cure these evils by means the most opposed to all Sir Hugh's traditionary prejudices. He refused, perhaps not unwisely, to enter the army, the time-honoured profession of the elder son. He insisted on joining a mercantile firm in Calcutta. He even propounded the monstrous idea that it would be wise to sell the castle, and settle on some smaller property: then finding Sir Hugh

shocked and exasperated, he roughly broke away from all the established usages of his family; he married a lady, worthy enough in herself, but of no descent—a Smith, or Jones, or Robinson of the city; no more fit, in Sir Hugh's opinion, to be the future Lady de Brackenburgh than his old housekeeper, Hannah Pettisworthy, herself; then he betook himself, wife in hand, back to his Indian home; and he finally sealed all his iniquities by naming his son Walter Joseph—Joseph, a name unknown in his pedigree, Walter, an abiding disgrace to it, by the united voice of the whole fraternity, retainers, ancestors, and friends, since the time of the Roundheads.

But lately this elder boy, this Walter Joseph, had been ailing sadly. The climate was evidently killing him: to save his life, he must be sent to England. But to whom? It was a difficult question to answer. To send him to a good school was expensive, and James was poor. His mother's family had met with great reverses; they could not conveniently receive him. There were, indeed, two ancient aunts who might be willing to do so;—but their home was poor and gloomy; neither were they proper people to be intrusted with the education of Sir Hugh's grandson, who, whatever might be his father's fancies, must one day be his grandfather's heir.

No course, therefore, remained open to James but to entreat the outraged old baronet, and to him at last he wrote, more humbly than he once thought he ever could address him, begging him to admit the boy (*his* grandson), now ill, to the old home; and let him regain there the health and strength which his father's quest after money was taking from him.

This letter had arrived nearly a fortnight, and Sir Hugh was still considering his reply, when it was followed by a second, which said that the need was so immediate, and the doctor's orders so imperative, that the little lad was already shipped for England, where he would arrive very soon after the letter. If Sir Hugh would not receive him, he must be sent to some school, or to his mother's two aunts, whose direction was enclosed—a direction, by-the-way, which was in no degree calculated to increase what respect Sir Hugh might feel for Mrs. de Brackenburgh's family.

"Send him there!" thundered Sir Hugh, when he had read this letter. "No, indeed! of course he must come to us. School we may think of—but it must be a fitting one, and I'll have the choosing of it.

He shall be brought up a gentleman, if one can do it; but it is hard fighting against nature, and bad examples, and that hateful name!" cried the prejudiced and indignant old baronet.

Lady de Brackenburgh assented earnestly to the first part of his sentence. Her heart had long yearned towards James, though she was too true to her husband to overlook her son's offences. But she had longed for a reconciliation, and she hailed the arrival of this little boy as a possible opening for it.

"The boy is really coming, Hannah," said Lady de Brackenburgh, as her husband moved from the fireplace, "and soon too."

"Then it behoves us to receive him properly, my lady," responded Hannah; "where is he to sleep? There's the white chamber, only there's a spring there into those passages in the wall. The oriel chamber——"

"Surely there is a spring in the wall in that room also?" remarked her mistress.

"Ay, ay—but it's all safe—hidden away—no boy could find that out, if he ferret ever so much."

"But there is another vacant room on that landing."

"Only Sir Walter's old room!" exclaimed Hannah, with a face of horror. "Sure! you'd never go for to put him in there!" she cried, forgetting all propriety of language in her eagerness.

"He shall *never* sleep there," said the voice of Sir Hugh behind them: "it is bad enough to bear his name; he shall never sleep in his haunts," he added, as he approached the speakers.

"Surely not," concluded Hannah; "besides," she continued, in a lower tone, "that room is *visited*—we wouldn't put the young master in there—no; the oriel room it must be! and all the saints in the calendar, as the saying is, keep the young master from finding out the spring!"

"He is safe enough!" returned Sir Hugh, scornfully; "do you think he'd have pluck enough to get into the passage if he did find it? He show pluck, indeed! Remember his birth, and his home, and his name! You'd look in vain for pluck or spirit in him, I expect."

"Nonsense, Sir Hugh," cried Hannah, rearing herself upright. "If I may be so bold as to say so, you'll frighten all spirit out of the boy if you talk like that. You must give him a chance. Maybe he is come to bring the old name back! it *was* a good name once."

Both the baronet and his lady were a little startled by this sudden attack ; and Lady de Brackenburgh hastened, before Sir Hugh should recover himself, to change the conversation, by inquiring where and how the boy was to be met—a matter easily arranged.

* * * * *

At length the day arrived, and the carriage, with the best harness and the newest liveries, drove to the county town of Brantham, about twenty miles off, to meet the heir of the de Brackenburghs of Brackenburgh Castle, one of the first county families in that part of the country.

Now Walter Joseph returned to the land of his forefathers with the smallest possible idea of his own importance. A puny, sickly boy amongst eight brothers and sisters ; his father a junior partner of a failing house, surrounded by the magnates of prosperous firms ; his mother, a gentle, hardworking lady, who knew little, and thought less of the glories of the de Brackenburghs,—how was the boy, Joe, as he was called at home, to know anything of the position that he might hold in England ? It contrasted too painfully with their position abroad for James de Brackenburgh to speak of it. Even the De in the name had been dropped, and little Joe Brackenburgh was a nobody, and thought himself a nobody.

He was not in the least prepared, therefore, for the observation and deference that awaited him at the Brantham station, nor for the handsome equipage standing there for him.

“Am I to get into *That* ?” was his undignified exclamation, as he was respectfully invited to do so by a tall footman, in mulberry-coloured livery, trimmed with gold lace.

“Yes!—if you please, sir. You are Master de Brackenburgh, I believe, sir ?” said the man, rather doubtfully, for Joe’s surprise had puzzled him.

Of all the sins of the family, ignorance of their own position had never been one, and the man was half afraid he had missed his young master.

“Oh, yes ! I suppose so. I’m Joe Brackenburgh,” replied the boy ; “but my box, I must get that first.”

“Can I get it for you, sir ? which way is it ?”

“Near the engine,” said Joe ; “but I can get it : it will be troubling you, won’t it ?”

“No,” said the man, rather contemptuously ; “I will bring it to you.”

Joe felt abashed without knowing why. However, he meekly followed his big conductor, waited until his tidy little box was found, and then accompanied him to the carriage.

Sir Hugh's carriage was one to attract attention; and its present appearance in Brantham was known to be caused by the arrival of the future baronet; therefore a considerable crowd was gathered round it, awaiting the approach of small Joe, who, heralded by the big footman, now descended from the platform. All fell back respectfully to let him pass; but it cannot be said that his personal appearance made much impression upon the multitude.

"Am I to get in there, to ride all alone?" repeated the poor little lad, beginning to think it a very awful thing to be Sir Hugh's grandson. But the next moment he devoutly hoped his words had been unheard by his enemy, as he began to regard the tall footman, for the steps were banged down, and the door flung open with such an impressive air, that, seized by an uncontrollable fit of shyness, Joe scrambled in, wishing for nothing so much as to be hidden inside.

But his troubles were not at an end. The station-master was, as it happened, an old tenant of the family, and of course he had his welcome to offer to the heir. Joe stood in the doorway, holding on by each side, gazed at by the crowd, and deafened by a peal of bells that were clanging in a neighbouring steeple to his honour, but by no means to his comfort. He did his best to listen—answering when he could to the numerous inquiries and remarks made to him—but dreadfully scared, and wondering when it would end. He was a dauntless boy by nature, but these men—they were so tall, so talkative, and so horribly respectful, that he did not know how to bear with them. However, at length the door shut, Joe sank out of sight, and the carriage drove off.

Twenty miles is a long drive for any person old enough to enjoy the scenery, or revel in thought, or lose himself in reading (or sleeping); but to a child it is an interminable infliction. Soon Walter Joseph began to wonder what the de Brackenburghs lived so far off for; then, as the evening came on, what they stayed in so cold a country for; and at last he looked about for something to wrap himself in, for he was very cold. Of greatcoat or rug he had none, and, strange to say, old Hannah had forgotten to provide any for him. He curled himself up in one corner of the spacious carriage; but he had

been carefully brought up, and it went against his conscience to put his feet on the cushions! So he was not at ease at all. And finally, after settling and resettling himself several times, he rolled himself up in an old forgotten horsecloth that he dragged from under the large seat, and lay down on the floor of the coach. There, quite happy, and quite sure that he could hurt nothing, and was breaking no rules, Walter Joseph fell asleep, and was rocked by the swaying of the carriage into the soundest nap possible.

Thus did the heir of the de Brackenburghs make his appearance at Brackenburgh Castle. At least "appearance" is scarcely the word, since little but the crown of his forehead was visible outside his horsecloth. Thus did he arrive, then, at the grand entrance of the castle. The coachman had whipped his horses into a becoming trot up the avenue, the footman had drawn himself up more stiffly than usual (only the night was so dark that no one could see him!), Sir Hugh had crossed the hall with stately eagerness, which he would fain have concealed, "my lady" had hurried anxiously after him, Hannah in her best attire had pressed forward as the great doors were flung open, and the full blaze of lamps turned upon the threshold;—but who could see the heir? The footman descended, threw open the carriage door, and let down the steps—but Master de Brackenburgh—where was he? who could recognise a de Brackenburgh, or a mortal of any sort above a lapdog, in that confused heap upon the floor; where could he be?

But Joe awoke and started up, rubbing his eyes, and staring wonderingly around. Then, in glorious unconsciousness of being out of place, up he scrambled, shook off his wraps, and exclaimed: "Oh! where am I? I do think I've been asleep!"

The expression on Sir Hugh's face at this moment ought to have annihilated Joe. For an instant he gazed at the untidy child (thus shaking himself out of his rug), then he turned on his heel, and retraced his steps towards the dining-room, murmuring to himself indignantly and sorrowfully as he paced on: "Walter Joseph—Walter Joseph—Walter Joseph!—well, I expected nothing better, but it is hard—it is abominable!" and he retreated to his fire and newspaper, and left his hapless grandson to his fate.

His wife watched his retreating figure with an aching heart. The slamming of his door seemed to shut out the last chance of James' return!

But Hannah, though equally disconcerted, came more swiftly to the rescue. She advanced to lift the sinning little lad out of the carriage.

However, Joe required no help. He had reached the hall door in safety, and was gazing with surprise and delight at the scene within. The hall of the castle was large, lofty, and very dark. No amount of light ever burnt in it sufficed to illumine all its dark recesses. Men in armour decorated the corners, suits of armour, banners, heraldic shields, and weapons hung on all sides, intermingled with some drapery of more modern date. A large open fireplace contained a blazing wood fire, which vied with a considerable number of pendant lamps distributed around in the endeavour to light up the gloomy corners; vied, however, in vain, though the centre was a blaze of illumination. Joe longed to search out all the wonders around him, which he could catch dim outlines of, flickering in the fire-rays. But soon an object caught his eye which attracted him strangely—his beautiful grandmother. She was standing a little apart, her slight figure in relief against some massive crimson drapery behind her, and her rich dress lit up by the glowing light of the fire. She looked fit to be the mistress of her noble hall. But it was the expression of her countenance that so powerfully attracted the child. Yearning, patient, sad, and so gentle it was, that Joe stepped towards her with a frank look of sympathy and trust, which won her heart at once. Poor thing! she had led a lonely, wistful life in her lordly castle, ever since her only remaining child had parted from them in disdain and wrath. Joe's trustful, happy smile went to her very heart, and clasping him to her, she bestowed on him one of the long loving kisses that no one else had claimed for years.

Hannah was somewhat appeased at the sight of this meeting. "Maybe he's not so bad after all!" she considered. "I dare say now they took no rug for the poor child, and it's an uncommon cold night. If he'd none of his own, what was he to do, but get into the horse-rug? But they ought to have seen to it, and not have let him come popping up like a chick out of its straw. Bless my heart! why it frightened Sir Hugh,—let alone me. However, I'll go and see to his fire upstairs, and then, Hannah Pettisworthy!" she added, addressing herself, "I reckon 'twill be you who will have to teach the young gentleman manners!"

(*To be continued.*)

ALCYONË.

A CHILD'S ALLEGORY OF A STAR.



OME through the fields, one starlit summer night, walked a father, bearing in his arms his little daughter. She was frail and delicate—the one light her dying mother left to shine upon her husband's path when her light of life went out and left him desolate. To his child this father seemed indeed godlike, not only because he was stalwart and strong and unlike herself, but still more so because the pursuit of his life was a solemn and sublime one. He was an astronomer, and “called them all by their names”—those bright flocks pastured up yonder in the fields of the sky. He was one of those who made it the business of life, there in the quiet country, to bring the varied stores of his knowledge, “the fairy tales of science and the long results of time,” into such a shape as would interest and instruct children. He seemed then, as was said, almost godlike to his own child—seemed, at least, like one of those Magi of whom she read in the most beautiful of all old-world stories. He was so; for he brought all the stores of his body and mind, his gold and frankincense and myrrh, and laid them down before one little cradle—that of the child his dead wife left him. So they walked home through the quiet fields that starry summer night.

As they neared their cottage, a bright meteor flashed athwart the heavens; and as father and child marked its mysterious course, his little daughter asked him, “What was that, father? Was that a great world hurried to ruin?”

“That is one of the astronomer's difficulties, Alcyonë. A great light seems to flicker and go out in heaven when the star falls, and yet we miss no orb from the sky.”

“Do you know, father,” Alcyonë whispered, nestling more closely to him, “that seems to me like what your death would be? The great world would go mourning after you in one long funeral procession; and then all would be dark.”

The father smiled, and thought how little, how happily little, his child knew of the world, or of that *ignis fatuus*, fame.

morning papers over their breakfast, or in the train going to business, but they passed on at once to the last novelty in their avocations or amusement. So sped his meteor-life away. Yet we, who followed him far as eye could reach, feel that he is once more with the child and wife of his love; still, it may be, looking up with them from some nearer nearness to the great centre of all being, God: it may be from that very star Alcyonë which once seemed the centre. There was one of kindred spirit, Isaac Taylor, who, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life," started this bold hypothesis with regard to the differences of stellar and planetary existence, that "while the planets are the places of animal and corruptible organisation, and the schools of initiation to all rational orders, the sun of each system is the home of the higher and ultimate spiritual corporeity, and the centre of assembly for those who have already passed their preliminary era upon the lower ranges of creation." That problem—ever a fascinating one to him—he had gone, with its originator, to solve—solve not singly, but hand-in-hand with loved ones gone before.

So was his being reinstated, and so the child's Allegory of the Star fulfilled. "As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead."

CHARLES MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



LICE. This question was asked and answered in "Aunt Judy's Magazine" for April, 1868.

The ground is not worth going over twice. As to the best cure for a naughty boy, Alice had better apply at once to the Lord Chancellor. Among his wards in Chancery he has no doubt had great experience on the subject.

"Kate B." It is certainly possible to "make an aquarium merely from country ponds and streams;" in other words, a *fresh-water* aquarium, as well as a *sea-water* one, but of course the objects would be quite different. If Kate B.'s ideas are very simple she had better begin at first

by keeping three or four tadpoles, to have the pleasure of seeing them *cut* their legs and turn into frogs. This is accomplished by filling a good-sized bowl of any sort three parts full with water, having an erection in the middle of bits of stone or rock, so arranged that it shall be partly out of the water. Stones with weed or moss upon them are desirable if they can be had. This serves for a resting-place for the little tadpoles, when, during the process of transformation, they feel the necessity for air. Many sorts of beetles may be added, as they are found, but the aquarium must on no account be crowded with creatures, otherwise they will die, as the people died in the Black Hole at

Calcutta. More than this Aunt Judy cannot say here. The subject is an interminable one, and Kate B. must send for one of the many manuals now published on the subject.

"Blanche Cremorne" must order "The Little Corporal" of one of the American publishers in London, who will send for it to Chicago. Aunt Judy does not keep old correspondence, and has forgotten some points to which Blanche alludes. She begs to say, however, that although she occasionally acknowledges private commendations in public, she does not do so indiscriminately, nor without some particular reason. The last piece of information in Blanche's letter has certainly surprised Aunt Judy. A young lady *ought* to write a better hand by the time she is sixteen, and the truth is it looks like a feigned one. Whether "goodness gracious," &c., be a mild sort of swearing or not, it is certainly an entirely senseless exclamation. Isn't this reason enough for leaving it off? In conclusion, Aunt Judy begs to assure Blanche that although the letter caused her a hearty laugh, yet she is gratified by the kind feeling expressed therein, both from herself and friends.

"Olive." Aunt Judy recommends Olive to send for "Bechstein's Handbook of Cage Birds," in which she will find an account of the treatment of bullfinches.

"Riquette à la Houppé" begs to inform "F. R." that the author of "Effie's Friends" has published another story, called "John Hatherton," and that a third will presently appear, entitled "Wandering Willie."

"Agnes Day" informs "Ursula, Maud, and Dorothy" that there is a play for three characters only in Percy Fitzgerald's "Comediettas," called "Man proposes, She disposes." Also an easier one, "The Pet Lamb" in "Drawing-room Plays and Parlour Pantomimes" by Clement Scott. Aunt Judy has referred to Chambers's

"Book of Days" for Agnes Day's questions upon

"Tid, Mid, Miserä
Carling, Palm, and Pase-egg day ;"

(this is his spelling), and his account is as follows, that "the first three terms were probably taken from words in obsolete services for the respective days, and the fourth was the name of Mid Lent Sunday, from the pancakes made with peas on that day by which it was distinguished."

"Dr. Earwig." *The Cause and the Causer of the Cause* is not printed separately at present, but Aunt Judy hopes some day to include it with other scattered Parables in a Fifth Series. It is charming to have the Professor himself vouching for the accuracy of the report! There is an error of detail, however, which will be corrected in a reprint. The pollen masses are in *packets* not *bags*. There is no enveloping sac.

"M. E. A., H. A., G. A., E. A., R. A." No contributions for the Aunt Judy Cot was received under this head, in January last. To whom was it sent? Mr. Whitford complains that he continues to receive donations which, from the names of the senders and style of the hand-writings, he is inclined to think must be meant for the Aunt Judy Cot; but as no intimation to that effect accompanies them he is rather at a loss to know what to do. Will any of these young senders write and state their intentions?

Report of "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

In the last statement concerning the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot," it was mentioned that the boys' ward was closed for cleaning; the ward was reopened before the end of March, and was speedily tenanted by the children who had been placed in a temporary ward, and by new comers, among whom was the little boy who was to become the "Aunt Judy's Cot" patient. His name

is John S—: he is a beautiful boy, aged eight years. He was admitted on account of a disease in his left knee-joint. Soon after his arrival he had to submit to a very trying operation, which was done while the little patient was under the influence of chloroform. The poor little fellow felt no pain at the time, but for many hours after consciousness returned, his sufferings were very great: however, Johnny is a brave boy, and has given many examples of his patience and fortitude. The first night after the operation had been performed, when his sufferings were almost too great for endurance, he said to one of the ladies who was watching by his bedside, "My pain is very bad, but I will try all I can not to cry out, for I would not wish to wake the other little boys." Johnny is much better now, although, as he says, the pain is at times "very bad." The doctors hope that he will get quite well, although he will always suffer from a stiff joint, and he must lie quite still on his back for many weeks longer.

Perhaps Aunt Judy's readers who evince so much interest in their Cot, will be amused to hear that when Johnny was told that he was to be put into the "Aunt Judy's Cot" he was rather alarmed; he scarcely knew what to make of the ornamental label placed at the head of the cot; and when one of the ladies put on him the pretty purple jacket (presented for the use of the cot patient), he began to look quite pale and wistful. The lady said to him, "What is the matter, Johnny? don't you like to be in the Aunt Judy's Cot?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I don't like it; I'm so afraid you're going to do something more to me than to the other boys." He was soon reassured, and any misgivings on the subject were fully dispelled by a box of beautiful primroses, fresh from the Sussex woods, which arrived, addressed, "For the Aunt Judy's Cot:" his large dark eyes grew bright with joy when

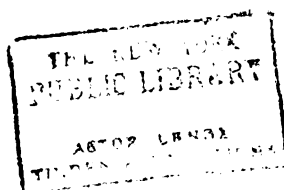
the sweet flowers were placed on the little table across his cot.

The photograph of Mr. Shuckard's painting of the "Convalescent Ward," to which reference was made in the Cot Report last month, will be ready for issue on the 1st of May to those of Aunt Judy's readers who have kindly sent their names, and copies will be forwarded by post on the receipt of thirty postage stamps addressed to the Secretary, at 49 Great Ormond Street.

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to April 15th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
"Violet and Juliet," Cornwall	0	2	0
Helen, Halesworth (quarterly)	0	16	6
Muriel Hoare, 1 Upper Hydo Park Street	0	5	0
Kathleen, Henry, and Andrew Barnard, 29 Queen's Gate Terrace	0	3	6
A. S. B., Orchard Hall, Bide- ford	0	9	0
Edie, Florrie, Hubert, and Mabel (collected)	1	0	0
Margaret and Francis, Rosehill, Cheadle	0	2	6
Jessie, Clara, and Ada, Frome	0	4	6
Mary, Emily, and Perrivale (col- lected), Harrow	0	11	0
Seven children at 9 Johnstone Street, Bath	0	3	6
G. A. F., for March and April (monthly)	0	4	0
"Punch, Judy, and Toby"	0	3	0
"Meta" (collected), Aulaby House	1	0	0
Eva Melly, 1s., Beatrice Melly, 1s., Liverpool	0	2	0
"London," for Margaret	1	0	0
Miss Alice Cowie (monthly)	0	1	0
Mrs. Ellman, Battle (subscrip- tion)	0	5	0
M. C. C. B., Bath	0	1	6
Dodo, Quiz, and Kitten, for Mar- garet	0	10	0
Susan and Harriet (monthly)	0	1	0
Ditto, for Margaret	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Kate Sarah, 1s., Jessie Marian, 1s. 6d., William Byerley, 4d., half yearly subscription from three little friends	0	2	10	Don Giacomo, 4s., M. L. R., 4s., Babbo, 1s. 3d., Ebony Tips, 1s. 3d., Violet, 1s., Heartsease, 1s., Jenny Wren, 2s., Brown Pug, 6d., Daisy, 6d., Snow- drop, 6d., King Charles, 6d., Meesh, 6d., Flosha, 2d.	0	17	2
An Easter offering from well- wishers in Jersey	0	10	0	M. E. A., H.A., G.A., E.A., R. A.	0	9	0
"Palmia"	0	1	6	Agnes Barnes and May Mynoes (collected), St. Patrick's Vica- rage, Hockley Heath	1	10	0
Pauline Banks (collected), Cot- tenham Rectory	0	6	6	Flory, Annie, Evy, and Harry Reid, Pembroke, an Easter offering	0	3	0
Maude Boger, St. Saviour's Grammar School	0	1	0	A large party of Aunt Judy's affectionate nephews and nieces.	0	10	0
The crossing sweeper, for Peter Miss Hale (collected), Queen Anne Street	0	0	6	Constance Elliot, Winkfield (collected)	0	5	0
An Easter offering, Jamie, 1s., Janey, 1s., Pemmie, 1s., Bertie 6d., Nessie, 6d., Edy, 6d., Beatrice, 6d., Cromwell House, Mortlake.	0	5	0	Rollo, 1s., Katie, 1s., May, 2s., B. M. F., 5s., West Mount, Frigid, 2s., Zero, 2s. 6d., Three Music Notes, 1s. 6d., Tring	0	15	0
Mary Erskine (collected): A Friend, 6d., Ada Merritt, 6d., Harry Merritt, 6d., A. Erskine, 3s., M. N. Erskine, 6d., James A. Beveridge, 2s. 6d., E. M. B., 2s. 6d.	0	10	0	Constance, for Margaret	0	2	0
G. Macdonald and M. J. Goldie (collected), 14 Somerset Place, Bath	0	8	6	Welsh Pony	0	1	0
Two little sisters, Hermione and Sybil, Potterton, South Mil- ford, Yorkshire	0	15	0	Collected through the "Home Magazine," by E. J. Forbes, Edinburgh.	1	8	6
Little Emma (collected)	0	1	6	Rose and Lucy, Leyton, A coloured picture book, for "Peter the Second."			
Five Children in Northumber- land, for Margaret	0	3	0	E. B., a packet of pictures and prints.			
A Friend, by F. A. M. B., Derby	0	2	6	"Feggeretta Joan," a pair of warm socks and cuffs.			
"Snowdrop"	0	2	6	Louisa, Elinor, and Mary, Jersey, three pairs of knitted socks.			
"Annie and Theodora"	0	4	0	From the "Family of Prim- roses," a basket of primroses and violets.			
"A Bunch of Roses," The Grove	0	3	0	"Five little village schoolchil- dren," some primroses and violets.			
An Easter offering from Hythe, Mamma, 2s., Auntie, 2s., Em, 1s., Riva, 1s., Lilly, 1s., Sibbie, 1s., Charlie, 1s., Towka, 6d., Daisy, 6d.	0	10	0	"Zero," six very pretty water- colour drawings of flowers, arranged crosswise, with the superscription "Christ is risen," for the cot patient and five of his fellows on Easter Day.			
Herbert Dean, 2s. 6d., Leonard Dean, 2s. 6d., Manchester.	0	5	0	H. B. N., A box of wools, beads, and toys.			
Jeanie, 6d., J. B., 6d., A Friend, 1s., Southport	0	2	0				
Louisa, 6d., Mary, 1s., Cowley, near Uxbridge.	0	1	6				





BENJY IN BEASTLAND.

BENJY IN BEASTLAND.

(Concluded.)



H! it was a beautiful place. There were many more beasts than there are in the Zoological Gardens; and they were all free. They did not devour each other, for a peculiar kind of short grass grew all over Beastland, which was eaten by all alike.

If by chance there was any quarrelling, or symptoms of misbehaviour, the man in the moon would cry "Manners!" and all was quiet at once.

Talking of manners, the civility of the beasts in Beastland was most conspicuous. They came in crowds and welcomed Benjy, each after his own fashion. The cats rubbed their heads against his legs, and held their tails erect, as if they were presenting arms. The dogs wagged theirs, and barked and capered round him; except one French poodle, who "sat up" during the whole visit, as an act of politeness. The little birds sang and chirruped. The pigeons sat on his shoulders and cooed; two little swallows clung to the eaves of his hat, and twitched their tails, and said "Kiwit! kiwit!" A peacock with a spread tail went before him; and a flock of rose-coloured cockatoos brought up the rear. Presently a wise and solemn old elephant came and knelt before Benjy; and Benjy got on to his back and rode in triumph, the other beasts following.

"Let us show him the lions!" cried all the beasts; and on they went.

But when Benjy found that they meant real lions—like the lions in a menagerie, but not in cages—he was frightened, and would not go on. And he explained that by the "lions" of a place *he* meant the "sights" that are exhibited to strangers, whether natural curiosities, or local manufactures. When the beasts understood this, they were most anxious to show him "lions" of his own kind.

So the wise-eyed beavers, whose black faces were as glossy as that of Nox, took him to their lodges, and showed him how they fell or collect wood "up stream" with their sharp teeth, and so float it down to the spot where they have decided to build, as the "logs" from

American forests float down the rivers in spring. And as they displayed the wondrous forethought and ingenuity of their common dwellings, a little caddis worm, in the water hard by, begged Benjy to observe that, on a smaller scale, his own house bore witness to similar patience and skill, with its rubble walls of motley variety.

In another stream a doughty little stickleback sailing round and round the barrel-shaped nest, over which he was keeping watch, displayed its construction with pardonable pride.

Then Benjy saw, with an interest it was impossible not to feel, the wonderful galleries in the earth cities of the ants; the nests of the large hornet, the wasp, and the earwig, where hive as well as comb is the work of the industrious proprietors; and whilst he was looking at these, a message came from three patches of lepraliæ on the back of an old oyster-shell by the sea, to beg that Benjy would come and see their dwellings, where the cells were not of one uniform pattern, but in all varieties of exquisite shapes, each tribe or family having its own proper style of architecture. And it must not be supposed that, because lepralia cells can only be seen under a microscope with us, that it was so in Beastland; for there all the labours and exquisite performances of every animal were equally manifest to sight.

But invitations came in fast. The "social grosbeaks" requested him to visit their city of nests in a distant wood; the "prairie dogs" wished to welcome him to their village of mounds, where each dog, sitting on his own little hut, eagerly awaited the honour of his visit. The rooks bade him to a solemn conference; and a sentinel was posted on every alternate tree, up to the place of meeting, to give notice of his approach. A spider (looking very like some little old, hard-headed, wizen-faced, mechanical genius!) was really anxious to teach Benjy to make webs.

"Look here," said he; "we will suppose that you are ready and about to begin. Well. You look—anywhere, in fact—down into space, and decide to what point you wish to affix your first line. Then—you have a ball of thread in your inside, of course?"

I can't say that I have," said Benjy; "but I have a good deal of string in my pocket."

"That's all right," said the spider; "I call it thread, you call it string. Pocket or stomach, it's all the same, I suppose. Well——"

But just as the spider was at the crisis of his lesson, and all was

going on most pleasantly—whizz!—the tell-tale-tit made its appearance, and soon whispered, first to one animal and then to another, who and what Benjy was. The effect was magical. "Scandalous!" cried all the beasts; "the mcnster!" An old tabby cat puffed out her tail, and ran up a tree. "Boy!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest disgust; for in Beastland they say "boy" as a term of reproach where we should say "beast."

The confusion was great; and the tell-tale-tit revelled in it, hopping and flitting about, and adding a word here or there if the excitement seemed to flag.

"To think what he might do to us, if we were down yonder!" cried an old pug. (She was a great-grandmother, and so fat that she could hardly waddle.)

"He is in *your* power up here, you know," said the tell-tale-tit, suggestively.

"So he is!" cried the beasts; and with one voice they shouted—"Punishment! Punishment! Bring him to the lion!" And to the lion he was brought, the beasts still crying, "Punishment! Punishment!"

"I'll punish him!" cried a donkey, who trotted up on hearing of the matter. "Let me get a lump of cold iron between his teeth, and tug and jerk it against the corners of his mouth. Let me pull in and flog at the same moment. Let me knock him over the head, and kick him in the ribs, and thwack his back, and prod his side; and I'll soon make him run, and take his nasty temper out of him, and teach him to carry any weight, and go gaily in harness."

"Gently, gently, my friend," said the lion. "You speak under a very natural feeling of irritation; but if I am to be judge of this case, the prisoner must have fair play."

Accordingly the beasts placed themselves in a sort of order, Benjy being put in the middle; and a bull-frog that lived in a ditch hard by was appointed to watch the case on his behalf. The bull-frog had big, watchful eyes, and was cool and cautious. As the case proceeded he occasionally said, "Omph!" which sounded thoughtful and committed him to nothing.

"What is the prisoner accused of?" asked the lion.

At this question everybody looked round for the tell-tale-tit; but, like most mischief-makers, the good gossip liked nothing less than

being brought to book, and had taken advantage of the confusion to fly away. So the other animals had to recall what they had heard as best they might.

"He ill-uses and drowns dogs, hunts and kills cats——"

"Rough kills the cats," Benjy interrupted, for he was becoming alarmed.

"Omph!" said the bull-frog.

"Send for Mr. Rough," said the lion; and a messenger was despatched. (It is not always needful to disturb yourself, dear reader, when your pet dog is absent without leave: he may have gone on business to Beastland.)

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Flap, flap! send for more whilst you are about it," cried a handsome gamecock, strutting into the midst. "Cock-a-doodle-do! when I crow, let no other cock open his beak. There's a nice, cockfighting, good-for-nothing young scapegrace! I know a pullet of the same breed down yonder: his name is Tom. Let him be fetched up, and we will fasten spurs on to their heels, and set them to kick each other, and tear each other's eyes out. It will be rare sport, and sport is a noble taste, and should be encouraged. Flap, flap! cock-a-doodle-do!"

The cock was just stretched on his tiptoes, in the act of crowing, when a pattering of feet and the jingling of a chain collar were heard, and Mister Rough trotted brusquely into the circle, with his clipped ears and his stumpy tail erect.

"Mister Rough," said the lion; "the prisoner says it is you and not he who torment the cats."

"Bowf, bowf, bowf!" replied the terrier, jumping wildly about in his stocking feet. "Whose fault is it? Wowf, wowf, wowf! who taught me to do it? Bowf, wowf! that bad boy there. Rowf, rowf! let me get hold of him by the small of the back, and I'll shake him as I would shake a rat. Rowf, wowf, bowf!"

"*Manners!*" cried the man in the moon, and there was silence at once.

"Then he has not gone to Norwich, after all!" said Benjy to himself.

After a short pause the examination was resumed. Mister Rough deposed that he hunted cats by the teaching and imperative orders of Benjy and other human beings. That he could not now see a cat without a feeling which he could only describe as madness seizing him, which obliged him to chase and despatch puss without any delay.

He never felt this sensation towards the cat of his own house, in her own kitchen. They were quite friendly, and ate from the same dish. In cross-examination he admitted that he had a natural taste for tearing things, and preferred fur to any other material. But he affirmed that an occasional slipper or other article would have served the purpose, but for his unfortunate education, especially if the slipper or other article were hairy or trimmed with fur.

"But all that is as nothing," cried the old tabby, indignantly; "he has been guilty of the most horrible cruelties, and they ought to be paid back to him in kind. Sss, spt! he's a boy, I say, a regular boy!"

"Omph!" said the bull-frog, and went below to consider the case.

"Gentlebeasts," said the lion, "I consider it unnecessary to hear more evidence against the prisoner, especially as no attempt is made to deny his cruelties, though in the matter of cat-hunting he implicates Mister Rough. There are not two opinions as to his guilt; the only open question is that of punishment. As you have placed the matter in my hands, I will beg you to wait until I have taken three turns, and given the subject my serious consideration."

But instead of three turns, the lion took seven, pacing majestically round and round, and now and then lashing his tail. At last he resumed his seat; the bull-frog put his green head up again, and the lion spoke.

"Gentlebeasts, birds, and fishes, I have given this subject my most serious consideration, and I trust that my decision will not give offence. Our friend, Madame Tabby, declares that the prisoner should be punished with a like cruelty to that he has inflicted. Friend Donkey is ready to ride or drive him with all the kicking, beating, and pulling which soured his own temper, and stunted his faculties in their early development. I must frankly say that I am not in favour of this. My friends, let us not degrade ourselves to the level of men. We know what they are. Too often stupid in their kindness, vindictive in their anger, and not seldom wantonly cruel. Is this our character as a class? Do we even commonly retaliate? Ask friend Donkey himself. Does the treatment (even more irrational than unkind) which blunts the intelligence, and twists the temper of so many of his race, prevent their rendering on the whole the largest labour for the roughest usage of any servant of man? Need I speak of dogs? Do they bear malice towards a harsh master? Are they

unfaithful because he is unkind? Would Mister Rough himself permit any one to touch an article of his master's property, or grudge his own life in his defence? No, my friends; we are beasts, remember, not boys. We have our own ideas of chase and sport like men, but cruelty is not one of our vices. I believe, gentlebeasts, that it is a principle with the human race to return good for evil; but according to my experience the practice is more common amongst ourselves. Gentlebeasts, we *cannot* treat this boy as he has treated us: but he is unworthy of our society, and I condemn him to be expelled. Some of our dog-friends have taken refuge here with tin-kettles at their tails. Let one of these be fastened to Benjy, and let him be chased from Beastland."

This was no sooner said than done. And with an old tin pan cutting his heels at every step, Benjy was hunted from the moon. The lion gave one terrific roar as the signal for starting, and all the beasts, with Mister Rough at their head, gave chase.

Dear readers, did you ever wonder—as I used to wonder—if one could get to the end of the world *and jump off*? One is bound to confess that, as regards our old earth, it is not feasible; but permit me (in a story) to state that Benjy ran and ran till he got to the end of the moon and jumped off, Mister Rough jumping after him. Down, down they went through space; past the Great Bear (where were all the ghosts of the big wild beasts); past the Little Bear (where were the ghosts of all the small wild beasts); close by the Dog Star, where good dogs go to when they die, and where the "dog in the manger" sat outside, and must never go in till all the dogs are assembled. This they passed so close that they could see the dog of Montargis and the hound Gelert affably licking each other's noses, and telling stories of old times to the latest comer. This was a white poodle, whose days on earth had been prolonged by tender care till he outlived almost every faculty and sense but the power to eat, and a strange intuitive knowledge of his master's presence, surviving every other instinct. There he sat now, no longer the blind, deaf, feeble, shrunken heap of bones and matted wool, that died of sheer old age, and was buried on the garden side of the churchyard wall, as near as permissible to the family vault; but the snowy, fluffy, elegant poodle of his youth, with graceful ears raised in respectful attention to the hero of Montargis.

Down, down they went, on, on! How far and long it seemed!

And now it was no longer night but morning, and the sun shone, and still they went on, on, down, down: Benjy crying "Oh! oh!" and Rough and his chain collar going "Bowf, wowf, jingle, jingle," till they came close above the river, and before Benjy could give an extra shriek the two were floundering in the water. Rough soon swam ashore, but Benjy could not swim, and the water sucked him down as it had sucked down many a dog in that very spot. Then Benjy choked, and gasped, and struggled, as his victims had so often choked, and gasped, and struggled under his eyes. And he fought with the intolerable suffocation till it seemed as if his head must burst, yet he could not cry out, for the cold water gagged him. Then he grasped at something that floated by, but it gave him no help, for it was a dead dog—the one he had thrown into the river the evening before. And horror chilled him more than the cold water had done, as he thought that now he himself must be drowned and rot among these ghastly relics of his cruelty. And a rook on a tree hard by cried, "Serve him right! serve him right!" whilst the frogs by the river sat staring at the crushed bodies of their relatives, and croaked, "Stone him! stone him!" A pike that hovered near could owe him no grudge, for the creatures he had drowned had afforded it many a meal. But, like most accomplices, the pike was selfish, and only waited for the time when it could eat Benjy too. Meanwhile, some one on the bank was giving short sharp barks, like minute guns of distress, that had quite a different meaning.

And then Benjy sank; and as he went down the remembrance of all his cruelties rushed over his mind, as the water rushed over his body. All, from the first bumble bee he had tortured, to the needle in Nox's lip, came together in one hideous crowd to his remembrance, till even the callous soul of Benjy sickened, and he loathed himself.

And now he rose again for a moment to the surface, and caught a breath of air, and saw the blue sky, and heard a corn-crake in the field where his sisters had wanted him to go cowslip-gathering; and he fancied he saw the beautiful black head of Nox also in the water, and found himself saying in his heart: "No, no! thank God, I didn't kill him."

And then he sank again. And he thought of his home, and his father and mother, and the little sisters whom he had teased; and how he had got them into scrapes, and killed their pets, and laughed at their tears. And he remembered how they had come to meet him

last midsummer holidays, with flowers in their hats, and flowers round the donkey's ears; and how he had prodded poor Neddy with a stick having a sliding spike which he had brought with him. And what fun he had found in the starts of the donkey, and the terror and astonishment of the children. Oh! how often had he not skulked from the society of these good and dear ones, to be proud of being noticed and instructed in evil by some untaught village blackguard! And then he thought of the cosy bed and his mother's nightly blessing, never more to be his, who must now lie amongst dead dogs as if he himself were such another!

And then he rose again, and there was the noble head of old Nox not three feet from him. He could see the clear brown eyes fixed eagerly upon him, and he thought: "He is coming to revenge himself on me." But he did not mind, for he was almost past feeling any new pain. Only he gave one longing, wistful look towards the home that had been his. And as he looked a lark rose and went up into the summer sky. And as the lark went up, up, Benjy went down, down.

Now as he sank there came into his mind a memory of something he had once read, comparing the return of a Christian soul to God to the soaring of a lark into the heavens. And no animal that he had seized in his pitiless grasp ever felt such despair and helplessness as Benjy felt when the strong, pitiless thought seized his soul, that, though his body might decay among dead dogs, he could not die as the dogs had died—irresponsible for the use of life. And many a sin, besides sins of cruelty, came back to poor Benjy's mind—known sins, for which he had been punished, but not penitent; sins that were known to no human being but himself, and sins that he had forgotten until now. And he remembered one day at school, when the head master had given some serious warnings and advice to himself and a few other boys in private. And how he had sat mum and meek, with his smudgy and secretive face, till the old doctor had departed, and how he had then delivered a not very clever mimic address in the doctor's style, to the effectual dissipation of all serious thought. And now—opportunities, advice, and time of amendment were all but gone, and what had he to look forward to? From the depths of his breaking heart Benjy prayed he might somehow or other be spared to do better. And for the third and last time he rose to the surface.

The lark was almost out of sight; but close to Benjy's pallid face was a soft black nose, and large brown eyes met his with an expression

neither revengeful nor affectionate. It was business-like, earnest, and somewhat eager and proud. And then the soft, sensitive mouth he had wounded seized Benjy with a hold as firm and as gentle as if he had been a rare water-fowl, and Nox paddled himself round with his broad, brown paws, and made gallantly for shore. Podgy Benjy was much heavier than a dead cat, and the big brave beast had hard work of it; so that by the time he had dragged the body to land, Nox was too far spent to toss his head and carry his prize about as usual. He dropped Benjy, and lay down by him, with one paw on the body, as much as to say—"Let no unauthorised person meddle in this matter."

But when he was rested, he took up Benjy in his mouth, and—not deigning so much as a glance in the direction of some men who were shouting and running towards him—he trotted with his burden to the Morgue under the willow-tree, where he laid Benjy down side by side with two dead dogs, a kitten, and an old hat.

After which he shook himself, and went home to breakfast.

* * * * *

WHAT BECAME OF BENJY.

Benjy was duly found under the willow-tree, and taken home. For a long time he was very ill, though at last he recovered; and I am bound to state that some of his relatives consider his visit to Beastland to be entirely mythical. They believe that he fell from the willow-tree into the water, and that his visit to the moon is a fanciful conceit woven during illness by his fevered brain.

However that may be, Benjy and beasts were thenceforward on very different terms. I will not deny that some other causes may have helped towards this. Perhaps when the boys of a family are naturally disagreeable, the fact is apt to be too readily acquiesced in. They have license that no one would dream of according to the girls, but it may sometimes be too readily decided that boys will be boys, in the most obnoxious sense of the term, and a "bad name" is unfavourable to them as well as to dogs.

Now during long weeks of convalescence, Benjy's only companions were his parents and the little sisters, whose sympathy with beastkind had always been in such manifest contrast to his own tastes. And as the little maids could only amuse him with their own amusements, and as, moreover, there is no occupation so soothing, healing, and renovating to mind and body, so full of interest without hurtful ex-

citement, as the study of Nature, it came about that Benjy's sick-room was so decorated with plants, aquariums, and so forth, that it became a sort of miniature Beastland. From watching his sisters, Benjy took to feeding the fresh-water beasts himself; and at last became so tenderly interested in their fate, that he privately "tipped" the housemaid with his last half-crown, to induce her to come up the stairs in the morning with great circumspection. For the cray-fish was given to escaping from his tank for an early stroll, and had once been all but trodden on at the bottom of the first flight of stairs.

But it was a very sad event which fully and finally softened Benjy's heart.

As Benjy was being carried into the house after his accident, Mister Rough caught sight of his master in this doleful position, and was anxious to follow and see what became of him. But as he was in the way, a servant was ordered to fasten him up in his own out-house; and to this man's care he was confided through Benjy's illness. The little girls often asked after him, and received satisfactory reports of his health, but as the terrier's temper was supposed to be less trustworthy than that of Nox, they were not allowed to play with him, or take him out with them. Hence it came about that he was a good deal neglected at this time, Benjy's parents being so absorbed by the anxiety of his illness, and the sisters not being allowed to make the dog their companion. Once or twice the servant took him out for a run; but Mister Rough would not take a proper "constitutional." The instant he was free, he fled to the house to see what had become of Benjy. As he did this every time, and it was inconvenient, the servant finally left him alone, and did not take him out at all. Food was put within his reach, but Mister Rough's appetite failed daily. A cat crept in under the roof and looked at her old enemy with impunity. A rat stole his crusts; and Mister Rough never moved his eyes nor his nose from the opening under the barn-door. Oh, for one sniff of Benjy passing by! Oh, to be swung round a dozen times by the teeth or tail! Oh, for a kicking, a thrashing—for *anything* from Benjy! So the gentle heart within that rough little body pined day by day in its loving anxiety for a harsh master.

But the first time that Benjy came downstairs, he begged that Mister Rough might be brought into the drawing-room; for, as I have said, if he had a regard for any animal it was for the wiry terrier. So the servant opened the barn-door; and Mister Rough thought of Benjy,

and darted into the house. And when he got into the front hall, he smelt Benjy, and ran into the drawing-room; and when he got into the drawing-room, he saw Benjy, who had heard the jingle of his collar, and stood up to receive him with outstretched arms. Then with one wild sound, that was neither a bark nor a whine, Mister Rough sprang to Benjy's arms, and fell at his feet.

Dead? Yes, dead; with one spasm of unspeakable joy!

Benjy's grief for his faithful friend was not favourable to his bodily health just then, but it was good for him in other ways. And as the bitter tears poured over his cheeks and dropped on to the scarred, grizzled, little face that could feel cruelty or kindness no more, the smudginess seemed to be washed away from him body and soul.

Yes, in spite of all past sins, Benjy lived to amend, and to become, eventually, a first-rate naturalist, and a good friend to beasts. For there is no doubt that some most objectionable boys do get scrubbed, and softened, and ennobled into superior men. And Benjy was one of these.

By the time he was thoroughly strong again, he and his little sisters had a common interest in the animals under their care—their own private Beastland. He tried to pet another terrier, but in vain. So the new "Rough" was given to the sisters, and Benjy adopted Nox. For he said, "I should like a dog who knew Mister Rough;" and, "If Nox likes me in spite of old times, I shall believe I am fit to keep a pet." And no one who knows dogs needs to be told that not the ghost of a bit of malice lessened the love which the benevolent retriever bore to his new master.

The savings of Benjy's pocket-money for some time were expended on a tombstone for the terrier's grave, with this inscription—

TO A FAITHFUL FRIEND,

ROUGH WITHOUT AND GENTLE WITHIN,

WHO DIED OF JOY,

APRIL 3, 18—,

ON HIS MASTER'S RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

* * * * *

And that true and tender beast, who bore so much hard usage for so long, but died of his one great happiness—

Dear reader, do you not think he is in the Dog Star?

SABOT MAKERS.



HAVE you ever seen or heard of sabots? "I should think so, indeed!" doubtless reply a chorus of young voices. Indeed in these days of quick and cheap travelling it is foolish to doubt that any of Aunt Judy's readers have not at some time of their long or short lives crossed the Channel, and seen the foreign peasant slipping along in his heavy wooden shoes, and heard their clatter, clatter, along the roughly-paved streets. But have they ever troubled themselves about the way in which these sabots are made—how, and by whom? I never did; and though I have often pitied the wearer of a sabot, I never thought of its maker, till one day, when spending a summer in Brittany, accident brought me across one of their dwelling-places. As their homes and lives are unlike any other artisan's, it may interest you to hear a little about them.

These sabot makers, or "sabottiers," as they are called, seem to be quite a distinct race from the ordinary French workman or peasant; they never frequent the towns or mix much with others, and never marry but among the sons and daughters of their own people; they lead a wandering life, going periodically from place to place in search of work. This being finished they start off again elsewhere, the only requisites in the choice of their new residence being the neighbourhood of a forest or wood, and a good market for their sabots. A forest found, they enter into negotiation with some sabot seller in the nearest town, who furnishes them with freshly-hewn trees, the wood of which is to make the sabots, and the branches and leaves to assist in the building of their huts. A clear space near the forest is chosen, where they establish themselves, and commence constructing the cabins, in which if work is plentiful they perhaps live for several months. These cabins are formed of osier twigs, woven together with branches of trees and fern leaves, the interstices being filled up with moss to keep out the air and the wet; they are round in form, narrowing as they rise, have a square door, and are open to the sky; this hole above serving the double purpose of window and chimney. In this miserable place the sabottier and his family spend their lives; for

wherever their work takes them their dwelling-places are the same, and here they work for twelve hours at a time, and live and sleep, in winter and summer, in wet and in dry.

As we were driving one day last summer through the forest of Carnoet, in the south of Brittany, we came across a number of these huts, erected on a common. On our expressing surprise at their appearance, our good-natured Breton driver proposed that we should alight, and pay a visit to one of their owners. We demurred at first, fearing they might be a wild race, who would take our intrusion amiss; but on being assured they would be pleased to see us, and were often visited by travellers, we willingly walked across the pretty heathy common, and made our way to the tidiest-looking hut. An "*entrez, madame,*" spoken in a gentle voice, set us at our ease, and we passed at once through the little entrance door. The exterior of these wretched places, and the knowledge of the hard, rough lives the sabottiers lead, made us expect to find inside a gipsy-looking couple, with rough and shaggy locks, picturesque, perhaps, but dirty certainly. What was our surprise, therefore, to see before us a sweetly-pretty young woman of twenty years of age, trim and tidy, in a dark-blue washing-dress and clean white cap; while her boy-husband, who looked no older than she did, was as clean and trim as herself. They made us welcome with true French politeness, and answered all our questions very good-naturedly, but they never ceased from their work for an instant, scarcely even lifting their heads as they spoke. The young woman was standing at a lathe, with a block of wood in her hand, in which she was hollowing out the toe of a sabot, while the man was at her side, sitting in shoemaker fashion, finishing those which she had begun. It seemed hard work for so delicate and young a person, but she had been used to it all her life she said, and worked at great speed. They had only been married three weeks; but it was dreary work for a sabottier to live "*en garçon,*" the man told us, and so no doubt it must be; and the comfort and refinement of the woman's hand was as evident in that little osier hut as it is in the grandest drawing-room. Their bed was made after the fashion of all Breton beds, a Celtic fashion, I suppose, as the same kind are to be found in Wales. It was a wooden box or cupboard, built against the side of the hut, and open on one side, so that we could see within, and wonder at the number of mattresses and

bed-clothes which were piled one above the other. I have been told that a Breton prides himself upon the height to which he can pile his bed, and if this is the case, our sabottier friends must have gloried in theirs. The sun was hot enough on the occasion of our visit, and all looked bright and dry; but they told us they lay many a night wet to the skin, and it cannot be otherwise, for the rain must at all times pour in through the open roof, and it knows well how to rain in Brittany! Little shelves were nailed up in different corners of the cabin, and every space was made the most of, but their wants and worldly goods seem few, poor people! The fireplace, formed of rough stones heaped together, was in the centre of the hut, under the opening; before it blazed a wood fire, upon which were warming some coffee and soup. Strange to say, the man was more communicative than his wife, speaking always in the same soft melancholy manner; he told us that between them they made about five or six pair of sabots a day; they receive a penny a pair from the shopman who retails them, so they can only earn about sixpence a day. How glad we were to be able to add our little mite to their hardly-earned gains! A Breton has not the gay, cheerful manner of a Frenchman at any time; and no doubt the lonely, hard life these sabottiers live, makes them doubly silent and sad in their manner; yet I think our friends were quite happy and contented with their lot, in spite of their sad voices,—even the rheumatism, which they say all sabottiers suffer from, seemed to them a matter of course, and an evil for which there was no remedy. They *told* of their hardships, in answer to our different questions, but never *grumbled* at them. There were several other huts near, but we did not enter them. None of the inhabitants came after us, or begged of us, as one would have expected. If this little colony in the forest of Carnoet was a sample of the race, they must be an industrious and contented set of people; and when inclined to grumble at the little disagreeables that sometimes come across one in life, I think of the lot of those poor sabot makers, and thank God for His mercies to me.

F. M.



THE BOY-GIANT AND THE DWARF.

A CHILD-IDYLL.



IN that weird period "once upon a time,"
A castle crowned the summit of a hill,
And in it dwelt the giant Burliboi,
A baby-Titan, hale and strong of limb,
With large plump fists, and face round as the moon
Rising at full behind the castle-keep,
But red as autumn sunsets which, at eve,
Burnished the woods round Castle Burliboi.
And yet, though stalwart, kind was he. Those hands,
That might have crushed, would fondle o'er a bird,
Or stroke a kitten. So he grew and grew,
The pride and wonder of the country round.

Down in the valley, 'mid the village streets,
His very opposite, Dwarf Milkface, dwelt—
A puny boy, deformed, and sickly-visaged;
The child of poorest parents: in a home
The sunshine seldom visited, he grew
To boyhood, stunted, weak as infancy.

Thus ran the double current of these lives—
The great boy-giant in the castle woods,
Hunted and fished, and lived beneath the sky,
Breathing the fresh pure air, and gaining strength;
Whilst in the hamlet toiled and moiled the dwarf,
And, after daily labour, vexed the dark
With midnight lamp, reading of days of old,
And modern miracles of science. Thus
The months passed on, and boyhood deepened o'er
The twain.

One day a rider armed and strong,
Of years almost coëval with the world,
Passed up that way, alarming hill and vale,
Whilst young and old fled cowering from his presence,
And mothers clasped their infants to their heart,
Dreading to name him. On a fleet pale horse
Mounted, he wrought his silent spell, and still
The fierce red glare of fever sped apace,
And daily, hourly, followers joined his train,

And went, as silent prisoners, away,
Leaving a vacant place in many a home.

He passed the village street, and left his mark
In mourning garments and veiled windows—passed
The cottage where poor Milkface calmly waited
His onset—passed unheeding, scorning him—
And thundered up the road to Burliboi.

The brave boy-Titan stood and barred his path,
But owned the magic of that silent spell.
He sought his bed, and turned him to the wall:
Forgot the pleasures of the castle woods—
Forgot his dog, the pets he used to fondle—
Forgot the very friends who stood around,
And deemed them foes. So, in three little days
He passed away, to loftier hills than those
His castle crowned; whose sides no foe can scale,
Whereto that pale-horsed rider never comes.
And as they laid him in his gilded tomb
Within the village church, the thinfaced dwarf
Peered on the coffin-lid, where trembling hands
Were casting in their wreaths of Immortelles;
And read the legend thereupon inscribed—
“Not always is the battle to the strong.”
And “Requiescat”—“Rest our boy in peace!”

C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

V.—THE NECK.

A Legend of a Lake.



IN a certain lake there once lived a Neck or Water Sprite, who desired, above all things, to obtain a human soul. When the sun shone he came out and sat upon the waves and played on his golden harp. And he played so sweetly that the winds stayed to listen to him, and the sun lingered in his setting, and the moon rose before her time. And the strain was in praise of immortality.

Now on a huge and lonely rock that rose out of the lake there dwelt an aged hermit, who by reason of his loneliness was afflicted with a spirit of melancholy; so that when the fit was on him, he was constantly tempted to throw himself into the lake, for his life was burden-

some to him. But one day, when this gloomy madness had driven him to the edge of the rock to cast himself into the water, the Neck rose at the same moment, and sitting upon a wave, began to play. And the strain was in praise of immortality. And the melody went straight to the heart of the hermit as a sunbeam goes into a dark cave, and it dispelled his gloom, and he thought all to be as well with him as before it had seemed ill. And he called to the Neck and said, "What is that which thou dost play, my son?"

And the Neck answered, "It is in praise of immortality."

Then said the hermit, "I beg that thou wilt play frequently beneath this rock; for I am an aged and solitary man, and by reason of my loneliness, life becomes a burden to me, and I am tempted to throw it away. But by this gracious strain the evil has been dispelled. Wherefore I beg thee to come often and play as long as is convenient. And yet I cannot offer thee any reward, for I am poor and without possessions."

Then the Neck replied, "There are treasures below the water as above, and I desire no earthly riches. But if thou canst tell me how I may gain a human soul, I will play on till thou shalt bid me cease."

And the hermit said, "I must consider the matter. But I will return to-morrow at this time and answer thee."

Then the next day he returned as he had said, and the Neck was waiting impatiently on the lake, and he cried, "What news, my father?"

And the hermit said, "If that at any time some human being will freely give his life for thee, thou wilt gain a human soul. But thou also must die the same day."

"The short life for the long one!" cried the Neck; and he played a melody so full of happiness, that the blood danced through the hermit's old veins as if he were a boy again. The next day when he came as usual the Neck called to him and said, "My father, I have been thinking. Thou art aged and feeble, and at the most there are but few days of life remaining to thee. Moreover, by reason of thy loneliness even these are a burden. Surely there is none more fit than thou to be the means of procuring me a human soul. Wherefore I beg of thee, let us die to-day."

But the hermit cried out, angrily, "Wretch! Is this thy gratitude for my information? Wouldst thou murder me?"

"Nay, old man," replied the Neck, "thou shalt part easily with thy little fag-end of life. I can play upon my harp a strain of such surpassing sadness, that no human heart that hears it but must break. And yet the pain of that heartbreak shall be such, that thou wilt not know it from rapture. Moreover, when the sun sets below the water, my spirit also will depart without suffering. Wherefore I beg of thee, let us die to-day."

"Truly," said the hermit, "it is because thou art only a Neck, and nothing better, that thou dost not know the value of human life."

"And art thou a man, possessed already of a soul, and destined for immortality," cried the Neck, "and dost haggle and grudge to benefit me by the sacrifice of a few uncertain days, when it is but to exchange them for the life that knows no end?"

"Our days are always uncertain," replied the hermit; "but existence is very sweet, even to the most wretched. Moreover, I see not that thou hast any claim upon mine;" saying which he returned to his cell. But the Neck, flinging aside his harp, sat upon the water, and wept bitterly.

Days passed, and the hermit did not show himself, and at last the Neck resolved to go and visit him. So he took his harp, and in the form of a boy with long fair hair and a crimson cap, appeared in the hermit's cell. There he found the old man stretched upon his pallet, for he was dying. When he saw the Neck he was glad, and said, "I have desired to see thee, for I repent myself that I did not do according to thy wishes. Yet is the desire of life stronger in the human breast than thou canst understand. Nevertheless I am sorry, and I am sorry also that, as I am sick unto death, my life will no longer avail thee. But when I am dead, do thou take all that belongs to me, and dress thyself in my robe, and go out into the world, and do works of mercy, and perchance some one whom thou hast benefited will be found willing to die with thee."

"Now indeed I thank thee!" cried the Neck. "But yet one word more—what are these works of which thou speakest?"

"The corporal works of mercy are seven," gasped the hermit, raising himself on his arm. "To feed the hungry and give the thirsty drink, to visit the sick, to redeem captives, to clothe the naked, to shelter the stranger and the houseless, to visit the widow and fatherless, and to bury the dead." Then even as he spoke the last words the hermit

died. And the Neck clothed himself in his robe, and, not to delay in following the directions given to him, he buried the hermit with pious care, and planted flowers upon his grave. After which he went forth into the world.

Now for three hundred years did the Neck go about doing acts of mercy and charity amongst men. And amongst the hungry, and the naked, and the sick, and the poor, and the captives, he found many who seemed to be weary of this life of many sorrows. But when he had fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and relieved the sick, and made the poor rich, and given the captive freedom, life was too dear to all of them to be given up. Therefore he betook himself to the most miserable amongst men that he could find, and offering them nothing but an easy death in a good cause, he hoped to find some aged and want-worn creature who would do him the kindness he desired. But of those who must look forward to the fewest days and to the most misery there was not one, but like the woodcutter, chose to trudge out to the end his miserable span.

So when three hundred years were past, the Neck's heart failed him, and he said, "All this avails nothing. Wherefore I will return to the lake, and there abide what shall befall." And this he accordingly did.

Now one evening there came a tempest down from the hills, and there was a sudden squall on the lake. And a certain young man in a boat upon the lake was overtaken by the storm. And as he struggled hard to keep his boat to the wind, and it seemed as if every moment must be his last, a young maid who was his sweetheart came down to the shore, and cried aloud in her agony, "Alas, that his young life should be cut short thus!"

"Trouble not thyself," said the Neck; "this life is so short and so uncertain, that if he were to be rescued to-day he might be taken from thee to-morrow. Only in eternity is love secure. Wherefore be patient, and thou shalt soon follow him."

"And who art thou, that mockest my sorrow?" cried the maiden.

"One who has watched the passing misfortunes of nine generations before thine own," replied the Neck. And when the maiden looked, and saw one like a little old man wringing out his beard into the lake, and heard his age, she knew it was a Neck, and cried, "Now surely thou art a Neck, and they say, 'When Necks play, the winds wisht;'

wherefore I beg of thee to play upon thy harp, and it may be that the storm will lull, and my beloved will be saved."

But the Neck answered, "It is not worth while." And when the maiden could not persuade him, she fell upon her face in bitter grief, and cried, "Oh, my beloved! Would to heaven I could die for thee!"



"And yet thou wouldst not if thou couldst," said the Neck.

"If it be in thy power to prove me—prove me!" cried the maiden: "for indeed he is the only stay of aged parents, and he is young and unprepared for death. Moreover his life is dearer to me than my own."

Then the Neck told her his story, and said, "If thou wilt do this for me, which none yet has done whom I have benefited, I will play upon my harp, and if the winds wisht, thou must die this easy death; but if I fail in my part, I shall not expect thine to be fulfilled. And we must both abide what shall befall, even as others." And to this the maiden consented most willingly. Only she said, "Do this for me, I beg of thee. Let him come so near that I may just see his face before I die."

And it was so agreed.

Then the aged Neck drew forth his harp and began to play. And as he played the wind stayed, as one who pauses to hearken with cleft lips. Then the lake rose and fell gently, like the bosom of a girl moved by some plaintive song. And the sun burst forth as if to see who made such sweet music. And so through this happy change the young man got safe to land. Then the Neck turned to the maiden and said, "Dost thou hold to thy promise?" And she bowed her head.

"In the long life be thy recompense!" cried the Neck, fervently, and taking his harp again, he poured his whole spirit into the strain. And as he played, it was as the sound of the night wind sighing in the tree-tops, but more mournful. And it was as the wail of a mother for her only son, and yet fuller of grief. And it was like the noblest of all dead marches wrung from the heart of a great musician, and loading the air with sorrow,—and yet all these were as nothing to it for sadness. And when the maiden heard it, it was more than she could bear, and her heart broke, as the Neck had said. Then the young man came up the shore, and when she could see his face clearly, she gave one deep sigh, and with it her soul passed, and her body fell like a snapped flower to the earth.

Now when the young man was come up, and saw the dead body, and the Neck sitting at the feet, he asked what it meant, and the Neck told him.

Then the young man fell upon him to kill him, but the Neck said, "Thou mayest spare thyself this trouble, for in a few seconds I shall be dead. But do thou take my robe and my harp, and thou shalt be a famous musician." And even as he spoke the sun sank, and the Neck fell upon his face. And when the young man lifted the robe there was nothing under it but the harp, across which there swept such a

wild and piteous chord that all the strings burst as if with unutterable grief.

Then the young man returned to his parents, and his sweetheart was buried with many tears.

And in due time he put fresh strings to the harp, which, though it was not as when it was in the hands of the Neck, yet it made most exquisite music, so that the young man became famous.

Furthermore, he occupied himself in good works until that his time also came.

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

CHAPTER III.

"The Gordon demands of him which way he goes,
 'Where e'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose.' "

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



THE great civil war had broken out, the king had retired to York, and there all his faithful subjects had gathered round him. At Nottingham Charles set up his standard, and his nephew, Prince Rupert, having joined him, he found himself in a condition to give battle to the parliamentary forces, commanded by the Earl of Essex. It was just after the battle of Edgehill had been fought that Montrose left his home to offer his services to the king. He went first to York, whither the queen had arrived, and had an interview with Henrietta Maria. He urged upon her attention that the king had a great many brave and loyal subjects in the Highlands of Scotland, and why should not his majesty make some use of them? If the king would only provide them with a good leader, and authorize them to declare war against the Scottish parliament, Montrose promised he would do all in his power towards arming his own kinsmen and vassals.

But Hamilton interfered to turn the queen against Montrose, and unfortunately the king agreed with him and listened to his advice, and he sent Hamilton back to Scotland to negotiate with the rebels, making him at the same time a duke.

Montrose returned home disappointed and vexed that golden opportunities should be lost. He was chiefly indignant with Hamilton, and revenged himself by writing ridiculous verses about him, in which

he said that the first act of courage that Hamilton had ever performed was to kill a dog in the queen's garden at York with his sword.

But it soon turned out that no advice could have been worse than that of Hamilton. The Scots took no notice at all of his offers of peace ; and Hamilton, having done a great deal more harm than good, went back to the king at Oxford. He soon found that he would have done better to stay with his Scotch friends, for Charles, who had begun to suspect that he was playing him false, threw him into prison, and turned now to Montrose.

Montrose was ready, though he said that delay had made his plans far more difficult. The Scottish Estates had declared open war against the king ; they proclaimed Montrose a traitor, and set a price upon his head ; and they sent an army, under the command of Lord Leven, to assist the Earl of Manchester, who was marching against York. The armies, as soon as they had joined, laid siege to this important city, and the Marquis of Newcastle, who commanded the garrison, was obliged to send off in all haste to Prince Rupert for succours. Prince Rupert came, and at his approach Manchester and Leven fell back, and took up a position on the field of Marston Moor not far off. Rupert marched gaily into York at the head of his gallant band of Cavaliers, and expressed to Newcastle his immediate intention of fighting the Scots. Newcastle remonstrated, begging him to wait till Montrose, who was absent, could arrive with his troop. Rupert, however, never could remain quiet when there was a possibility of fighting ; he refused to listen to the Marquis of Newcastle, but led out his whole army to Marston Moor. The result was what Newcastle expected ; though the headlong courage of Prince Rupert drove back the Scots, yet, as usual, he suffered that courage to lead him too far, and he pursued them with such eagerness that he weakened the rest of his army, and they were unable to resist the charge of Cromwell's heavy cavalry. A tremendous charge was that of Cromwell's ; he drove right off the field the troops that were left to oppose him ; and when Prince Rupert returned with tired men and horses from his useless chase, he found Cromwell and his Ironsides masters of the field. In vain he strove to cheer on his wearied Cavaliers to a last charge ; they were utterly defeated and scattered, and the prince, finding himself alone and surrounded by foes, was obliged to turn his horse's head and abandon the field. Montrose meanwhile had been straining every nerve to reach the royal army,

but before he could arrive he heard of Prince Rupert's utter defeat. Nothing could look more deplorable than the state of the royal affairs. York had fallen into the hands of the Roundheads, Montrose's own small band of followers was not powerful enough to attempt to attack them, Prince Rupert's army was dispersed, and Montrose returned, perplexed and anxious, to Carlisle.

After a night of painful reflection his mind was made up. He called the officers of his little troop round him, informed them that he intended to march southwards at once to join the king's army, and gave orders that their preparations should be made as speedily as possible for departure. The men obeyed, and Montrose's own baggage being put up with the rest, they got to horse and put themselves in motion, never doubting that their commander was following. But to the officers Montrose had confided his plans, and these were: to go alone and in disguise to Scotland, make his way as well as he could to the Highlands, and there raise the king's standard amidst those blue lakes and heath-clad mountains. He desired his officers to lead his men to Oxford, and then bade them farewell.

No sooner were they gone than Montrose set off in the opposite direction, accompanied only by two faithful friends, Sir William Rollock and Colonel Sibbald. They disguised themselves as soldiers of Leven's army, and Montrose acted the part of servant to Rollock and Sibbald, riding behind them and leading the horse which carried their few articles of baggage. It was quite necessary that Montrose should adopt this disguise, for if he had been recognised in Scotland before he could get to the Highlands he would have run a very fair risk of being taken and hanged. The three friends travelled on safely, though on one occasion Montrose narrowly escaped being discovered, when they were stopping for a night at an inn. Another time, as they were riding through a little village in Scotland, a soldier who had been attentively watching them stepped up to them, and taking no notice of Rollock and Sibbald, took off his hat respectfully to the pretended servant. Montrose could not avoid noticing this, and in order to bear out his assumed character, he said, "You are mistaken, my good friend, and surely take me for some one else."

"What! do not I know my lord of Montrose?" was the reply. "Go your way, my lord, and God be with you wheresoever you go."—This old campaigner had served under Newcastle, and knew Montrose

well by sight, but he was true and faithful, and never betrayed the secret.

It was on an evening in August, 1644, that, after a rough and wearisome journey, Montrose and his two companions reached their secret destination. This was a moderate-sized house called Tillibolton, hard by the Grampians, the residence of a young and high-spirited kinsman, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie. By this youth Montrose was welcomed with true Highland hospitality, and he heard with delight that the earl intended to be his guest for some time, till the moment should arrive when he could discover himself to his Highland friends. Inchbrakie eagerly assured his chief that the loyal clans only waited for him in order to declare themselves, and that the moment he raised his standard numbers would hasten to join them.

But Montrose was anxious to ascertain first what was the disposition of the country before he ventured on openly showing his commission, and he remained accordingly hidden for a short time in the neighbourhood of his cousin's house, while he sent his two companions to Lord Napier to tell him that so far he was safe. Nor was he himself idle. "No chieftain of the purest Celtic blood," says Napier, the historian, "was a better mountaineer than the head of the Grahams." The wild districts comprised under the name of the Lennox, the shores of Loch Lomond, the baronies of Menteith, were familiarly known to him. Often had he traversed them in his boyish days, and like Malcolm in the "Lady of the Lake"—

"Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess."

He knew the Highlander well, and understood his peculiar character, and now, when all others seemed to fail him, he determined to appeal to those who were ever ready to rise when the fiery cross was sent round to call them to battle.

He had received the royal commission, making him lieutenant-general of the royal army in Scotland, and a marquis, and news now came that a reinforcement of Irishmen, commanded by Alaster Macdonald, a brave and clever soldier, had already landed, and that Argyle was assembling all his forces to crush this little band which had presumed to invade his territory. Montrose determined to present himself unexpectedly to these wild and hardy troops, and writing to Macdonald

privately, he told him to go to Blair Athole, where he would find friends, and there wait for orders.

He had not to wait long. One morning Montrose and his cousin Patrick set out to walk across the hills to a steep and heathy knoll that rises close to the old castle of Blair Athole. Dressed in the highland kilt and belted plaid, the broad-sword and dirk by his side, the bonnet and eagle feather on his head, dusty and wayworn, he did not look much like the Marquis of Montrose, and still less like the lieutenant-general of a royal army. When the cousins reached the top of the hill, they found Macdonald's men, about twelve hundred in number, and a slender sprinkling of Highlanders awaiting them. The former gazed carelessly at the Marquis and young Inchbrakie as they approached, and imagined them to be at best but two Highland gentlemen come to join their assemblage. But the men of Athole and of Badenoch at once recognised their chief, and their enthusiastic delight spread like wild-fire through the rest; they flung themselves at the feet of Montrose, they embraced his knees, and vowed to follow him wherever he would lead them. Montrose looked round with mixed feelings of pride, hope, and ardour on that little band of true and faithful hearts, the nucleus of that army at whose head he was to perform such exploits; then, unfolding at once the royal standard, he displayed his commission, and spoke to his new followers of the glorious future that awaited them. His words of fire kindled an answering flame in those eager spirits, and pointing his pike in the direction of Stratherne, he led the way in the path so full of peril, but so full of honour, that lay before him, fully prepared from that hour to sacrifice all he had, even life itself, in the cause which to him was so sacred.

CHAPTER IV.

"On thy blue hills no bugle sound
Is mixing with the torrent's roar;
Unmark'd the red deer sport around:
Thou lead'st the chase no more." ANON.

No sooner did the Covenanters hear that Montrose had put himself at the head of his army than they set actively to work to destroy him, if possible. He was indeed in a situation of danger, shut in between two armies; Argyle behind and Lord Elcho in front: he still feared neither, and resolved to attack Elcho at once, who was encamped near

Perth, on a field called Tippermuir. Montrose, unwilling to shed blood, sent over the Master of Maderty, his young brother-in-law, the husband of his favourite sister, Beatrice, to recommend them, in the king's name, to lay down their arms. The enemy, in the most dishonourable manner, returned no answer, but kept the young man prisoner; and the Marquis then turned to his troops, and said, "Be careful of your powder, we have none to waste. At them, in the name of God and the king!" And the Highlanders *did* go at them, and through them, too; they pursued the fugitives into Perth itself, of which they took possession, and Montrose found there arms, ammunition, and clothing, of which he stood greatly in need.

But a shocking event took place directly after the battle, which clouded Montrose's joy for his victory. A short time before, the enemy had sent orders to Lord Kilpont, the eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, to arm his vassals and lead them against Montrose. But Lord Kilpont was a Royalist and a Graham, and therefore a distant kinsman of the Marquis, so instead of marching against him he joined him, as a hearty friend and ally. It happened that Lord Kilpont had a foster-brother, called James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, to whom he was much attached. They had been brought up together as children, and Stewart had always shown the greatest devotion towards his young chief. Stewart was renowned in the Highlands for his immense personal strength, and for his warlike feats; especially for his ferocious combats with a certain wild tribe called MacEagh, or Children of the Mist. The Covenanters, knowing the friendship that existed between Stewart and Lord Kilpont, bribed the former to try and persuade his foster-brother to come back to their party. Accordingly, some days after the battle of Tippermuir, Stewart led Kilpont into a secluded spot, and when they were alone communicated to him the offers of the Covenanters, and proposed that they should assassinate Montrose, and then escape. Lord Kilpont was horrified at the notion of such a crime, and expressed his feelings so strongly, that Stewart, in a fit of fury, stabbed him to the heart, and escaped to Argyle, who received him with great favour, and immediately gave him a post in his army.

I shall pause a moment in my history to say a few words upon the state of the Highlands at this time, that you may understand some of the difficulties which Montrose had to contend with, in leading an army of such undisciplined troops. The difference in the manners

and customs of the Highlands and Lowlands was so great, that they might have been supposed to be different countries altogether. The former were hardly civilized at all, and in the days of the earlier kings of Scotland they used to give a great deal of trouble.

Robert Bruce, after he came to the throne, kept them in pretty good order, but in the days of his successors they became perfectly unmanageable: that indeed was chiefly because the nobility were perpetually quarrelling and fighting with one another, and gave their rulers enough to do. Robert III., who lived in the fourteenth century, tried to put a stop to their incessant quarrels, by ordering that twelve men, from two of the most powerful clans, should meet at Perth and fight a kind of bloody tournament, and that he himself was to superintend it, and decide which had the victory. Accordingly, twelve men of the Clan Quhele and twelve of the Clan Chattan fought it out; and they fought it so thoroughly that only one of the Clan Quhele was left alive, and he saved his life by jumping into the Tay and swimming across. The earls of Sutherland were the chiefs of the Chattan Clan, and even lately the Countess of Sutherland's title in Gaelic was "Panie-Morachate," which means the chieftainess of the clan of the Cat or Chattan.

A ferocious battle was fought at Harlaw between the Highlanders and Lowlanders during the captivity of James I. Sir Walter Scott wrote a ballad upon this battle, in which two thousand Lowland knights defeated twenty thousand Highlanders; but then, as the ballad says, the Lowlanders were "mail-clad men."

I shall quote a few verses of this spirited poem:—

"Now hear my tale both knight and carle,
And listen, great and sma';
While I sing of Glenallan's earl,
How he fought at the red Harlaw.

"They've saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They've bridled a hundred black;
With a chaffron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

"They had'na ridden a mile or twa,
A mile but barely ten;
When Donald came branking down the brae,
Wi' twenty thousand men.

"The stout earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see;
Now here's a knight that's stout and good,
Might prove a jeopardy.

"What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
Who rides beside my rein,
Were ye Glenallan's earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?"

"To draw the rein were shame and sin,
To fight, were wondrous peril;
What would'st thou do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's earl?"

"Were I Glenallen's earl the day,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
My spur should be in my horse's side,
My bridle on his mane.

"Tis true that we are thousands twa,
And they are twice times ten;
But they have but their Highland plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"Our horse would ride through ranks so rude
As through the upland fern;
Then ne'er let gentle Norman blood
Grow cold for Highland kerne."

James I., the poet-king of Scotland, who had learnt many lessons of government during his long but not unhappy captivity in England, ruled them with an iron hand, and the Highlands had reason to remember him long; he put a check on their incessant wars amongst themselves, and prevented them from invading and plundering the Lowlands or Low Countries. More stories than I have room for here are told of James's justice and severity, and the consequence of his firm and strict mode of government was that he was cruelly murdered. His son, James II., who succeeded him, was a little boy of six years old; and as those who were to govern the country for him spent their whole time till the young king was seventeen in fighting amongst themselves, the Highlands became as wild and barbarous as ever. In this state they continued till the reign of James VI., when their

turbulence had arisen to such a pitch that the king was obliged to send the young Earl of Argyle of that day, a youth of eighteen, with a large army to reduce them to order, and a tremendous battle was fought at Dundee, in which there was great slaughter. But notwithstanding the quarrelsome propensities of the Highlanders, or "Red-shanks," as they were called, from their habit of wearing buskins of the hairy skin of the red deer,

("Speed, Malise, speed, the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied")

they had many good qualities. They were brave, hospitable, and devoted to their chiefs. Each separate clan had its own chieftain, whom they were bound to obey implicitly, to follow on any enterprise in which he chose to engage, to enter on all his quarrels, and fight his enemies to the death. They were, on the other hand, much addicted to cherishing hereditary feuds; if a member of one clan had been injured by another, his son, and even his grandson, was obliged to keep up the quarrel till the injury was avenged. The relations of both parties always came to assist, and the hatred was carried on from generation to generation. Thus it was with the hereditary feuds of the Grahams and the Campbells in the days of which we are writing, the seventeenth century; but it is fair to say that the Campbells were at feud with many other clans besides the Grahams, from the manner in which they had extended their possessions at the expense of their neighbours. The Highlanders mostly retained an affection for their native sovereigns the Stuarts, and proved it from the way in which they rallied round Montrose; and not many years later round another hero of the house of Graham, who by them was hardly less adored—John Graham of Claverhouse, the victor of Killiecrankie—the gallant Dundee.


Such as I have been describing was pretty much the state of the Highlands when Montrose called on this half-civilized, but brave and hardy people to aid him to restore the authority of their king, Charles I., in Scotland; and having made this digression I shall in the next chapter resume my hero's history.

(*To be continued.*)

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XI.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SKAGEN.

 ABOUT six weeks after Karen's death, at the end of July, Morten Ranildsen returned. How, or from whom he first heard of his loss, Kirstin could not tell. That he had heard she knew by his keeping aloof from every one. He went straight to Hendrick Bryde at his own house, and with the exception of a visit to the parsonage, as Bodel reported, he did not leave home for nearly a week. At last, one evening as Kirstin was returning from the moor laden with turf for firing, she met him. Her first impulse was to turn in another direction, but then the thought came, "It will seem so strange, and so unkind;" so she went straight up to him and held out her hand without speaking. Neither did Morten speak a word; he walked by her side till they reached Michael's door, then he said in a low voice, "I want you to go with me to the churchyard."

She understood him; she went in, disposed of her burden, and coming out again immediately, the two again walked in silence together, and she led him to the little mound, the freshest in the churchyard, which marked the spot where his sister had been buried. Morten knelt down and pressed his lips to the sod. When he rose up, Kirstin said hesitatingly, "Grandfather would have carved a cross to set up there, but he waited to ask if you would like it."

"It was like him to be so kind, but I have been carving a stone one which will last longer. Will you wait here, Kirstin, while I go to fetch it?"

He went away without waiting for her answer, taking her assent for granted. "Why should I feel afraid of Morten and want to get away?" Kirstin reasoned with herself; "I was never afraid of him in my life before."

He came back, bearing a spade, and a small stone cross, with only Karen's name and the date of her death carved upon it. Kirstin helped him to put it in its place. "A wooden cross lasts so short a time in our climate," he said; "and this is like what I have seen in some other countries where stone is more plentiful than with us."

"I can't think where you did find that stone," said Kirstin.

"I went a long way to fetch it soon after I came home, for I could not sit still and do nothing. Thank old Magnus for me, Kirstin."

They left the churchyard, and as then their ways parted Kirstin held out her hand to take leave.

"Please walk a little longer with me, Kirstin, for our old friendship's sake."

She could not refuse, and they turned through the sand-hills towards the fiord. It was a pleasant, quiet summer evening; Kirstin at last took courage and said, "I had something to tell you, Morten; Karen sent her love to you with almost her last breath,—she was always thinking of you: I am sure she remembers you now in Paradise."

"I am sure of that too," he replied. "The pastor has told me how good and loving she was to the last. And I have something to say to you, Kirstin—to thank you for all your love and care for her; Bodil Bryde has told me how you nursed her." He paused, but as she did not speak, he went on. "I have more things to say. Have you heard lately of or from that Scotch lady?"

"Mrs. Ramsey? no; neither the pastor nor I have heard for more than a year. I am afraid she is in trouble; I do not believe she has forgotten us."

"Is there any likelihood of your going to her—to Hamburg, after all?"

"Not the least; she never asked me after I had told her that I could not leave father and grandfather: she said I was right."

"Then I cannot go away without asking one more question, Kirstin: will you be my wife? you shall still look after your father and old Magnus." She was silent and he continued—"I should then stay here in my old home, otherwise I must go abroad again, for I cannot live here alone. I know I am not good enough for you, but your father has not prospered lately, so he cannot now object to me; and indeed I am more thriving than I was; I have saved money, and I shall try to improve myself, that I may become more worthy of you."

"We will try to improve each other," said Kirstin, in a low voice.

"Then you will have me, Kirstin?"

"Yes, Morten," she replied, very quietly and with no hesitation in her voice, though her heart beat fast.

"God bless you, Kirstin!" There were tears in his eyes as he spoke.

When Kirstin went in doors, her father looked up, and made some remark about her being late. This was unusual with him, for he rarely spoke to her without necessity. She hardly answered, and began her preparations for supper very zealously. When her father and grandfather were both seated at table, she said gently, though with a heightened colour, "Father, I am troth-plighted to Morten Ranildsen."

Michael started up from table, and spoke in great anger. "How dared you do any such thing without speaking to me first?"

"Morten said he was better off now, and we were poorer, and so he thought you would not mind it. And you know, father, we have always been friends." Poor Kirstin had taken her courage as it were in both hands, but her heart began to fail her.

"Who dares to say I am poor?" thundered out Michael. "I forbid you to speak to Morten Ranildsen again."

"As you please, father," said the girl, turning very pale; "only I must speak to him once more to say you have forbidden it—and, father, I have given him my troth, so I cannot marry any one else."

Michael spoke not a word more, but sat in fixed displeasure. The old man looked distressed, and gently shook his head. Kirstin wondered why he would not speak a word for her. No one tasted a morsel of supper, and Kirstin went to bed with a heavy heart, for she knew her father too well to hope that he would change his mind on the morrow.

For three days she went through her usual duties drearily: she saw nothing of Morten, and there was less discourse than ever between the three inmates of the cottage, which had been terribly silent ever since Karen's death. At last, one afternoon, as she was sitting at her spinning-wheel, a tap at the window made her look up. She saw Morten standing outside. He beckoned, and she went out to him. "Your father has forbidden me his house, so I was compelled to ask you to come out to me," he said.

"I know that," she replied, sadly.

"Do you know the cause of his rejecting me?"

"No, he explained nothing."

"There is a piece of ground that he and Claus Möller, my stepfather, both laid claim to. Had Karen lived I must have defended her rights, but now I have told your father I freely give up my claim. 'Then,' he replies, 'it will be Kirstin's, and she will be no portionless bride, and may look for something better than marriage with you.'"

Morten paused, and then said, "Kirstin, now you have heard all this, do you wish to withdraw your promise to me?"

"I don't think I quite understand," she said; "I must obey my father while he lives: I have told him that I am troth-plighted, and that I cannot marry any one else—and—and—you can wait for me, if you care to wait."

"Kirstin!" he exclaimed indignantly. But it is hardly worth while to chronicle more of their conversation; it ended with farewell, so Morten might be excused for making it as long as he could.

He left the Nissumfiord the same day; thus Kirstin's little romance came to a speedy conclusion, and life at the fisherman's cottage resumed its former dreary and monotonous course.

Mr. Nordenfelt had bade her fight her battle with a brave heart. Often did these words recur to Kirstin as she got up in the early morning and prepared for her daily round of cheerless toil. Books now were her only pleasure; her brother's letters, for some cause or other, came less frequently: Kirstin guessed it might be because her answers had so little in them to interest him; what had she to tell him after Karen's death? Morten's brief visit, and her own betrothal she did not like to write about. But to her, at least, Morten's love was a reality, and no dream of fancy; the entire trust she felt in it brought comfort, and after a time she began again to sing over her work, although in a quieter and less joyous tone than formerly.

Not long, however, lasted this season of peace. Old Magnus had long been growing weaker, and now he never left the house: his hands had no strength for work, his mind had lost all energy. He liked Kirstin to be near him, and could listen to her when any other exertion fatigued him. But when the pastor, at Kirstin's suggestion, came to see him, the old man could not take pleasure in his visits as he used during Karen's illness. He liked Kirstin to repeat hymns and portions of Scripture, and then his kindling eyes showed how much interest he took in certain verses, but he rarely made more than a brief answer to anything she said. Before the autumn rains began he sank visibly: there was no other appearance of decay than simply entire loss of strength. He was lifted out of bed and dressed every day to the last, and sat in the warmest corner of the kitchen. One night on being put into bed he bade God bless his Kirstin with unusual fervour. Kirstin got up in the course of the night, as was

her custom, to see if he wanted anything. He was lying so still she thought he was asleep, and stole softly back to avoid disturbing him. But in the morning he was found to have been dead some hours, his face wearing a placid look of perfect repose, his hands folded, his eyes closed: apparently he had died in the act of prayer.

Michael's feelings towards his daughter seemed somewhat softened by his father's death, and he spoke to her occasionally with as much tenderness as his nature was capable of. Hans, too, seemed to feel for his sister's loneliness, and wrote to her very kindly and affectionately. He inclosed some certificates from his masters, written apparently for the satisfaction of friends at home: they spoke of the youth as having shown abundant promise of future power. Kirstin was much pleased and comforted by her brother's thoughtfulness of her, and in answering, asked him if he could not make inquiries concerning Mrs. Ramsey: some one, she thought, must surely know the Scotch merchant who had placed Hans at school, and was, she believed, a frequent visitor at Copenhagen.

The morning after Kirstin had thus written, her father said to her, "Kirstin, did you know you had an aunt living at Old Skagen?"

"Yes, father, I know that mother's sister used to live there."

"She lives there still, and some time ago she sent me a message to the intent that she wished to see her sister's daughter, and that you must pay her a visit before winter. So get your clothes in order, and be ready to go next week."

Kirstin could hardly believe her ears. "But, father, I never saw her, and I never paid a visit in my life." No answer coming, she presently asked, "How long am I to stay?"

"A week, a month, as madam chooses. She is well off; she can afford to keep you."

"And are you going with me?"

"No, I don't live in other men's houses."

"And how can you do without me, father?"

"Very well: you might have gone before, only your grandfather wanted you."

"And nobody wants me now," thought Kirstin with a swelling heart. She prepared for her visit with anything but cheerful alacrity: funerals seemed to her more natural than visits. And how did she know that her aunt was really desirous to have her? She questioned

her father timidly the next day about this unseen relation, and learned that her aunt lived rather a solitary life; that her husband—a fisherman, but a man of substance, the owner of several vessels—had been dead some years; and that one of the two sons had been drowned at sea, the other generally absent on voyages.

"Your aunt is a rich woman," Michael added, "and can leave her money to whomsoever she chooses." Here he stopped short and relapsed into his usual taciturn mood, but Kirstin could guess that he hoped her aunt would take a fancy to her and leave her part of her savings. "He means it all for my good," she said with a sigh; that sigh meant "a little love, a little home-cheerfulness would be better than money."

Her next inquiry was, how she was to travel to Skagen: this, it seemed, was already settled. Her father would take her to Viborg, and there put her under the charge of a man from Aalborg, who on his return would take her in his cart so far, and show her how to get ferried over the Limesford, whence she might walk to her aunt's.

It was a curious conveyance, this cart which was to take her to Aalborg; it was drawn by two oxen, and could open and shut up: it was painted red, with blue and white flowers on it. The driver sold eels, but they were all disposed of before Kirstin took her seat beside him.

She had not expected to enjoy her expedition, yet she did enjoy it: there was so much pleasure in seeing trees and shrubs, such as will not grow near the sea. The time for blossoms and fragrance was past, but there was still foliage and much to delight the eye. The oxen drew the cart slowly, now over the brown heath, now through deep sand, and her companion, unlike Michael, was a regular Jutlander, jovial and talkative. Kirstin gratified him by her frankly-expressed pleasure in everything they passed. An old manor-house half hidden by trees, a green moat girdling it round, particularly struck her fancy; such a quaint round tower rising from the inner court! "Ah!" she exclaimed, "this is just what Mrs. Ramsey would have liked to sketch, how pretty it is!"

"Yes," rejoined her companion, briskly; "it is a pretty sight, isn't it? that milk-cart going over the bridge, with such big cans, and the milk slopping over! It is a nice thing to keep cows! and there's a lake under the beech trees full of fish: you may see the nets hanging

out to dry in the orchard. Ah! you keep your eyes open, don't you, Kirstin, Michael's daughter? You're one of the girls who found a golden horn, aren't you?"

"A bronze horn, not a golden one."

"Ah, well! I knew a man who, in Oxholme, a while ago, sank into a bog, and as he scrambled out, something clung round his leg; he thought it was a snake, but no, it was a thick, big gold ring such as a king might have worn round his neck. He sold it for five hundred dollars, and it is now in the king's museum; you had no such luck, had you? Do you see that brook? It is the Ry river: in some places it's so wide and deep a ship might sail in it, though here, you see, it's low and overgrown with reeds, and you may wade through it if you've a mind. But there's one place where it winds through the Wild Moor—you know the Wild Moor?—there it is very deep indeed, and there the river takes a man's life every year. Sometimes a year has been known to pass without any one being drowned in it, but then you may make sure that the next year two lives will be taken instead of one. And they say that just when the river craves its offering, which is always at sunset, a warning voice is heard rising out from the deep, and that this is repeated every night till a corpse has been found among the reeds; after that the river is silent."

Gloomy legends like this sound oddly from the lips of a jolly-looking fellow, and Kirstin felt more disposed to laugh at them than to shudder. She laughed outright when, on encountering a carriage occupied by tourists who inquired the way to Aalborg, her companion replied after this fashion: "Going to Aalborg, are you? And gentlefolks, excuse me, but where did you come from?"

"What is that to you?" was the natural rejoinder; "we want to get on farther before the rain which is coming wets us through."

"Yes, it will rain, certainly; it usually rains, or hails, or snows in Jutland; but what matter? the wind will dry your clothes, gentlefolks, in no time. I think you must be strangers."

"We want to know the way to Aalborg," repeated the spokesman of the party, impatiently.

"Yes, I can see the gentleman is an Englishman, he is in such a hurry, and possibly he comes from Mariager or from Aarhus? But I am going to Aalborg, so the gentleman has only to follow me, and his party will get there all right."

The stranger burst into something like an oath at the idea of his pair of high-stepping horses following in the wake of this ox-drawn cart, and the carriage rattled past them. "Yes, they are strangers," concluded Kirstin's companion; and so they certainly were, or they would have been more patient with a Jutlander's habit of parrying one question with another.

"People are changed at Aalborg since the time when the proverb ran, 'At Aalborg Sound end law and right;' there are good folk at Aalborg now."

"I hope so," rejoined Kirstin, "as I am to sleep there." And she had, in truth, no reason to complain of Aalborg hospitality, her conductor's wife received and entertained her kindly.

The rest of her journey, after crossing the Sümfiord in a ferry-boat, Kirstin performed on foot. As she approached the village to which she was bound, the sand became deeper than near the Nissumfiord at home. Still it was the same kind of scenery as that to which she was accustomed; first, the brown moor, varied with patches of yellow sand; then, having passed the moorland, only a wide expanse of sand, glistening like snow in the evening light. She could just discern the boats on the shore; the nets hung out to dry. All this was home-like. She entered the village, the sand (looser than it was at home) made it a positive toil to get on. Every cottage stood by itself on a square plot of ground—pretty, clean, striped dwellings, such as she was used to see, cheered her way, and she soon distinguished the Parsonage shut in by a tiny grove from the wind. Flocks of wild swans and sea-gulls flew overhead, their white feathers shining like silver in the light of the setting sun, their loud cry piercing the air.

Following the directions given her, she came to a long, low, one-storied house surrounded by a group of outhouses roofed by inverted boats, and where a few fragments of wreck, pieced together, provided pig-styes, while (as at home) long rows of fish, hung up on ropes to dry, fluttered to and fro in the wind. The strong scent of fish that pervaded the atmosphere around could not offend Kirstin's olfactory nerves, for she was used to it; the door of her aunt's house was before her: it was on the latch, so after a little hesitation, she first tapped and then entered.

A stout, comfortable-looking dame, in a frilled cap, spotlessly white, was seated at her spinning-wheel, the constant whirr, whirr making it

impossible for her to hear Kirstin's modest tap at the door. But the footfall of wooden shoes roused her attention, and she stopped her wheel as the girl approached her. Kirstin said shyly, "If you please, I am Kirstin, Michael's daughter," but she had no time or need to say more; "Welcome, my niece!" and a hearty salutation on the cheek prevented farther explanation. Kirstin was made to sit down on the wooden settle beside her aunt, and then followed questions about her journey, her father's health, her grandfather's death, her brother's schooling at Copenhagen, and then a minute examination of Kirstin's face, which was announced to be like her mother's. "But," continued her aunt, "there's a look of your father in you, niece." A pause ensued, and afterwards the good dame raised her voice imperiously, saying, "Maren and Metta, lazy girls, make haste and get the supper ready; my niece Kirstin, Michael's daughter, will be starved."

Maren and Metta, two comely, rosy maidens, appeared in double quick time, and eyed the new-comer with eager curiosity. "Shake hands with them, niece, and don't be proud," said the mistress, and Kirstin did as she was bid.

The supper was soon on the table, and very excellent it was; Kirstin, who had scarcely eaten anything since breakfast, satisfied her aunt by doing full justice to Skagen fare. The two maidens sat down with them, and also a farm-servant and a boy. Poor Kirstin soon felt very weary, for she had been afoot nearly all day. She could not rouse herself for conversation, and her aunt seeing this, patted her on the back, saying, "My child, you must sleep; you are tired out; we will make acquaintance to-morrow." She was indeed too sleepy to feel shy or strange in the little cabin-bed, not unlike those in Breton cottages, to which she was conducted. She fell asleep without even wondering, "How shall I like my aunt?"

(To be continued.)



THE RAVEN.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

CHAPTER OR CAW THE FIRST. .



THAT my family is generally reputed to be much given to croaking I am well aware. Indeed it is not without reason that we protest against the many sins laid to our charge. In fact, there is an old saying among men, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," which comes bitterly home to our race at times, as you will admit when you have heard what I have got to say. I am now going to indulge in a particular croak of my own respecting an occasion on which my character was most unjustly assailed. I shall never forget it, as it was the day on which our eldest daughter was married, or perhaps I ought to say, so as not to be misunderstood, the eldest daughter of my master, Farmer Griggs. My name is Niko, and any one who has travelled through Devonshire would know where to find me, as my fame has spread far and wide. I am on very good terms with all the family with whom I reside, who very properly think I am entitled to every consideration. However, on the memorable occasion above alluded to, I did get into a terrible scrape, which I will now proceed to relate, though I am suffering from a severe cold, which makes my voice rather husky and ruffles my otherwise very amiable disposition. It was at the "building season of the year" (this being by far the most natural way of expressing myself) that the following interesting and painful circumstances took place. I had taken my usual bath under the pump in the garden, and Griggs, for so I shall call my master, was walking about helping me to find sticks for building my nest, which I have been in the habit of doing or making every year for the sake of practice, though I never had an occasion to make any use of it, I am sorry to say. Presently I heard a chorus of voices, "Where's Niko? bring him here!"

"You had better not touch him, or he will give you such a peck with his strong beak," replied Griggs (who could not have expressed my feelings better had I prompted him what to say).

"Niko knows me very well," said Rebecca, in her pleasant, winning

voice; "Come, Niko! Niko! I want to make you very smart for to-morrow. A white rosette will look very handsome on your black feathers."

Rebecca's manner was so gentle that as she knelt down on the grass I could not do otherwise than obey her call, and with a "caw" of satisfaction approached her. While she measured the ribbon round my neck many times did I call aloud for "Charlie," whose name I had learnt to repeat from the many confidential conversations I had held with Rebecca. And this same Charlie was to be the hero of the next day's proceedings. He was a well-to-do young farmer living but a few miles distant from the Griggs, hence the intimacy which had sprung up between the two families; and though he possessed the surname of Glover, was always known and called by the more familiar name of Charlie.

The blushing Rebecca at last released me, and I was not sorry to be left once more to my own serious reflections and occupation, as I felt there was no time to be lost, as the season was advancing rapidly, and I knew that many of my neighbours had already completed their nests. But it was owing to their neglect of me that my character for honesty suffered. I am very well aware that I ought not to have picked up Emily Griggs' scarlet neck-ribbon, with the pretty little gold locket attached to it, but there it lay on the grass in the sunlight, and the temptation was irresistible. I got on famously with my nest, only stopping occasionally to say a word to the blue Iceland fox, and have a peck at him. I pitied his melancholy condition, being chained to his house or kennel, and thought it only kind to take some notice of him.

The door of my cage standing open, I retired to it early that night, being fatigued with my day's work, and had many pleasant dreams of the unfortunate little chickens who (decoyed to put their heads through the bars of my cage, by the little bits of potato I very artfully laid as a trap) soon came to an untimely end; but this happened some time ago, and when my cage stood in the farmyard; and though I like to remember that time, I think I had now better continue my story. You may be sure I was up betimes next morning, and left my cage to find more sticks. All the occupants of the house were equally early, and the preparations for the wedding absorbed their attention. I wandered about the garden, and when all the company had left to go to church, I made my way up the steps and into the

house. I was busily engaged picking a soft cushion to 'pieces for domestic purposes, when the front door was suddenly thrown open, and Charlie Glover rushed in without his hat, and in a great state of excitement. Mrs. Griggs, who had been much overcome by the excitement and preparations, had not accompanied the bridal party, but remained upstairs in her bed-room. "Oh! please what's the matter?" cried Mary, the general maid-of-all-work, nearly upsetting the junket which she was in the act of placing on the table when Charlie entered the room. "Oh, please can't I do nothing? I'll call missus directly," continued Mary, in great bewilderment, as Charlie rocked himself to and fro on a chair, or strode rapidly up and down the room, saying, "Where can it be? what could I have done with it?"

The clock was then heard to strike eleven, at which Charlie exclaimed, "It's too late; where's your mistress, Mary?" and rushing out of the room soon found his way upstairs.

But a few minutes elapsed, when Mrs. Griggs was heard calling, "Mary, Mary, make haste! come up directly!" Mary, who was all curiosity, did not need a second summons, but throwing down the cloth with which she was giving an extra polish to the plates ran upstairs. I hustled after her as quickly as I could, as I must confess to feeling some curiosity (though but a bird) to know the cause of this commotion, and for aught I could tell to the contrary, my assistance might have been required.

However, it was destined that my patience should be somewhat tried, for as I ascended the stairs, Charlie went past without taking any notice of me, only saying, "Thank you, mother! God bless you!" and left the house. Arrived at the door of Mrs. Griggs' room, I pecked at it with all my might, but received no answer. Disgusted with this treatment and want of consideration, I went out again into the garden, determined to forget this little annoyance in the pleasing task of building my nest. No sooner had I become immersed in this intensely interesting occupation, than I was disturbed by the return of the bridal party, who now, all smiles and merriment (though I could not help noticing, from Rebecca's tearful eyes, that she had been crying), came into the garden.

Thereupon I gave three prolonged "caws," and several repeated calls for "Charlie." This last worked a miracle with Rebecca, who laughed with the others at my appropriate style of congratulation,

and catching hold of the basket of wedding favours, she took up a rosette with a long piece of satin ribbon attached, and proceeded to tie it round my neck.

As Rebecca was in the act of knotting it, she jumped up suddenly (thereby nearly strangling me, and turning me blacker in the face than is my natural complexion, if I may be allowed to use the expression), exclaiming, "I should not be surprised if Niko know something about it."

"To be sure!" echoed a chorus of voices. "How was it we never thought of the raven before?—ravens always steal everything they can pick up."

Though I cannot say I understood one half of what they were talking about, I shall continue to repeat the conversation that followed, as you may be able to guess the meaning of it.

"Do you think it likely?" asked the bridegroom of Rebecca; "Niko is always kept shut up in his cage at night, and that is the only time I could have lost it. I cannot imagine it possible that he could have got at it."

"But he wasn't shut up last night," chimed in Rebecca's youngest brother John; "we forgot all about him; and I know he's building his nest somewhere, as Dad gave him some sticks yesterday, and he made off, in such a hurry with them."

"Does any one know where he is building?" asked Rebecca. No one giving a satisfactory answer to this question, a family council ensued, and it was resolved to hunt out my hiding-place as soon as possible. I felt dreadfully concerned at this, and remonstrated with ruffled feathers and a series of caws, but all to no purpose. However, I am happy to be able to tell you that their impertinent inspection of my nest had to be deferred, as they could not then succeed in finding it, and were obliged to go into the house to breakfast.

"But where did you put the ring last night?" questioned the farmer's wife, as she ladled out the junket.

"In my trousers pocket," replied honest Charles, "where I have kept it during the past week."

"Was it not dreadful for poor Rebecca!" said a sympathetic female friend, seated at the table. "Just as the parson was about to begin the ceremony he asked for the ring, and was obliged to stop, as Charles hadn't got it; Charlie had to run off home to find it, and poor

Rebecca sat down and cried all through the morning service till he returned."

I was listening to all that was said, at the open window, and here gave a "caw" of satisfaction, as I felt some one ought to speak, and it was quite my wish to show Rebecca some sympathy for the very forlorn picture she must have presented in the church. A shout of laughter from the company assembled succeeded my "caw," which I thought was very ill-timed on their part.

Farmer Griggs and his family being a very homely, quiet set of people, the neighbours and all soon dispersed after the conclusion of the breakfast, congratulating each other that the wedding really took place *that day*, though had not Rebecca's mother lent Charlie Glover her ring, the ceremony would not have *then* been concluded. Many and hearty were the good wishes given as the young couple got into the spring cart, hired for the occasion, and Charlie Glover drove off to his farm, promising to call round next day and tell of their safe journey home.

CHAPTER OR CAW THE SECOND AND LAST.

AND call round again he certainly did next morning, and much earlier than any one expected to see him; but it was to bring the astonishing piece of news, which I received with an open beak, that he had discovered the lost ring in his boot! and so my character was cleared of the dreadful charge of theft, never before or since brought against it. For when Emily Griggs found her scarlet neck ribbon and locket in my nest, she only blamed herself for having left it about. So ends my story; the moral of which is, though you may give a dog a bad name, *don't* hang him till you are quite sure he deserves to be hanged.



PRINCE BOOHOO AND THE DIVING BELL.



HE was much better for the powder. Of course it was a very awkward thing for any boy, let alone a prince, to have his head full of strawberry jam instead of brains. Every day there were bulletins in the "Times," in large letters, telling the people how the jam was going out and the brains coming back. The editor of the "Court Circular," who was known among his friends to be cousin to the wife's uncle's brother-in-law of the Grand Master of the Waterbutt, bought a pot of strawberry jam at Fortnum and Mason's, and had it emptied into a golden basin with a crystal cover, and said it had come out of the Prince's head. And the medical newspapers were full of essays on the process which was employed in effecting the Prince's cure. At last he was quite cured, and began to do his lessons again. But as the Queen had spoilt him while he was being dosed by Dr. Pilsandrux, he found it very hard to give his attention to his books.

He had professors from all the universities in the world staying in the palace. Each had a suite of rooms to himself, and they dined with the royal family by turns. But though the Prince had thus the advantage of their conversation, and though the King sometimes made them all talk at once about everything for hours together, before the Prince, in hopes that something might be said which he would attend to, he learnt nothing, because he attended to nothing.

At last the professor of homœopathy suggested that as the cause of the confusion in the Prince's brain might be traced to the fairy, perhaps he might be induced to learn if she could be found to teach him.

But how to find her was the question. The professors met in the library every morning for six months, and discussed different ways in which she should be searched for. First they advertised in the second column of the "Times," offering a reward of 500,000,000*l.* to any one who would bring her to the palace. But the King was angry, and said this was rather too much. Then they put an advertisement in, saying that if she would call at the office of the Solicitor for the Mint she would hear of something greatly to her advantage. Then they

sent a description of her to all the police stations, and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, so that she might be taken into immediate custody if found. But they could not find her, and the Prince cried so loud that the royal family and the professors and the soldiers on guard at the palace had to wear cotton in their ears lest they should grow deaf.

At last the Regius Professor of Chemistry suggested that as the fairy went away in a soap bubble, perhaps they could find her in one.

Then the King set all the bells in the town ringing for joy, and let all the prisoners everywhere out of prison, and gave the Victoria Cross to the Professor of Chemistry, and bought the Queen a brand new crown at Howell and James's, and had a large tub of soap-suds set on the grass-plot for the professors to blow bubbles from.

It was one fine Wednesday morning when all the professors, in court dresses and cocked-hats, first stood round the tub with long new clay pipes to blow bubbles, in hopes of finding the fairy in one. And they blew every morning and afternoon for a fortnight. Such numbers of bubbles rose up from the palace gardens, that you might see them, like steam, from all the country, miles around. But there was no fairy in any of them. They only made the pavements in the streets so slippery where they fell and burst, that the whole of the papers were filled with accounts of accidents, and meetings, and letters complaining of the state of the roads.

Indeed, matters grew so serious, and the funds went down so low, that thousands expected a revolution when they got up in the morning. But there were only larger editions of the papers, with more speeches, letters, and accidents in them.

Things were in this state when a little old man, dressed like a tinker, in corduroy breeches and plush waistcoat, with large mother o' pearl buttons, and a hair-cap, rang the front door bell at the palace. Just then the Prime Minister happened to be changing the cotton in his ears, so he heard the bell ring. When he opened the door, he thought the old man was the head of a mob, and ran off to the library for a copy of the Riot Act to disperse him without uttering a word, for he was very discreet, and did not like to say anything which might turn out to be unconstitutional.

When he came back the tinker had laid his cap on the floor, and was sitting on one of the hall chairs. Before the Prime Minister

could find his place in the Riot Act and begin, he got up and said: "Now look here, young man" (he thought it was the footman), "and just hear me. I'm the king of the gipsies, and naterally knows the queen of the fairies, leastwise the grandmother, whom you are after. I've heerd all about it. Lor bless you, sir! we reads the papers, we gipsies does. My missis says to me this morning, she says, why don't you go and get that 'ere reward."

"But you must produce the fairy," said the Prime Minister, taking a copy of the "Times" out of his pocket, and turning to the advertisement.

"I can't do that," said he, "but I'll tell you where she bides. I suppose you'll stand something handsome for that?"

"You must speak to the Chancellor of the Exchequer about this matter," said the Prime Minister. "He'll settle with you." So he took the old man to the pantry, where the Chancellor of the Exchequer was just then counting the spoons. Then he put the cotton back into his ears, and after hanging the Riot Act up on its peg under the almanack in the library, where it was kept handy, returned to the garden in which the Prince was crying, the professors were blowing bubbles, and the King, with his spectacles on, was reading the newspaper in an arm-chair under a tree, and grumbling at the people for grumbling at him.

"Stop!" said the King, pushing his crown away. And all the professors stopped; but as the Prince thought that he could do no wrong he went on crying. So he was told, and unfortunately he believed it.

"Be off!" said the King, throwing down the paper, and getting up out of his arm-chair and stamping. "The more I have of you the less the Prince learns. Be off!" So they laid down their pipes, and made low bows, and all walked backwards out of the garden. Then the King kicked the tub of suds down, threw the pipes over the garden wall, sat down in his chair, found his place in the newspaper, put his crown straight, took a pinch of snuff, wiped his spectacles, and went on reading.

He had not read far before the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought the tinker into the garden. He had bargained with him to tell where the fairy lived for a five-pound note, a keg of brandy, and half a hundred-weight of cavendish tobacco.

"Well," said the King, "and what do *you* want?"

"Please your majesty, I have ascertained from this person where the fairy is. He says she is sitting at the bottom of the sea spinning petticoats for mermaids from old cables and seaweed, and making playthings for young whales out of coral-beds and sunken ships' bells. I have made inquiries of the Submarine Telegraph Company, and find his information to be substantially correct."

"Well, then," said the King, "order him a pint of beer and let him go."

But he was obliged to give the tinker what the Chancellor of the Exchequer had promised, for constitutional kings are responsible for the acts of their ministers.

So the tinker put the five-pound note in one of his stockings, borrowed a wheelbarrow, which he never returned, of the head gardener, and wheeled off the tobacco and brandy. I am sorry to say that when, being king of the gipsies, he gave a great entertainment that night on Cut-throat Common, his subjects stole all that they did not drink and smoke. And the next day the tinker was brought up before the police magistrate for being drunk and assaulting a constable, and had to pay in fines all that was left of the five pounds. So his enjoyment of the reward was short, and not sweet. But he got the pint of beer which the king ordered, and the wheelbarrow, which he sold for seven and sixpence, when he had scraped off the king's name and royal arms which were painted upon it.

When the Prince heard that the fairy had been found, he cried so loud that the King sent a troop of Horse Guards to the Polytechnic to fetch the diving bell which was there, in order that she might be dived for at once and brought to the palace. But the professor of the Polytechnic, naturally hurt at hearing of the treatment the professors had received at the palace, and suspecting that the Horse Guards would not know a diving bell when they saw one—for it was not in their department—sent instead the last new electrical machine, loaded to the muzzle, and carefully wrapped up in whitey-brown paper.

The King was mightily pleased to get this parcel, and had it laid on the table in the library. Then he rang the bell, and desired the Grand Master of the Waterbutt to fetch the Prime Minister at once, and request the attendance of H.R.H. Prince Boohoo.

When they came he asked the Prince if he knew what it was on the table.

"No," said he. "Is it anything to eat?"

"Eat!" replied the King. "Why, it's a diving bell."

Then the Prince began to cry.

"Poor dear!" said the Queen, who had just come into the room; "you see how nervous he is. The least thing upsets him. You are too hasty, Starsungarturz."

"Stuff!" said the King. "Hold your tongue." Then he gave the Prime Minister a dig in the ribs, crying out, "Come now, wake up! Don't you see I'm waiting for you to undo the parcel? Be alive! Hey! Jump about!"

And they *did* jump about, for there came a shock out of the parcel directly the Prime Minister began to untie it, which made their hair stand on end, and the cotton fly out of their ears like soda-water corks.

The Prime Minister, indeed, was blown so flat against the wall that he stuck there, and couldn't be got off again. So they put a frame round him, and he served as a picture, and looked very well when they had got the President of the Royal Academy to paint a background to him.

However, the King was very angry, and ordered the Polytechnic to be pulled down when he had really taken the diving bell out of it. And he cut off the heads of the directors, and made lamps of their skulls all down the street, as a warning to people not to play tricks with him any more.

Of course this didn't please the people. It made them melancholy. And the lamps blew out, for neither the King nor the vestry would be at the expense of putting glass into the eye-holes.

But about the diving bell. When at last the Prince got it, he wouldn't let it out of his sight, and wanted to take it to bed with him; but the Queen said it could never be properly aired, and wouldn't let him have it to play with in bed lest he should catch cold.

So it stood in the middle of the library table, wrapped up in whitey-brown paper, till the First Lord of the Admiralty, who had the gout, grew well enough to go out in the Great Eastern and take soundings, so that he might put a buoy over the place where the fairy was sitting. At last he got everything settled, and came back to fetch the diving bell. The Prince cried so much to be allowed to see the fairy brought up that the King and Queen were glad to humour him, though they made a great favour of it.


"Now be sure," said the Queen, "that if you go down in the bell you take some dry stockings with you, lest you should get your feet wet."

"Whew!" said the King, when the Prince was gone; "I'll go to bed, and see if I can get a little sleep." So they laid a quantity of sawdust all round the palace, and muffled the bells, and tied up the knocker, and stopped all the clocks from striking, and hanged all the organ-grinders, and poisoned all the cats in the neighbourhood; and the King, after winding up his watch, and drinking a gallon of treacle posset, got into bed and went fast asleep for a week. And every night and day the Grand Master of the Waterbutt lay on the doormat, outside the King's room, and although he had his meals and the paper brought to him regularly, he didn't like it.

(To be continued.)

WALTER JOSEPH; OR, THE NAME REGAINED.

(Continued.)

 HE lady of the castle did not conduct her grandson, in his present ruffled state, into the presence of her husband. She rightly judged that he had better be combed and brushed, clothes and all, before he made a second appearance before Sir Hugh. She therefore followed Hannah. Oh! what wonders of interest and delight attracted the boy's attention as they walked through the halls and up the staircase. The range of gaudy fire-buckets, the fowling-pieces, the stags' horns, the two splendid dogs in the inner hall; the staircase of black carved oak, the heraldic emblems everywhere; he was quite lost in wonder. But when he reached his own room his delight burst into open rapture.

"Oh! what a jolly room! and what a fireplace! I could get up that chimney."

"I devoutly hope you won't!" exclaimed Hannah to herself; "I must mind about the spring, I see."

"And that window,—why, there's a whole little room in the window-place! Is all this wall? so wide as this? Why! I can't reach across it. Just see! why is this wall so wide then? and the window, what is the matter with the window? how queer it looks!"

"It is painted glass, with the light inside," answered his grandmother; "but ask Hannah to get you ready, and I will take you downstairs."

"Are you Hannah?" inquired the boy, as Lady de Brackenburgh left the room. "Do you know all about this wonderful, beautiful place? Oh! I wish you'd show it all to me," continued Joe, devouring the marvels around him, with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Am I Hannah? 'deed I should think I was. A deal Mr. James must have told him about the old home!" This was aside; then aloud she answered, "Yes, young master; I know all about the family and the old castle,—all the old stories and the new. I was here before your father was born, and I can tell you more stories than ever you heard in your life before."

"Really?" said the boy slowly, apparently awakening to the idea that this ancient servant was as uncommon as everything else in this strange home; "when can you tell me these stories? will you begin now?"

"No, sir, not now. Remember Sir Hugh waits for you downstairs, and you must be tidied to go down with my lady. You must not keep Sir Hugh waiting. He is a very great gentleman, almost grander than any nobleman, with his old castle and his old ancestors." Hannah paused. Then she thought she had better take advantage of the impression that her words ought to have made, so she continued: "and he was naturally, very naturally indeed, I may say, surprised to see one of them, that will be Sir Hugh one day—no! Sir Walter, the more's the pity—a-shaking himself out of that horsecloth to-night." These last words were uttered in a lower tone. It was Hannah's first attempt at the young master's tuition, and she felt doubtful how far she might go.

Joe did not understand her at all at first, so entirely unconscious was he of having offended. At last he remembered his nice nap in the carriage, and said, "Oh! but that was so comfortable, you can't think, Hannah; and I was so cold till I found the rug—only it smelt a little fusty and musty to be sure—I did enjoy my sleep though—and it was so funny waking up here at the door: it was just like a dream. But oughtn't I to have got up? and oh! was that my grandpapa, that old man who walked away so fast? I suppose he was afraid of the cold," concluded Joe.

"It's no good," thought Hannah; "maybe he'll get over it in time;" but whether it meant his name, or the nap, or the arrival, or what else,

Hannah did not explain. And as the lady called them just then, no more words were said. Joe hurried through his toilet, and turning out a very different, and much more presentable little lad than he had looked on his arrival, joined his grandmother on the stairs, and proceeded with her to the dining-room.

A most comfortable, old-fashioned room it was, and by the large fire sat Sir Hugh, diligently reading his newspaper. He heard the door open, and guessed who was entering by it. But he was altogether too much annoyed to turn round and look.

"Go and speak to your grandfather, my love," said Lady de Brackenburgh to her grandson, fearing much what his reception might be.

But Joe had no fear. He had been too much accustomed to kindness all his life to doubt receiving it now; and was too entirely unconscious of ill-doing to expect any blame.

He at once crossed the room, and planted himself at Sir Hugh's knees, leaning against his chair as he had been accustomed to do by his own father's. Finding himself still unnoticed, he stole one hand into Sir Hugh's, and with the other gently pushed aside the paper, peeping round it with so bright a smile, and speaking with a voice so gentle, that Sir Hugh at once laid down his paper, and began to inspect the boy.

"How do you do, grandpapa?" began Joe, a little surprised, perhaps a little shy at this cool greeting. "I am Joe. Papa said he thought you would be glad to see me. He sent his love to you——"

"Ha! and did your mamma too?" inquired Sir Hugh.

"No. She said you did not know her. But don't you, grandpapa, at all?"

Sir Hugh grunted; but his hand closed upon little Joey's, and his eyes still continued their inspection of his face. Joe bore the gaze without shrinking, indeed he was engaged in a similar examination of his grandfather. Something in Sir Hugh's face reminded him of his own father, and he was busily tracing out the resemblance and the difference, when Sir Hugh broke the silence by the question—"And what did you do in the carriage rug, sir?"

"What?" said Joey, bringing his thoughts together; "oh! why I was so cold; it is so cold here, grandpapa."

"But, my boy, had you no wraps then?"

"No; none, grandpapa; the rats ate my great-coat in the ship, and so I had none."

"But why didn't you ask the men for one?"

"Ask the men!" exclaimed Joe, in such a tone of astonishment and dismay that Sir Hugh's displeasure gave way to amusement, and he burst into an explosion of laughter as hearty as to his wife's ears it was musical. It was accompanied by an action, which Joe interpreted to mean that he might scramble upon his lap—an invitation that he accepted directly, seating himself there in perfect comfort, and basking in the fire.

Sir Hugh soon began his inquiries again, starting on his other grievance.

"So you are Walter Joseph, you imp, are you? Your mother ought to have known better than to give you such names, only she knows nothing about it, I suppose!"

"Mamma does not like my name," said Joey.

"Which name?" inquired Sir Hugh.

"Why, Walter; but I think it is a very pretty name."

"Do you? you are only half a de Brackenburgh; your mother does not like it then; why not?"

Joey was silent.

"Why not?" demanded his grandfather; "answer me, sir," he exclaimed, as Joe still continued silent.

"Answer Sir Hugh, my dear," said Lady de Brackenburgh.

"Because," said Joey, his face reddening and his voice quivering—"because she said one day that papa ought not to have called me Walter because it was a bad name, and that papa was wrong to give it me."

"And does she often call papa wrong?" asked Sir Hugh, not altogether pleased that any one should blame his son but himself—"does she often call papa wrong?"

"My dear Sir Hugh!" interposed his wife.

"She can't," replied Joe, solemnly, "because she doesn't think so. She never thought so, *else*," continued he, relieved at having confessed the only difference he had ever heard between his parents, "so she couldn't say so."

Joe had sat bolt upright for a minute or so. Now an accidental movement of Sir Hugh's threw him forward across the backs of two noble hounds, who had entered with him from the back hall, and were now stretched before the fire.

Of course both dogs sprang hastily up, and faced the sprawling boy

with looks of inquiry. "Oh! I say," cried he; "well, you needn't look at me. Ask him how I got here. I never asked to be here."

"They won't bite, they won't hurt!" exclaimed both grandparents hastily.

"Oh! I'm not afraid, I'm not a bit afraid," returned the boy, as he rose, and caressed the hounds; "they are beauties, they ought to live here."

"Why?" inquired Sir Hugh.

"Because it is all so wonderful and so beautiful," said Joey; and he began a hearty game of play with the dogs. Sir Hugh took up his newspaper no more. He sat watching and enjoying his grandson's gambols with those huge hounds. His displeasure had evidently vanished for the present, to the unspeakable relief of his wife.

Indeed, considering all circumstances, the advent of Joe Brackenburgh in the castle of his forefathers had been a decided success.

Joe's supper came early, and his bedtime likewise.

The next day he spent in an inspection of the castle under Hannah's care. He was a most agreeable listener and sight-seer. His wonder and rapture knew no bounds. Every corner into which she would take him, he eagerly explored; and to every story she told him he listened "with all his ears." To the story of the renegade Walter particularly, he paid the utmost heed, making Hannah describe again and again the scene before the great entrance of the castle, on that eventful morning when the old baronet found that his son had power to draw away half his tenantry from his banner.

"At this great door; was it here? Just in front, under this window?" asked Joe eagerly one evening, as Hannah was putting him to bed, about a week after his arrival. And Joe, as he spoke, tried to peer out of his lattice into the dark.

"Yes; just down there, right in front, Master Joseph. That old oak there—only you can't see it now—is called Walter's Oak, because there he stood—the bad man!—and dared Sir Hugh, as he rode up and down, swearing at him for his villainy," cried the energetic Hannah, working herself up into a fury of indignation. Nor was Joey behind her in wrath.

"And where did the old Sir Hugh go then, after he was conquered?" inquired he.

"No one knows," replied Hannah, mysteriously. "They say that there are passages in the walls that lead to rooms and hiding-places

in the turrets and about, and that he hid in some of them, and only came out when he wanted food. Then he used to creep out by night, and wander about, taking bread and meat where he could find them. They say he used, from his hiding-places, to hear his son cursing him in his feasts;—then, when all the guests were gone, he would come out, and eat the broken bits and crumbs left. They found his belt upon the stairs one night. Our Sir Hugh has hung it up in the dining-room."

"In a glass case?"

"Yes; the poor old gentleman must have dropped it as he passed one night."

"But how could he get in and out?" inquired Joe.

"Oh!" explained Hannah, warming with her tale, "there are spring doors in the walls in two or three places; several, I believe. Let me see! One in the back passage; one in the white chamber, that's two; one downstairs, in the passage near the servants' hall, that's three; one here, four——"

"Here! where?" exclaimed Joe.

"No, no, no, I couldn't say here," echoed Hannah, with equal eagerness; "besides, if there were, you never could find it, Master Joseph. Nobody knows anything of them, except Sir Hugh and a few besides; and they never would tell, indeed they wouldn't! Master Joseph, my dear; and those passages are so awful lonesome and dark, my dear, indeed they be," pursued she, in great anxiety, for it was just then *borne in* upon her that the spring Joe would find, and into the passages he would go. "And indeed, my dear boy," added she, to heap horror upon darkness and lonesomeness, "they do say—and I wouldn't take upon me to say it wasn't true—they do say that that Roundhead spy goes careering round them passages by night and day. Oh, my dear, 'tis awful to think of!"

Roundhead spy, darkness, horror, what cared Joe? the more she protested to the contrary, the more sure he felt that a spring door existed in his wall somewhere. And he believing that, her alarm was well founded. Nothing would please Joe like such a voyage of discovery to the old cavalier's haunts. There was certain proof that Sir Hugh had died abroad; but a wild tradition existed among the country people, and was more than half believed by Hannah herself, that he had perished with hunger between the walls, and that the awful nightly chase would never cease until his remains were discovered, and due honours

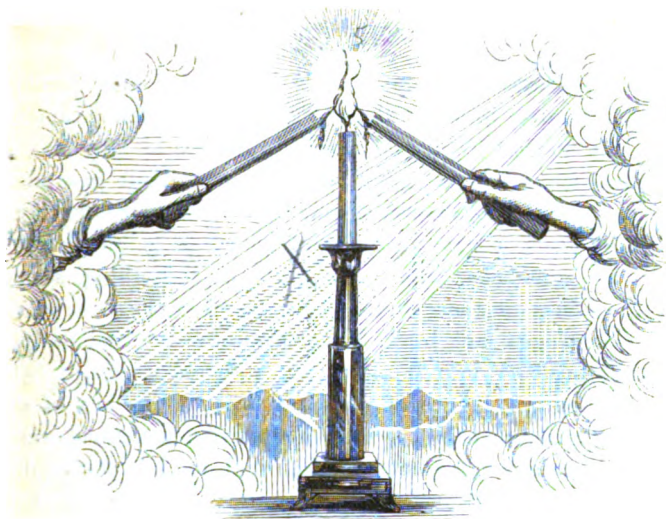
paid to them. High respect would of course be the reward of any person bold enough to search for them. But the bare idea that her young master should become involved in such horrors was alarming to her in the highest degree. So by every means, short of a downright lie, she sought to retract her unfortunate admission that a spring door was to be found in the oriel chamber.

Joe was entirely unconvinced. The information thus given by chance was far too exciting to admit of its escaping him so easily. He saw through all Hannah's endeavours to throw him off the scent. But he suffered her to go on, until, hoping she had effected her object, she began some other story far enough removed from all dangerous ground. This she continued until he was undressed and in bed. Then she tucked him in, put out his candle (heedfully carrying off his matches), kissed him, and turned to leave, just, however, undoing all the work she hoped she had effected, by observing, "Now don't think any more of those nasty passages, Master Joseph, now don't. You'd be killed in them, for certain, if you got in. Do go to sleep, and not think."

"I wish I could be sure he wouldn't then,—ay! and find it out too. I could bite my old tongue off—I could," muttered poor Hannah to herself, as she closed the door behind her.

Go to sleep, and not think!—a most unlikely thing. Long, indeed, was it before the boy's eyes closed. His imagination was full of the scene she had been painting. The fiery Sir Hugh on his prancing steed, with his drooping plumes and his flowing hair; the fierce, determined Walter under the oak, growing more stern, more hard as he bore the storm of fury that his father was hurling at him. Then the picture reversed; the son in possession of all, lord of the castle, master of the tenants; and his father lurking about, hiding here, hiding there, stealing forth to feed on his son's leavings, an unwilling listener to his curses. In the wall, in the wall; to be sure it was wide enough; but rooms, and passages, and hiding-places! oh! that Joe could but get in! A spring door in that very chamber! Suppose any one should come out! but no, *nonsense*. He must find it to-morrow. But how? and where? Joe puzzled and puzzled for a long time, how the passages could run, and in which direction the wider walls went, until at last he fell asleep. But only to dream that he was seated on a horse to follow Sir Hugh, but that he was held back for the Roundheads by his son.

(To be continued.)



“WITHOUT LOSING ITS OWN LIGHT.”

TS thy light less or worse for lighting mine?” sings our English emblemist, Francis Quarles, though upon a different emblem, viz., a light shut up in a dark lantern. *That* shows what we ought not to do; *this* what we ought. But observe, the lesson taught here is not only or exactly that we are to let our light shine before men, but that we are to share it with them. What does this light symbolize then, which we can share with others without diminution to ourselves? Not worldly goods, since what we give of them to others we are losers by ourselves; but spiritual advantages—light intellectual in all its branches, human and divine, which whoever possesses can enrich his neighbours without impoverishing himself. This, for good or for evil, is the power of the word. Is it enough thought about or made use of in the intercourse of society?

EDITOR.

ANECDOTES OF ROBINS.



HE readers of "Aunt Judy's Magazine" may perhaps be interested in the following facts, which lately came under my notice. Whilst on a visit in Sussex in May last, I was calling on some neighbours, and in going over their grounds, was shown, in a small greenhouse, a robin's nest, most compactly built and skilfully concealed in the midst of a box of geranium cuttings. Though the greenhouse was constantly visited, nothing seemed to disturb the robins at their work; but soon after the nest was completed and two eggs laid in it, the plants were required for potting out, and the gardener, loth to disturb his feathered guests, transferred the nest, during the absence of the birds, into another box of similar size and shape, and placed it in the same position as the one originally chosen by the robins. They returned, as usual, to their nest again, and when I saw it, it contained six lovely little eggs, which I have no doubt were duly hatched in course of time, as great precautions were taken not to disturb Mrs. Robin while she was sitting.

At the same time I was told by a lady who had seen it, that the previous year, a robin had built its nest, and hatched three young ones, in a carriage belonging to a gentleman residing near Brighton, who was in the habit of using it daily to drive into the town, a distance of seven miles, whither the robin always accompanied it, steadily sitting on her nest the whole time.

PEG.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



AUNT JUDY'S heart aches for "Blanche," who seeks employment in the way of copying manuscripts, documents, &c. Application had best be made to one or two publishers, who may possibly give information if they cannot themselves help. Alas! that the "riches of the liberality" of England is not yet turned in the direction of preventing that stigma on the national profession of

faith—pauper clergy! With regard to "Blanche's" capabilities, we can only say it would be no small boon to both *editors* and *printers* were all MSS. transcribed in her admirably clear and legible hand. Authors even would benefit, for they may rest assured that a scrawled or feebly-written MS., one in pale ink or on blue paper, has an element of rejection on the very face of it. [This was unfortunately too late for insertion in May.]

"K. W." Draughtsmen, small boxes of many shapes—miniature candlesticks for dolls' houses, barrels for holding thimbles, &c., &c. Would not a visit to the "German Fair" suggest hundreds of little knick-knacks, which could be turned on a small lathe?

"Anne Collins" asks us to insert her inquiry, "Where can she get foreign stamps?" If she means old ones, of course they can only be had from people who have foreign correspondents.

"Lily" asks, "What is the origin of Easter eggs?" We answer her by a cutting from "Notes and Queries" of the date 1850, as we know of no other explanation: "*Easter eggs*.—The custom of presenting eggs at Easter is too well known to need description; but perhaps few are aware that, like many other customs of the early church, it had its origin in Paganism.

"Sir R. K. Porter (Travels,* vol. i., p.316) mentions that at a period of the year corresponding to Easter, the 'Feast of Nooroose, or of the waters,' is held, and seems to have had its origin prior to Mahometanism. It lasts for six days, and is supposed to be kept in commemoration of the Creation and the Deluge—events constantly synchronised and confounded in pagan cosmogonies. At this feast eggs are presented to friends in obvious allusion to the Mundane egg, for which Ormuzd † and Ahriman ‡ were to contend till the consummation of all things.

"When the many identities which existed between Druidism and Magianism are considered, we can hardly doubt that this Persian commemoration of the Creation originated our Easter eggs.—G. J."

"E. J. B." "Home they brought her warrior dead" is the first line of one of the songs in Tennyson's "Princess"

* In Persia.

† The Principle of Good.

‡ The Principle of Evil.

(p. 136, Moxon's edition). Aunt Judy is always glad to help a kind young friend: an appreciating one, too, in this case.

"R. R." You mean interesting religious tales for *young girls*? Well, there are plenty more, by the authors of the two books you name—"The Daisy Chain" and "Amy Herbert." You cannot go wrong with any of them. Try "The Experience of Life," by Miss Sewell. "Ministering Children," by Miss Charlesworth, is even more appropriate for Sunday reading still; and abundance of such literature is coming out daily. Aunt Judy has also no hesitation in recommending "Melchior's Dream, and other Tales," and "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances" (Bell and Daldy), as writings for the young of the highest purpose, and deeply interesting; equally fit for holy days and work days.

"Goldfinch" wants to be told of some good subjects for "Tableaux vivants" for five or six children; also the dresses. Aunt Judy can give no information on such matters.

"Marietta." We hope we have secured the author you admire for a future occasion. You would be disappointed were Aunt Judy to attempt it. We rejoice at your appreciation of the fun in "Benjy."

"May-flower" wants to know of any new story books about girls at school.

"Beatrix, or Tricksey." Surely you can find some acquaintance on your side the Channel able to advise you from experience. If not, send for "Bechstein on Caged Birds." Aunt Judy cannot open her pages to questions upon the rearing of canaries.

"Trixy's" former letter must have been mislaid: but she asked such impossible things! For "some regular Christmas ghost stories," and to have the magazine made a "*Christmas Annual*."

Aunt Judy knows no "Annual" but "Old Merry's."

"† M." asks if any one can recommend a book to a governess for catechising her pupils upon the lessons of the day, or upon the second lessons only; or a book of notes from which she could prepare questions.

"Hetta" is by no means rude, but Aunt Judy sincerely hopes her questions do not refer to any contribution of her own. There are three spelling blunders inside the short note and one out. She uses the word *excepted* for *accepted* more-over. Most certainly the remuneration does not depend on Aunt Judy knowing the author.

"Dorothea and Jenny Wren." But for your appreciation of "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances," I should think you were "poking fun" at your aunt. An editor is not necessarily either a dress-maker to choose you a "becoming" dress, or a posture-mistress to advise special gymnastics, or a bird and beast fancier to tell you how to feed your pets. Aunt Judy is none of these. However, Dorothea wants another and amusing pet. Let her try an Australian "laughing jackass" (she needn't be alarmed, it's not a quadruped), and when the "wet half-holiday" sets in, let her laugh at the jackass till it laughs back to her, and then there will be a pair of them. As to a cure for idleness let her try a dose of hard work.

And why does Dorothea ask for another story by the author of Mrs. Overtheway? Has she not seen several others since?

"Gyp's Mistress." "The Hospital wards are open to all visitors *daily* (Sundays excepted) from 2 to 4 o'clock.

"Medical duties occupy the *morning*, childrens' and nurses' meals till nearly 2 o'clock, so that from that hour until 4 o'clock, when the tea is brought up, the children are free, and the nurses

comparatively so too. The parents and friends of the children visit on *Wednesday* afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock, when the wards are rather crowded, but we do not exclude visitors on that account.—S. WHITFORD."

"A. E. W." has been told that at court banquets in Denmark two of the king's attendants wear as a head-dress a sort of mitre, the hollow of which is filled with bouquets of natural flowers. This head-dress is said to have been in use from the earliest times. Can any of our readers throw light upon the custom, and trace its origin? The office of the two attendants is to carry messages, or dishes from the king to any one he wishes to honour.

"A. E. W." also asks the precise cost of supporting a Cot at the Children's Hospital, and as we had some reason to believe the 30*l.* originally named was inadequate, we have applied to the Secretary for exact information. His answer is as follows: "When the idea of inviting aid for separate Cots was first started, we thought the sum might be stated at about 30*l.* per annum, but it was found this was under the real cost, which (*exclusive* of office expenses, advertisements, and festival expenses) amounts to 40*l.*; but with those necessary items to 48*l.*—in round numbers 50*l.*, which is considerably less than many of the London hospitals." One of the great expenses of the Children's Hospital is the number of nurses required. The festival expenses, the treats at Christmas, and on other occasions, are quite a peculiarity of this hospital, and many of those who have long gone home return to share in them; but who could have the heart to put a stop to this humanising kindness for the sake of saving a few pounds per annum?

We fear we failed to correct an error, long ago pointed out; in our last August Cot list, "Nixey," Paris, 1*s.*, should have been, "Trixy," Paris, 1*s.*

A heavier item was misplaced last month. The "Ditto for Margaret, 10s.," which stands below "Susan and Harriet" (p. 447), should have been under, "An Easter offering from well wishers in Jersey, 10s.;" the two donations came together.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

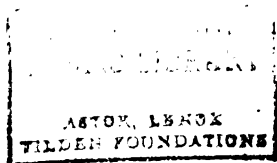
Johnny S— continues tenant of the "Aunt Judy's Cot;" the medical report of him is favourable; he is gradually progressing, and although he will most probably remain many weeks under treatment, it is hoped that a still more favourable account of him will be rendered next month. All cases like his, that of excision of the knee-joint, are necessarily protracted. Johnny has learned to look at the "Aunt Judy's Cot," and the pretty coloured dressing-gown, with very different feelings from those which at first caused him so much unnecessary alarm, even to turning "pale," as mentioned last month. Very gratifying levées of sympathising readers of the Magazine have been held around his Cot, and kind hopes expressed that his pain is not "very bad" now. He is delighted with the presents of flowers sent him, and was highly gratified, on the first days of May, by a beautiful bouquet from among many bunches of flowers and fresh cowslips, sent for the patients—marked "The prettiest bunch for little Johnny the Aunt Judy's Cot Patient." With the same gift was also a paper written by the "young flower gatherers," hoping that their "London cousins would now be able to make some cowslip balls." Very hearty thanks are due to the unknown "Young flower gatherers" for the great pleasure afforded by their thoughtfulness: many other young friends also have helped to make the wards gay with spring flowers.

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to May 16th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
Nelly, May, Annie, and Charlie Maxwell, St. Petersburg	0	3	0
"Max"	0	1	0
"In the beloved name and memory of A. C. A. M." (annual)	1	1	0
Isabel, Nellie, Florence, Emily, Alice, and a friend at Bourne-mouth	0	15	6
Florence Newsom, The Vinery, Bury St. Edmunds (collected)	0	10	3
G. S. Loyd, 16 Grosvenor Place (collected)	0	10	0
"Henry"	0	1	9
Daisy and Lillie (collected)	0	12	9
"Little Nina"	1	15	0
"Daphne"	0	5	0
I. H. S. K., 5s., Lucy Ley, 2s., Carry, 2s., Amy Man, 2s., Little Di, 2s. 6d., Annie Barnes, 2s., My Jenny, 2s. 6d., Millie Constance, 2s., Henrietta Wahab, 2s., Henrietta Emma, 2s. 6d., Gertrude Sophie, 2s. 6d., Francie, 2s. 6d., Rose Fenwick, 2s. 6d., Mary Ada, 2s. 6d., Agnes Barnes, 3s., Julia Anne, 1s., A little friend, 1s. 6d.	2	0	0
Collected in Frank Gallway's money box	1	7	1
Mary and Stella, Richmond (annual)	0	5	0
Mary, Stella, and Eldred (collecting box)	0	2	0
"Puffy Doodles"	0	1	6
"Two White Rabbits"	0	4	0
C. J. G. E., Bognor	0	5	0
Holland and Adela, Ash Meadow (annual)	0	2	6
Jessie, Amy, Katie, and Evelyn, Linden House, Wellingboro'	0	6	6
Annie and Katie (annual)	0	7	0
Mary Elizabeth Finnis, Wellesley Terrace, Dover	0	11	0
Archie, Brixton	0	0	1
Francis Bingham Mildmay, Berkeley Square	0	7	6
Charlie and Queenie (collected since Christmas)	0	5	0
W. L. R. O. and G., Upper Tooting	0	8	0
Bessie and Ethel, Eltham (2nd donation)	0	10	0
From Flo, Milnrow Vicarage	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Sybil Jones, for the occupant of the Cot, Windsor	0	0	1
A Scrap Book (made by themselves) from two little sisters who sympathise with the sick children; also, Mamma, 1s., Auntie, 1s., Nora, 1s., Carrie, 6d.	0	3	6
S. H., 6d., M. W., 3d., A. M. C., 1s. 6d.	0	2	3
Catherine Rose, 1s., Little Gertrude, 1s., The Grove, Bisleigh	0	2	0
Miss M. C. Baylis, Bowness Villa, Upper Addiscombe Road, Croydon	0	10	0
Collected by C. M. C.: Maud, 4d., Father, 6d., Mother, 6d., Stanley, 4d., Mrs. B., 6d., Willie, 4d., Mrs. Manthorp, 2s. 6d.	0	5	0
"For toys for the little ones"	0	1	0
Janie, Mary, and Edward, 18 Wilton Crescent (annual)	0	10	0
Barbara and Pattie, 1s., Lilly, Nelly, and Nancy, 1s. 6d., Willy and David, 1s.	0	3	6
Miss Alice Cowie, 21 Stanley Crescent (monthly)	0	1	0
"A May-day Garland," from four little girls, Sittingbourne	0	4	6
Isabel and Mary Seymour, Barking Vicarage	0	10	0
Bertha, 3s., Clara, 2s.	0	5	0
Annie Gladstone (collected), Wiston House, Mossley Hill, Liverpool	0	3	0
Jessie and Gertrude Clarke, The Vicarage, Boxted, Colchester,	0	5	3
Isabel, Ross'	0	2	6
Marianna, 1s., Charlie, 1s., Amy, 1s. 6d., Bambridge, 1s., Alice, 2s., Mrs. C. Page Eden, Alresford Vicarage, South Milford, Yorkshire	0	6	6
Mabel, Teddy, and Mildred, Edgmond, Newport, Salop, for Margaret	0	5	6
James, Bertie, Blanche, Katie, Ida, Aggie, and Maida, Roxby, Brigg, Lincolnshire	0	2	4
Miss Herbert, The Parsonage, Vauxhall, 2s. 2d.; The Princess of Bannerranner-dogstail, 1s., The Caliph and Hunchback, 10d., Prince Ferdinand Macdinnertime, 2s. 6d.	0	6	6
R. R.	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
From "Tally"	0	2	6
Aunt, Polly, and Nelly, Hereford, for Margaret	0	2	0
Harriet and Susan (monthly)	0	1	0
G. A. F., Subscription for May and June	0	4	0
Beatrice E——, Kensington, 2s. 6d., Collected, 5s.	0	7	6
D. A., Watford (annual)	0	5	0
George from Dice, and Miss E. Harvey, Belsize Park	0	0	6
Mary, Margaret, Evelyn, and Arthur, Princes Square	0	12	0
Katie Westbourne, Salisbury (collected), Mamma, 6d., Papa, 6d., Agnes, 3d., Katie, 6d., Auntie, 6d., Eva, 1d., Marianne, 6d.	0	2	10
Charlie Anthony	0	2	6
Lolly, in Memory of Harry	0	1	6
Ernest and Ethel	0	1	0
Katie, Minnie, and Alice Boileau, collected in box	0	11	0
E. H. G., 5s., B. B., 2s. 6d., —, 2s. 6d., Grosvenor House	0	10	0
A. G. F. and E.	0	5	0
Gracie, Amy, and Edie Nelson, some toys and books.			
Miss and Master Hailstone, Horton Hall, a doll's house.			
E. B., two knitted neckties.			
Maud, Sheffield, a scrap book.			
Two little girls, Red Hill, a scrap book.			
The Turnworth School children, a box of flowers.			
Two little girls from Sussex, flowers.			
Geraldine and Addy, primroses and bluebells from the Devonshire lanes.			
L. M. P., cowslips and bluebells.			
Children at Atherstone, a hamper with rhubarb and eggs.			
Nelly, Austyn, and Ethel Cope, a box of "wild flowers out of the woods."			
Some wild flowers from the children of Chittoe village.			
From Gyp's mistress, her Mother, S. G., A. C., and M. C., a parcel of clothing for the Aunt Judy Cot and general use.			





KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XII.

KIRSTIN'S RELATIONS.

NOW shall I like my aunt? was Kirstin's first thought on waking the morning after her arrival in Skagen; and she was now not too weary to consider that point.

Aunt Malfred, as she wished to be called, was tall and stout, with quick piercing grey eyes and a high colour. She was always busy, always observant; nothing escaped her notice. Kirstin could hardly recollect her mother, but she felt sure the two sisters were very unlike.

"Did you know this was Sunday morning, niece?" inquired the aunt at breakfast time.

Kirstin smiled. "Yes, Aunt Malfred, I was not likely to forget it; I am very fond of Sunday."

"How do you spend it at home?"

"I always go to church, so did Hans when he lived at home, and father goes sometimes. Do you go to Skagen or Old Skagen church?"

"Old Skagen church is half buried in sand: no one has been inside it since 1775. We are very proud of Skagen church: it is the largest church north of the Lime-fiord."

So to Skagen church they went. Kirstin had never seen anything like it before. There was the Virgin Mother with a gold crown on her head, and the Infant Saviour in her arms, just as though they were alive, she thought: there were carved figures of the holy apostles in the choir, and on the walls of the nave hung portraits of Skagen's old burgomasters and councillors.

And the pulpit was richly carved; and how the sun shone in on the brass corona, and the little ship hanging from the ceiling! And the organ sounded, and the choir sang: Kirstin had never heard such grand music: her aunt was well pleased with her look of delight.

Next day, Aunt Malfred informed Kirstin that she was to stay with her a whole week, but that it would not be good for her to do nothing all that time. She wanted to know what she was used to do at home; to

which Kirstin replied, "Everything; we keep no servant." Then she was told she should here take her aunt's place and be housekeeper, while her aunt devoted herself to knitting. Kirstin guessed that this arrangement was made in order to test her powers in housewifery; and never having been used to direct others, she felt a little awkward, especially as she knew her aunt's sharp eye was incessantly watching her; but she did her best, and when told that her way was wrong, she submitted with such good humour to be set right, that the old lady was much pleased. And new scenes and new companions really did her good: they roused her from a rather despondent mood into which she had not unnaturally fallen of late. Thus cheered and stimulated by exertion, she proved to be not bad company. At the end of the week, when Kirstin took it for granted that she was to go home, she was told, not exactly invited, to stay another week.

"I want you for two reasons," said her aunt; "first, I should like to take both the girls to church to-morrow, and I cannot, unless you stay to mind the house. Secondly, I expect your cousin home next week, and as you may not be in this neighbourhood again, you may as well make his acquaintance now."

Kirstin felt disappointed at not going to church on the second Sunday, for it was the greatest pleasure she had enjoyed during her visit; but of course her aunt's will was not to be disputed. After seeing the others off, she sat down and began to read: some old books on her aunt's book-shelves had attracted her attention, this was a good opportunity of examining them. She did not, however, find in them anything to interest her, so putting them back in their places, she went into her bedroom to fetch her Bible. Returning to the kitchen, the sound of footsteps attracted her notice, and looking up she found herself confronted by a man like a Jutland peasant, dressed as for church, in silver-buttoned coat and broad-brimmed hat. "How did you come here?" she asked; "what do you want?"

In answer, he showed her a cutlass, saying, "Give me the key of the oak chest instantly."

Kirstin's heart leaped into her mouth: there was not a moment for deliberation, so she gave him the keys. He pitched upon the door-key first, turned the lock that she might not escape, and then, seeming to be well acquainted with the general arrangements of the house, selected the key that fitted the oak chest, and having lifted the lid, bent down

over its contents. Kirstin, as has been said before, was a vigorous maiden : she seized the opportunity, and suddenly stooping down, caught hold of the man's ankles, and, exerting all her strength, turned him head-foremost into the chest, pressed down the heavy lid, and locked him in. She then opened the house door and ran out, calling, "Karl ! Antony !" as loud as she could.

Little Antony ran up to her: "Here I am, Kirstin, Michael's daughter."

"Where is Karl?" she asked.

"I don't know : he told me to stay here, and said he would beat me if I stirred."

"Never mind : run to the church, and call somebody out to help. Say there is a robber in aunt's house."

The boy ran at full speed : when he was gone, Kirstin, looking round, thought she could see Karl, the man who did the hard work of the little farm, at the other side of the out-houses. He was a down-looking, surly-spoken fellow. She beckoned to him, but he seemed unwilling to be noticed. She ran up to him, "Karl, there's a robber in the house."

"Hold your noise," he replied, and flung a rake at her : it struck her on the forehead, and she fell, stunned and bleeding. For some time she lay, not altogether unconscious, but feeling it impossible to rise without assistance. At last it came, and she was surrounded by eager questioners. "There's a man in aunt's chest," she gasped out ; "the keys are in my pocket, but you must take them out, for I can't move."

Some one helped her to rise and seated her on the ground, for she could not stand. She was so bewildered she hardly knew what was passing around her, but she had given information enough : the keys were lodged in safe hands, and the robber secured and taken off to the magistrate. Karl, his accomplice, had, it appeared, taken flight at sight of the folks coming from church. And when Kirstin's head had been bound up and restoratives applied, she was able to give a lucid account of the whole matter : she was, however, during the rest of the day dizzy and feverish, for the excitement she had gone through, as well as the blow received, could not but leave effects requiring time and rest, and she was accordingly left by her aunt to the repose she needed.

She was awake all night, but towards morning the fever abated and she fell into a sound sleep. In the afternoon she was sufficiently recovered to take her usual place near her aunt, and the two sat quietly

together, the one knitting, the other spinning. Later in the evening, just as it was getting dusk, an impetuous hand was laid on the latch, and a young, clear, ringing voice hailed them. "Here I am, old mother! here I am, in time to see the girl who is a match for two robbers at once. Cousin Kirstin, I am proud to make your acquaintance!" And before Kirstin knew what he was about, he had kissed her on both cheeks.

"What a hurry you're in, my boy, Otto!" cried his mother, reprovingly; "but you have brought the colour back to your cousin's face, anyhow."

Kirstin, recovering from her astonishment, looked at the new comer. Otto Didricksen was a hearty-looking sailor, with his mother's quick grey eyes and restless movements: he had a quantity of fair hair that hung about his face and shoulders like a lion's mane: his voice was very pleasant to Kirstin, it was so clear and musical. She thought she had heard it before. As now, having seated himself, he began giving an account of his last voyage to his mother, occasionally looking roguishly at his cousin, she watched him with increasing interest till at last she exclaimed, "The man from Moen!"

Otto, at this, burst into a fit of hearty laughter. "Not now, pretty cousin," he said; "I am the man from the Feloe Isles to-day!—and, mother, I have brought such an appetite with me: let us have a famous supper to-night in honour of this cousinly meeting."

Aunt Malfred on this hint got up and said she would see about it; Kirstin was to sit still and entertain her boy.

Kirstin's part was soon taken. She looked up into her cousin's face, and said, "Why did you not tell me, when we met at the harvest-feast two years ago, that you were my cousin?"

Otto, not often embarrassed, felt a little at a loss for an answer—"Because—because it was settled I should not."

"Who settled it?—my father?"

"Yes," he replied, recovering himself; "and now you will next ask why? and I have no mind to be catechised after this fashion. A week hence, Cousin Kirstin, I will tell you why, or my mother shall, and meanwhile I will confess I have a strong turn for masquerading: I have no fancy for always coming into a place, shouting, 'Here is Otto Didricksen!'"

Kirstin laughed, and he went on talking to her about his voyages in

a lively strain, not altogether devoid of egotism. The chat went on pleasantly till supper was ready, on the magnificent scale that Otto had suggested. Different kinds of fish graced the board, with plovers' eggs, swans' eggs, and wine from the Skagen wine-cellar—the stormy sea. Otto after supper sang several songs at his mother's request, and his voice was as good as when, at the harvest-feast near the Nissum Fiord, he sang those verses which Kirstin so well remembered. She went to bed pleased to have found such a pleasant cousin.

The next week was one of entertainments. There was not much to be seen at Skagen, but Otto made the most of what there was. He showed Kirstin the lighthouse one day; next day took her for a ramble on the sea-shore, where ten shipwrecked vessels lay side by side, stranded on the sand. Another day they went to a grand festival held in a barn after rape-threshing: there was singing and dancing, and Kirstin was surprised to find herself an object of general admiration. It did not occur to her that she was the heroine of a recent drama in real life, and the guest of wealthy people. Lastly, the cousins drove to the pretty little seaport of Frederickshaven, where they amused themselves by visiting the harbour, and walking in the public gardens.

It was on their drive home from Frederickshaven that Otto, after a pause in the conversation, said, "Now, Cousin Kirstin, if you like I will tell you why my name was not made known at the harvest-feast. I tell you now, because you say you will go home to-morrow. Your father and my mother had made up their minds we were to be man and wife." Kirstin looked at him with astonishment. "Please don't look in that way," he continued; "it is just as though it were something incredible, which is not flattering, you know; well, I said I would go and look at you"—here he had the grace to blush. "I would not come to your father's house for fear of his committing me—you know—we met at the harvest-feast."

"What did you think of me, Cousin Otto?" asked Kirstin, laughing outright.

Otto was vexed, for her coolness in the matter was a little grating. "I thought you were pretty," he replied; "you make me downright, cousin—but I said you were very young, almost a child; I did not want to be engaged so soon, and so nothing was settled. Well, then we heard your fortune was lost—cousin, you must not think the worse of a fellow for being frank—then your father sent word he had some

land for your portion, and mother said, 'Let her come and see me, and perhaps the cousins will meet again.' And now, cousin, we have had a week together, and you are no longer a child: you must have seen that I liked you, what do you think of me? Can you like me well enough to——"

Kirstin had been trying before now to interrupt him, but he would not let her. "Please, Cousin Otto, stop!" she cried. "Indeed, cousin, you must not ask me, I am troth-plighted."

"Troth-plighted! to whom?"

"To Morten Ranildsen! Oh, Cousin Otto! I am so sorry; just now I thought, what a good thing it is he did not think me pretty two years ago: now he cannot think me so at all, with my face tied up and a bruise on my cheek, though, to say the truth, I was vexed about it when you first came."

"Were you, Kirstin? then you did think of pleasing me a little! And how you mistake me! There are plenty of pretty girls I might easily find, but I am proud of you—proud of your spirit and courage. As to Morten Ranildsen, he is only a poor sailor, and your father will never let you have him. Are you sure you cannot take me, Kirstin?"

"Quite sure, thank you, cousin; and you must not say a word against Morten, please. Remember that two years ago you did not care for me, so you ought not to be angry at my refusing you now."

Otto had no answer ready, and the rest of the drive home was silent enough, for he could not quite dissemble his mortification. The evening, too, was very unpleasant, for Aunt Malfred, seeing the cousins embarrassed and ill at ease, questioned them both. Very much offended she was that her son should be rejected: that a poor man like Morten Ranildsen should be preferred to him was to her a thing incredible, and, forgetting her obligations to Kirstin, her behaviour was worse than uncivil. She told her in plain terms that she was a fool; wanted to know if her cousin were not good enough for her; and ended with saying, "Never think, niece, you will ever get a penny of my money, nor even a trinket; I shall give all to Otto and his wife."

At this Kirstin's spirit was roused, and she answered, "Aunt Malfred, I do not want either your money or trinkets; you have been very kind to me, and so has Cousin Otto, and I like you both, and wanted to be friends with you, but Morten Ranildsen has loved me all

my life. He never considered whether I was pretty or not, and he asked me to be his wife when I was portionless. You, Cousin Otto, have known me only a few days; you cannot really want me very much, and I do hope you will be kind, and not make me and father quarrel, by pressing me to break my promise to Morten."

Otto, at this appeal to his generosity, could no longer indulge the feelings of pride and disappointment which had been aroused within him, and declared with sailorly vehemence that his cousin should never be molested through him, that enough had been said on the matter, and he would stand no more discussion.

But Aunt Malfred could not be propitiated; she parted from her niece that night in high displeasure, and accosted her very coldly next morning. Kirstin made the necessary preparations for her journey home, and timidly approached her aunt to take leave, but she was dismissed with these words, "I am sorry to think that either my sister's daughter is a fool or that we are not good enough for her," upon which Otto became indignant, and an unpleasant scene followed. He insisted upon seeing Kirstin safe home, to which she would not consent, knowing how much it would vex his mother; however, she could not prevent him from accompanying her to the ferry, and this was a long walk. When they arrived at the Lime-fiord he consigned her to the care of the ferryman, and she held out her hand, saying, "Please forgive me, cousin, for occasioning you pain; let us part friends."

"Kirstin," he replied, "are there any more girls like you living near the Nissum-fiord? because if there are I shall come there to fetch a wife, after all."

So the cousins parted, and so ended Kirstin's expedition to Skagen.

CHAPTER XIII.

KIRSTIN'S LAST DAYS AT HOME.

KIRSTIN had fought her battle gallantly with both her aunt and cousin—the cool behaviour of the latter two years before having given her some vantage-ground—but her heart failed her at the thought of her father's anger when told of the bad success of his plans. Then she comforted herself by thinking of Morten—of his tenderness to his little sister, his constancy to herself—of the tears in his brave eyes when they parted. Cousin Otto was frank, and manly, and kind, but the

affection she had rejected was indeed different from that she had possessed so long, and which was her chief earthly treasure. Then resolutely turning her mind away from thoughts of either Otto or Morten, she gave herself to the present hour, nursed a baby for the woman who sat beside her in the boat, and listened with a smile to the stories of the ferryman.

Her journey soon came to an end, and now she was very near her home, and the old familiar sand-hills were closing around her. It seemed strange that she had met no one on her way who could give her tidings, good or bad; and in her anxiety to see her father again, and make sure all was well with him, she forgot her dread of his anger. Kirstin had never been away from home except during the short excursion with the Ramseys, and then matters had not gone on so prosperously as to encourage her that all might go well during a longer absence. Nearly three weeks had she been away; the autumn rains had now frozen into winter snows, and a cold reception seemed to await her. More and more eagerly she pressed forward, a fierce wind disputing every inch of the way, her arms aching with the weight of the burden she had to carry.

She found the door of her home on the latch, so the fisherman must be within. She entered without tapping; "Father," she said. No answer came; she looked around; the floor was swept, the kitchen in neater order than her father's hands would have made it; the good-humoured Bodil had probably been busy here: there lay no nets about, no pipe, no trace of her father at all. "Father," she called, louder this time; and Michael's deep voice answered from his bedroom, "Kirstin, come here."

Michael the fisherman was confined to his bed. About ten days before Kirstin's return he had gone out at night with Hendrik in aid of the crew of a vessel stranded on the terrible sand-reefs: the waves had torn up from the sand a spar from a former wreck, and flung it against him with such force as to maim him fearfully. His companion had brought him home in a state of insensibility, a fever had ensued, through which the natural strength of his iron constitution had carried him, but a cripple he was and must remain.

This story Michael told his daughter himself, holding her hands tight, and looking earnestly in her face, but with no tremor in his voice, which kept its old gruff tones, though they were rather weaker

than formerly. His face was much altered: the eagle features sharper than ever, his keen grey eyes sunken, his cheeks fallen away. Kirstin flung herself on his breast in an agony of tears, and he did not repel her: he held her close and suffered her caresses. At last he said, in the old tone of command, "Get up now, Kirstin, and don't cry any more."

Kirstin's tears stopped directly; she felt as if, even were her father to bid her marry Otto Didricksen on the spot, she must obey him now. He began on the dreaded subject at once. "Fetch a chair and sit down by me. How did you leave Malfred, Didrick's wife? was she pleased with you?"

"Aunt Malfred liked me at first, but she was very angry when I left her."

"Why? how did you offend her?"

"I refused to marry my Cousin Otto." The minute the words were uttered Kirstin repented them. Could she not have expressed herself otherwise? have softened the disappointment to him a little? But here she was mistaken, the direct style of answer always suited Michael best; ill or well, he was still the same.

His next speech took her by surprise.

"But now you will change your mind; you will go back and try to please her in any way you can?" He was looking keenly at her.

"Why should I change my mind, father? how could I leave you here by yourself, ill?"

"I cannot support you any longer, Kirstin. I shall never go out to sea again. And the field that should have been yours I have told Hendrik I shall make over to him, for he has been spending his money upon me lately."

"Then, father," replied Kirstin, the colour coming back to her pale cheeks, "in that case Aunt Malfred will certainly not want to see me again. And I go back to be her humble dependent! that I could not do. Dearest father, it is now my turn to support you. I shall be so happy in working for you." She ventured to kiss him again: he endured it, but with a sigh, and Kirstin felt that his state of dependence was the bitterest drop in his cup.

She saw that whatever rough days were in store for her he must not see that she suffered; she resolved to be always cheerful and happy. Her first care was to look out for work that would not take her

entirely from home ; and in a few days she heard that a girl was wanted to do household work in a farm-house, some four or five miles inland, and whence, if she were not afraid of the walk on dark winter nights and mornings, she might always go home to sleep. Afraid! she would not let herself be afraid ; the place was exactly what suited her.

And now her strength seemed to increase with the calls made upon it, her spirit to rise to the emergency : she was much happier, getting up in the dark, walking through snow and wind to the farm, and toiling all day for a sharp-tempered mistress, a sour-visaged master, and fractious children, than she had been during the silent summer days that had followed Karen's death, when there seemed little to do, and still less that she could care to do.

Books and lessons, she had done with them certainly, and with the pleasure they could afford. She thought sometimes, with a sigh, "I wonder whether I shall forget how to read! Father did, and Bodil, too, says she has forgotten ; well, I need not complain, for she does not mind it a bit."

One hardship, however, she did feel very much, and that was being obliged to work on Sundays ; she could never go to church. Meeting Mr. Nordenfelt one evening on her return home, she told him of this trouble, adding that she thought her mistress might spare her sometimes, but that she did not seem to care for going to church any more than if she had been a heathen. He asked if there were any other service for which it might be exchanged ; she replied, no ; whereupon he bade her remember how, in days of old, Christian servants had to obey heathen masters, and how St. Paul had enjoined true, hearty service upon them, none the less. Of course such were debarred from attending the assemblies of the faithful ; but had not their Master in heaven made good the loss, giving them, amid their lives of monotonous toil among the unbelievers, such grace, such faith, as enabled them to brave the sharpest terrors of persecution—to encounter the lion or the stake with a firm heart and joyful face? He bade her try to make her prayers, that must needs be brief, very earnest and fervent, and counselled her always to read at least one text in her Bible before leaving her bedroom. Kirstin thanked him, and went on her way cheered and comforted.

Meantime Michael had made some progress towards recovery : with

the aid of a crutch, and his daughter or neighbour, he was removed daily from his bed to a couch in the kitchen. About noon-day Bodil or her husband came in and gave him his dinner, amusing him with a little gossip. Mr. Nordenfelt called in sometimes, but he and Michael did not get on very well together, for Michael's fiery nature, although softened by his illness, could never bear anything like instruction or exhortation. He would let Kirstin read to him a little at night, but more often interrupted her with an imperious, "Go to bed, Kirstin; I will not have you worn out." But he was more gentle than formerly: he never thanked her for anything she did for him, but Kirstin was satisfied, for she knew she was becoming dearer to him every day; that he looked for her return every night more and more eagerly; and that it was not only from pride, but from love to her that he now curbed the old passionate spirit, outbursts of which had so often made her tremble. Honest, hearty Hendrik was the only visitor whose society he seemed to care for; and the good-natured young man spent many an hour with him when at home, sometimes bringing news of the neighbourhood, or an account of his luck in fishing, sometimes sitting beside him mending his nets, both smoking the pipe of silence.

Still, though too proud to complain, Michael suffered sorely: loneliness, inaction, and the sense of dependence were a heavy burden upon his soul; and probably he chafed the more because, in his resolute self-restraint, he denied himself the savage outbreaks of impatience and wrath that would have been natural to one of his temper. He grew thinner and thinner, his strength decreased daily.

One evening he abruptly broke silence with, "Kirstin, are you never angry with me for having sent Morten Ranildsen away?"

"No, father," she replied, very quietly; "I know you thought it was for my good."

"I had better have seen you a poor man's wife than serving for hire," he muttered, half to himself, and turned on his side with a groan. But Kirstin knew him too well to make any reply, or seem to take notice of his repentance.

Christmas Eve arrived, and a busy time it was at the wealthy farmer's where Kirstin was serving. The farmer himself was rather closefisted, but his wife, sharp-tempered but liberal, took good care that his frugality should not interfere with her yule hospitalities, which were on a larger scale than any Kirstin had ever before

witnessed. The savour of roast goose and other viands pervaded the whole house, for a party of guests was expected. Kirstin's work, however, on that day was mostly to attend to the live stock about the farm: the cows, and horses, and poultry were her charge; they were all to be well fed. The clock was striking four in the afternoon when, as Kirstin had just tied the wheatsheaf to a pole, her mistress came out into the courtyard, unchained the watch-dog, and called him into the house. Kirstin followed, that she might see the old fellow receive his Christmas bounty; it was so pleasant to watch the mistress as she cut slices off from the long brown loaf, and give them to the dog, saying, at each slice, "This one for my husband, this one for myself, here's for Hans, here's for Greta, here's for Maren, and here's for Jørgen," naming each of her four children, and giving him a slice for each. Had there been "trillinge," or three babies in the cradle, as is not unusual in Jutland homes, she must have divided a slice into three for them.

"Now, Kirstin, go fetch him his usual supper." She did so, and as poor old Kung took it with undiminished appetite, his mistress addressed him thus: "Good old Kung, you shall run loose to-night, for surely we may trust you to do harm to no one this night, when peace and goodwill came to earth."

Kirstin, though she knew all this formula by heart, listened to it with none the less pleasure. But another enjoyment awaited her, for the children were now beginning to clamour for their long-looked-for treat, the Christmas-tree; the youngest girl, little Greta, to whom she had often told stories, threw her arms suddenly round her, exclaiming, "Kirstin must see it too, Kirstin is so good!" And the mother replied, good-humouredly, "Kirstin shall see it too," and she flung open an inner door, and the children rushed in, all screaming with delight, for there stood the little fir-tree, decked with lighted candles, trinkets, and sweetmeats, a gold star fastened to the extremity of the highest bough. Kirstin had never before seen a Christmas-tree, and though this one was on a small scale, her pleasure in the sight was very great, and little Greta clung to her, clapping her hands, and crying out, "How pretty! Oh, Kirstin dear! I'll give you some of my sweetmeats."

When she left the farm-house to go home, it was a clear frosty night; the stars were shining brilliantly overhead, and Kirstin's heart and mind were full of Christmas joy. Poor, and hardworked, with

only a future of weary labour, she enjoyed the festival. Truly "the meek" do even now "inherit the earth;" and the thought of how many thousands of happy Christian homes were now celebrating her Saviour's birthday was very pleasant to her. She almost fancied, as she looked up at the countless hosts of stars, that she could hear "the sons of God shouting for joy"—for was not the Incarnation a greater work than the creation? Truly her own heart sang in the inaudible choir of angels, "Glory to God in the highest." "Through toil and pain we win victory," she felt; "I toil, and father suffers pain, and through them he has learned to love me." And thinking of her father waiting for her, she hastened homewards.

"Father, God bless your yule!" she said, on entering the cottage. All was darkness: a groan of pain from the floor alone answered her. She uttered a cry of surprise, for hitherto either Hendrik or Bodil had always left a light in the kitchen. She went to the store, lit a candle, looked around: "Where are you, father? How came you to fall?"

Bodil Bryde had been with him that afternoon, but in her hurry to get back to her Christmas preparations had left Michael's pipe, which lay beside the lamp on the table, just beyond his reach. He, in leaning forward to get it, had fallen, bringing down table and all; a fresh attack of pain in his scarcely healed wound was the result. Kirstin could not raise him without help, so she ran in great alarm to Hendrik, who came immediately to her assistance. Michael was removed to his bed, but that night the fever returned, and next day inflammation was again apparent.

Kirstin could not leave him now, but sent word to her mistress at the farm that she hoped to return to her work soon. That hope was not to be fulfilled: some internal damage had been sustained, for Michael rapidly declined. He seldom spoke, but lay with his daughter's hand fast locked in his own. She said one day, "I must write to Hans, father." He replied, "Yes, he must come to fetch you;" she knew what was implied.

It takes a long time to get a letter from the Nissum-fiord to Copenhagen, and day followed day and no Hans appeared. Michael did not fret at the delay: his pride in his son, formerly his favourite child, had lately given way to his increasing affection for his daughter, and she, he knew, would be sure to find kindness from the neighbours in the event of his death.

Mr. Nordenfelt could not come to visit him, for he was ill and confined to the house. Kirstin read and repeated hymns to him sometimes; whether he heeded them or not she did not know. One day he said, "My coffin is ready." With the usual forethought of a Jutland fisherman, he had ordered and paid for it at the beginning of his illness. That night he said suddenly, "Kirstin, I shall tell your mother you are her true daughter—you have done your duty by me—if our Lord will let me," he added. "She was a real good woman—far better than I." Then after a pause, "Tell Morten I was sorry."

"Oh, father! he will be sorry," she began, but her voice failed her. "He loved you," she faltered out.

"God bless you, child!" he said again. "All my plans have failed; but I don't fear for you. Your mother was a good woman, and you are like her. Now go to bed: I will call you when I want you."

Kirstin accordingly lay down on the little bed beside her father's, for she knew he loved obedience better than any kind of service. Her father's voice never called her again.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT IN THE BUSH.



AN is never contented with his lot. When people say this, they always mean to say that they themselves are of an especially discontented disposition.

If you read my last paper, "Rather a Long Walk," you will remember that I had just reached a cotton plantation, and that I liked the employment there very much; but this liking did not last very long, and I soon began to get tired, and wish for a change of scene. The miseries of travelling were even forgotten; and I thought to myself, "though shepherding is rather lonely, I am sure it is much better than this." So one day I started up the "Bush" again, to look for a job "among the gum-trees."

It was now the shearing time, and as many shepherds had left their employment to go shearing, I had not much difficulty this time, and I was soon "made overseer to two thousand grass-cutters," as the Irish shepherd wrote home to his mother.

A wonderful place is that wild Bushland; wonderful for its extent, wonderful for its sameness, wonderful for its loneliness. Scattered here and there, solitary shepherds wander day after day with no other company but their own thoughts, the sheep, and the gum-trees; and yet the "Bush" is full of life—birds, and beasts, and reptiles, and insects, all rejoicing in the bright life which the glorious sunshine gives them.

In England we talk of the stillness of night, but in the "Bushland" it is noon alone that is really still. At sunrise and sunset the parrots fly in glittering flocks from tree to tree, hanging to the boughs in bunches, upside down, anyhow, and feeding on the seeds which grow there for their food. The magpie whistles his musical scale of four notes, and the laughing jackasses laugh in triumph over some deadly snake of whom they intend to make a meal. But at mid-day all these sounds are hushed—so hushed that a man's footfall seems to echo among all the trees. If a seed-pod or a leaf drops, you may hear it rattle from bough to bough until it gains the ground. With life all around, above, beneath you, there is now the silence of death: stay, there is one sound—if sound it may be called—which, coming with the noon, never ceases until the breath of evening seems to waken Nature from her slumber. It is a ceaseless, monotonous, whining sound, something like the singing of a gigantic kettle—a wearisome, indescribable noise, which really seems to heighten the silence by contrast, a sound which suggests the idea of Nature singing her children to sleep. It is all-pervading, you cannot trace it, and yet you fancy that the author must be close by. If you ask a shepherd what is the cause of this noise, he will answer "locusts." This name will do well enough for the creatures. They are, however, I believe, a kind of cricket, or cicada, and their song is produced by the motion of their wings.

But it was about a night in the "Bush" that I intended to write when I set out, and therefore I will let the locusts alone for a while. As I think of night in the Bushland, I always recall one particular night, which I passed in the open air some years ago, and which I will now try to describe.

Well, then, to begin. I was at that time a shepherd up in the north of Queensland, and my hut was a long way from any place where white men lived.

They used to send me out "rations" of tea, flour, beef, sugar, &c.,

about once a week, and I very seldom saw any one, except the man who brought them, from one week's end to the other.

Sometimes I did not even see *him*, for he would come while I was out with the sheep and take away the empty bags, leaving the full ones.

When I had been living thus for about three months, another hut was built about three miles off from mine, and a shepherd was placed there with another flock of sheep.

Then I used to get company sometimes, for we used to feed our flocks towards one another, and then walk on and meet between them, and gossip all through the heat of the day.

This was not at all an educated man, mind you, but I found him very good company for all that (perhaps because I could not get any other). He had been a great many years in the country, and had, I believe, been transported when a boy; but he was none the worse for that in any one's opinion—for the people in the colonies do not consider a man to be utterly worthless because he happens to have been found out once in crime and punished. It is an odd thing, but these people generally turn out to be the best and honestest men in the colonies. I am quite sure, however, that this man had not been transported for anything very wicked, or, at all events, that he must have had a great deal of good in him; and, as I said, I am not sure that he had been transported at all.

At any rate, I saw a great deal of him during six months of my life, and in all the talking that we did together, I never heard him say anything bad or wicked; and we all know that if a man is really wicked he is sure to be caught talking wickedness some time or other. He was full of stories of danger and adventure, some taken from his own life, others from his experience; and, altogether, he was a very amusing companion, and I learnt many things from him that I never knew before.

We used to sit in the day time on a high ridge of ground, where we could see both ways, and there pass some hours very pleasantly; only we had to be always on the alert to keep our two flocks from mixing, which they were very anxious to do.

He first taught me how to use an axe properly without wasting my strength and tiring my arms, and showed me how to find and cut out "sugar bags," and to catch ducks by the legs in the waterhole,

and to provide many delicacies as substitutes for the dry beef and "damper."

After a while we made a compact to visit one another's huts on alternate nights, and sit and converse together after we had "yarded" our sheep.

This came to be a regular thing at last. So every evening I used either to sit and wait for his footfall, or else (having first tied up my dog at the yard-gate) I used to start for a three-mile walk, and all for what? Just for the sake of having an hour or two's conversation with a fellow-man.

Sometimes I think of this, when I am compelled to pass a long evening in a hot room full of people just as uncomfortable as myself, and all trying to look happy. At such a time even I feel that it is better to have too much company than too little, though I certainly would not walk "six miles there and back" to go to an "evening party," or to the noisiest and most expensive concert that was ever listened to. Soon after we made this agreement, however, the rainy season set in—for in Queensland they get all their rain at one time—lasting about a month; and then the sun shines, without a cloud, all the year round, until the rainy season comes again. This happens about Christmas.

One evening—it happened to be Christmas Eve, of all nights in the year, only I did not know it then—I made up my mind that I wouldn't stand it any longer. I had had no company for about ten days, for when it rains in Queensland "it does rain, and no mistake about it," as the colonists say; and I had kept the sheep as close to the hut as I could. However, on this particular evening it didn't rain quite so heavily as usual, so I thought I could go and see Jem (I knew him by the name of Jem, and he always knew me as George). All day long a pall of cloud had hung over the "Bush," and the rain had roared steadily among the branches. My hut was streaming with water inside and out. A hard matter to keep a fire lighted in such weather, but I had sundry hollow trees smouldering from which I could always obtain the seeds of fire.

The day had seemed horribly long; dozens of hours seemed to pass, and still the same leaden day, the same downpour of rain, and not a sign of evening. At last I thought it must surely be time to put the sheep in the yard, for if the night came on without warning, and found

the yard empty, I should have had a great deal of trouble to fill it; so, although my charge seemed strangely reluctant, I folded them all carefully, tied up the dog, and started.

It did not get dark until just as I reached a place where I could hear Jem shouting to his sheep as he guarded them. I soon reached the hut, and he was very glad to see me. I had not stopped to have supper before starting, as I did not wish to waste the remaining daylight in the toil and trouble of lighting a fire. We were soon seated at supper in the hut, with the mosquitoes stinging us through our shirts. We were both of us, of course, wet through, as we had been more or less for the last ten days, it being quite impossible to keep anything dry, even for a change. But we thought little of that at that time. I think I feel it sometimes now, though, in my bones. I wonder whether Jem does! Jem knew that it was Christmas Eve—the overseer had told him—so, after supper, we fell to talking about Christmas at home and abroad, each relating bits of his experience. I may tell you some of Jem's tales some day. (I constantly in these papers find myself giving pledges of this kind; I hope I shall be able to redeem them all.) Presently we made a fire in the hut, of logwood, which vanquished the mosquitoes, but nearly smothered us in smoke.

Jem lighted the "slush-lamp," and read me a piece out of a tattered copy of "Charles O'Malley," and we laughed together, and I was exceedingly loth to go; but at last, after much "thinking about it," and shuddering, I had to "turn out." I think it must have been about eleven o'clock.

A "slush-lamp" is made in this way. You take an old tin jam-pot, and bore a hole in the bottom; you then wind any bits of old cotton rag round a stick, and insert it in the hole like a mast, and fill up with melted fat. The cotton then acts like a wick, and the whole, when well made, gives a tolerable light. But there is a great art in making "slush-lamps."

Jem's last words to me, as I passed out into the darkness, were, "Mind you don't lose yourself, old chap." I replied, "Never fear;" and the light and Jem and all were speedily out of sight.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD RED PRAYER BOOK.

By the Author of "Daisy's Companions."



NE can see at a glance what a beautiful book it must once have been. Although so worn and battered now, it is easy to imagine what a lovely colour it was, and how bright the golden lines down each side and the golden bands and lettering at the back, when it was put, spick and span new, into its first owner's hands. So strong too! Why I should be afraid to say how many smart modern books it has outlived already! To be sure, the paper never could have been *very* first-rate, and the print is small, and all the s's are f's, the children say, but outside, it was doubtless perfectly lovely.

Has it a history, do you ask? Of course it has! *Everything* has a history; you have one yourself, for that matter. If the old red Prayer Book could only be induced to speak, I wonder whether its story would be at all like this.

One soft spring Sunday Letty went to church for the first time. That is, she was carried there; she would have found it hard to walk that day—even if the tiny feet ever *had* walked yet—for the long christening robe with its eighteen tucks and eighteen strips of insertion would have been sadly in the way. Letty's godfather was there, of course, and when they were all come back from church he gave her a new red Prayer Book. Not that Letty could take it, the little fingers were of no more use than the feet in those days, and she was just then being held comfortably on her father's two hands as he walked about the room dancing her gently up and down, trying to win one of her baby smiles, and quite regardless of the laughter of the company as they sat eating cake and drinking Letty's health—not caring the least, in fact, whether they laughed or not.

When the company were all gone Letty's mother took up the Prayer Book.

"I will keep it for her," she said; and she placed the blue ribbon marker at the Christening Service: "that is the first story I shall tell my little Letty," said the mother; "the story of to-day."

Time went on, and by-and-by little Letty grew big enough to stand at her mother's knee and hear the story of her own christening, listening to it eagerly, her big blue eyes staring up into her mother's face

and her little mouth wide open. It became a regular thing that Letty should hear that story every Sunday, and the first place the child learnt to find in the red Prayer Book was the place where the blue ribbon marked the Christening Service.

More time had passed, and Letty might be seen trotting between her father and mother to church, the Prayer Book held fast in both hands; but for all that getting many a fall as they went along. It was then that the gilt edges first became rubbed, and the brilliant colour dulled. The blue marker was moved now; Letty liked to be able to find the only prayer she knew, so it was placed near the beginning of the book, where the child learnt by the great round O to distinguish the words "Our Father." In church she sat on a hassock at her mother's feet, sometimes finding her place and pretending to read busily, at other times kneeling down and whispering "Our Father" to herself without at all caring whether the congregation happened to be repeating it just then or not. When the organ played and the hymns were sung the child stood up upon the seat and smiled with delight as she tried to sing too in her own childish fashion, for no one had ever told Letty that church was a place where little ones like her must not dare to smile when they feel happy. At sermon time she sat on her papa's knee, and generally fell fast asleep with her head on his shoulder: sometimes, I must say, she fidgetted a good deal first, but they were patient with her, for no one wanted her to be perfectly miserable, and it often is perfect misery to a child to sit *quite* still long together. As she grew older of course she behaved more like other people; only when tired of trying to attend she shut the red book softly and sat still on her hassock until she felt able to try and join again in the service. What with the beautiful music that she loved, and her nice naps in sermon time, and words familiar to her at home that she listened for, smiling as she recognised them, and her own little whispered prayers, and her dear red book—what with all this, and with no thought at all of stiffness and constraint, but only a thought of loving reverence which grew and strengthened in her little heart, it was one of Letty's greatest joys to go to church, and Sunday was the happiest day in Letty's week.

By-and-by the blue ribbon was moved a little further on, to a place where the print was smaller, for Letty had grown old enough to stand up with her hands behind her and say the Catechism. The marker remained a very long time in that place. Look, and you will see how

thumbed and worn is the page. The corners of the book too began to show signs that Letty was apt to nibble them as she learned; and as for the back!—if it had not been a really well-bound Prayer Book, certainly it would never have survived those days at all.

After that the child was sent to school. I don't know why; I can tell you nothing of the parting, of the tears that were shed, of how her parents missed her or how she felt as if her heart would break at leaving them. Remember, if you please, that it is not Letty's history, but that of the old red Prayer Book that I am relating—of the child herself I only know what the book knew.

Things were very different at school as far as the Prayer Book was concerned. You may have noticed pencil marks at intervals half way through the Psalms? The blue ribbon kept company with them, and they show to this hour the length of Letty's tasks. Sometimes the pencil has evidently given quite a spiteful dig into the page; that was when the tasks were doubled on account of being imperfectly repeated, and on those occasions the child spent her Sunday afternoon in tears; one can here and there see how the hot drops blistered the page. At church the square pew seemed all eyes. If Letty raised hers for an instant she met those of the teacher sternly reproving, or of one of the young ladies looking all astonishment at her daring to be such a naughty child as to suffer her glance to wander from her book. The seats were so high and narrow that trying to keep her balance—for she was not allowed a footstool—was a perfect strain upon Letty's mind, and when, as sometimes happened, she *couldn't* keep it, and stumbled forward, her misery was complete. She knew too well what would happen! Long and wearisome as she generally found the sermon, it was far too short that day; too short also was the walk home—so intensely did the child dread the sharp box on the ear she was fated to receive at the end of it. During the remainder of the service, Letty, unable to resist glancing from time to time at Miss Low's hard hand in its green kid glove, turned quite sick at the thought of how it would come with a sound smack against her poor little face by-and-by.

On hot Sunday afternoons, when the air was heavy and every one felt drowsy, matters were if possible still worse. No resting of a tired head on papa's shoulder, no safe low seat at mother's knee; but when the weary eyelids drooped, and the eyes actually shut, Letty was stood up upon the seat, the observed of all observers; for standing there she could of course see and be seen by all the congregation, even

over the high green baize walls of the pew. If little Letty had looked about her then she might have felt surprised to notice how many people *were* asleep in different parts of the church, comfortably asleep in corners, with no one to interfere with them or set *them* up on seats! Grown-up people too! But Letty never did look about her; she felt



far, too ashamed and miserable for that. I think the worst scrape of all the many scrapes the child got into was on one unfortunate Sunday, when she told the young ladies that she rather began to think she did not want to go to Heaven! The case was this. They had been learning that hymn of Dr. Watts's about church-going, in which occur the lines:

"I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little Heaven below."

"If Heaven is like the church *we* go to," says Letty, "I *think*—yes, I do think I'd rather stop on earth."

Of course this was such a dreadfully wicked speech that there was nothing to be done but to give the culprit a long task, and when it was learnt send her supperless to bed. That is the place where there is such an indignant, angry-looking black pencil mark in the old red Prayer Book; but soon after this the marks cease altogether. That was because the holidays were come and Letty went home. She never went back to school any more either. I fancy her father and mother found out, from the child's innocent prattle, many things of which they had before had no idea; at all events they kept her at home, and in good time too; for not only was she beginning to dislike Sunday, but almost to hate the sight of her old friend, the Prayer Book.

However, when once more in her own happy home she soon began to love it as well as ever, and for a year or two the blue ribbon travelled happily backwards and forwards through the Psalms, as Letty read them each day with her parents, at the end of which time she went to church dressed, for the second time in her life, all in white. Her father and mother went too, and prayed for their child, and the old Prayer Book went too, with the marker in it at the Confirmation Service. And there the marker stayed, for they had given the young girl a *new* book, all white and gold, with gilt edges and a gilt cross on the side, so she took the new Prayer Book with her when she went to church, and it was out of that she read the Psalms daily. As for the old book, it lived upstairs in Letty's little room with the marker still in the same place, the red colour faded and the gilt on the edges almost gone. But when Letty was sick or sorry, then she loved to read from it; the smart new friend never came upstairs—that was for church-going and public life; the old friend of her childhood was for hours of grief or of illness.

But there came a day when Letty was neither sick nor sorry, and yet stole away by herself to her little room to read in the old red Prayer Book. Before she took it down from the shelf she locked the door, and when she opened it her cheeks were rosy—almost the colour of the book in its best days; and the blue ribbon was moved at last from the place it had kept so long. Letty put it in this time at another service; she read that service with glowing cheeks, looking round timidly now and then to make sure that no one saw her. How *could* they see her, when she had locked the door?

Very soon after that the girl dressed once more in pure white, as on her Christening and her Confirmation day; but this time she wore a

wreath of orange blossoms on her head, for little Letty was going to be married!

When she left her first home the red Prayer Book left it too, and then it was that it became more worn than ever, for it seemed so much a part of the old life and of the old home that Letty used it constantly; and in the course of time the blue ribbon travelled all the way back to the place it had marked at first, back to the Christening Service, for Letty had babies of her own to take to church. The children as they grew up had, of course, Prayer Books of their own; but when they were in trouble about anything, they liked best to read in "the mother's book," and in all their childish illnesses the sight of the old faded cover was familiar to them as the mother read at their bedsides.

"It is so strange," said the children; "such queer old hymns; and the prayers for the Queen all wrong! Who is Queen Adelaide?" they asked; "and why is there nothing about the Princess of Wales and the royal children?"

"The royal children are mentioned," said the mother.

But no; those she called "children" were so no longer, but grown-up men and women with families of their own; for time, like the blue ribbon, had travelled on, and, *unlike* the ribbon, had never once turned back upon his road.

At last there came a time when the old red Prayer Book never left the mother's room. It lay always on a little table by her side, and she liked to hear her husband read from it. Now and then—perhaps because of the bad print, or because something had dimmed his sight for a while—he said he could not see to read it well, and bowed his head upon his wife's pillows—to rest his eyes, he said, they pained him rather. The children came in softly one by one, and the mother, with her wasted hand upon the book, spoke gently to them. She told how the red Prayer Book had been to her—as their Prayer Books must be to each of them—a life-long friend, from the cradle to the grave; and then with her own hand she moved the ribbon for the last time, and no one moved it after that any more at all: they left it where she had placed it, in the Burial Service; and it is there still. There is no colour in the ribbon now, it is quite faded, and the book is old and shabby, the print bad, and all the s's are f's, but still, in their heart of hearts, the children love it—still, when they are ill or in trouble, they beg the father to lend them "mother's old red Prayer Book."

GABRIEL AND HIS ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

THE HERMIT.



HAVE you ever seen a mountain so tall that the clouds rest on the top? Well, on a mountain like that, and something the shape of a sugar-loaf, there once lived an old man. On one side was the beautiful blue sea, with the great waves roaring on the yellow sand; on the other, with its thousands of chimneys, lay the noble city called Sugar Loaf Town, nestling at the foot of the huge mountain from whence it took its name, and which protected it from many an angry blast.

The old man dwelt alone in a dark and narrow cave, for no one cared to visit him; his only companions were his goats and the sea-gulls, and his chief occupation the perusal of his books, and the care of a small garden that he had cultivated on a sunny slope of the hill. Many ships sailed from that great city under the mountain, and there were cruel rocks, hidden by the water, on which the ships were driven by the wind,* when the nights were too dark for the sailors to see the land. It grieved the old man, whom we will call the Hermit, to see the fine ships broken to pieces, and the bodies of the poor drowned sailors lying on the beach; and anxious to save them, if possible, this good man lighted a fire, night after night, upon the mountain-side to warn away the mariners from the dangerous spot. One day, to the great surprise of the Hermit, he found a little boy, about two years old, lying on the rock outside the door of the cave, beautifully clothed in white, and with a large diamond hung round his neck. This jewel shone with dazzling splendour, and the face of the child was so lovely that the Hermit exclaimed, "Surely this babe is an angel from heaven, sent to comfort my lonely hours!"

As an angel from heaven the old man loved the child; and he named him Gabriel. Years passed on, and the child grew into a brave and beautiful boy. He called the Hermit father, and never knew that he was not his real father.

The Hermit was a wise and learned man, and he taught Gabriel all

the wisdom and knowledge that he had gathered together during the years of his life. Gabriel was fond of his lessons, but he loved above all things to watch the ships, as they went to and fro with their white sails spread like the sea-gulls' wings, and he was seized with a great longing to sail away in one of those ships and visit the countries that lay across the sea. Then the boy would marvel that his father could rest so contentedly on the mountain top, without caring to visit the great city and the busy world below. At last he spoke the thought that had burned in his heart for many a day.

"Father, tell me," said the boy, "why we live upon the mountain far away from the rest of men?"

"It is safe up here," replied the Hermit, gravely.

"Safe, father! Safe from what?"

"From the influence of the wicked Magician who holds that unhappy town in bondage."

"Oh, father, is there danger in the town? I should so like to visit it. May I not go some day?"

"Gabriel," said the Hermit, laying his hand upon the boy's arm, as if to restrain his restless spirit, "listen, whilst I tell you the story of that city. I once lived there, in the days of good King Adrian; then the Magician had no power for evil, his influence was thwarted and destroyed by the wisdom and goodness of our king; but when Adrian died, the Magician dazzled the eyes of the people with his splendour and magnificent promises; they accepted him as their king, and the reign of evil began. There was no safety in the town, all fell beneath his yoke; and I rose betimes and fled up the mountain. Above a certain level we are safe and free. Oh, Gabriel, be warned in time; sigh not for the restless life of the world below, and think not that your strength is sufficient to resist the powers of magic which will surely overcome you if you fall within their reach."

A cloud of disappointment rested on Gabriel's brow. After a minute's silence, during which he was gazing eagerly at the forbidden town, he said, "Show me at least, dear father, the line of the level where the Magician's power ceases. Surely I can stand on the edge without harm, and get a nearer view of the city?"

"Nay, Gabriel," replied the Hermit, shaking his head, "I cannot point out the exact spot where you would be safe; there is no fixed line where good begins and evil stops; but it varies as men's

characters vary, and it rises and falls according to the strength and the weakness of each."

Gabriel said no more about descending to the town, but he wearied of his mountain life; his longing for adventure grew wilder and wilder, and he brooded day and night upon the thought, till his desire became a madness, and his longing a frenzy.

CHAPTER II.

"THE TORTOISESHELL CAT."

THE Hermit was weeding his garden-beds; Gabriel had finished his lessons; he turned away from the books with a weary sigh, the blue sea smiled in the sunshine, and murmured enticingly. He threw open his arms, as if to embrace it, and with a sudden, wild gesture turned and tore down the mountain, onward, onward, to the great town.

Breathless, and half frightened at what he had done, he stood in the noisy streets for the first time in his life. It was not possible that he could escape the notice of the Magician; a new subject had entered his realm, and how quickly was that poor soul enslaved! Impelled by a new and irresistible influence, Gabriel soon reached the docks where the gallant ships lay side by side. He had thought just to explore the town and go back again; but, alas! he was driven on, away from the dear old Hermit, to whom he would never return.

Gabriel was a tall, handsome young fellow, and as he looked with eager, curious eyes at the beautiful vessels before him, a man caught him by the arm, saying: "Why, you're just the fellow I want, a fine young sailor——"

"I'm no sailor," replied Gabriel, "but I am ready to be one."

"Come along, then, in my ship, 'The Tortoiseshell Cat:' we sail to-night, at the turn of the tide."

Gabriel hesitated: he thought of the old man alone on the mountain.

"Look here," said the Sea Captain, bringing out a handful of gold, "plenty of money and good food I promise you."

"I do not care for money, sir. I want to see the strange lands that lie across the sea."

"Ho, ho, my fine bird!" cried the Captain, slapping Gabriel on the back, "I'll show you strange countries, such as you never dreamt of. I will take you to lands where flowers spring up beneath your feet,

and the trees drop fruit into your mouth, and the monkeys throw diamonds into your pockets, and—but come along, see for yourself; your hair would grow white before I could tell all that these eyes have seen.”

The Captain led the way into “The Tortoiseshell Cat;” Gabriel followed, dumb with surprise, and his heart on fire at the thought of seeing these marvels with his own eyes.

The ship was cleared, and the sailors wound up the anchor to the gay sea-song of—

Heave away, boys, heave away with a will,
There’s a good breeze coming our sails to fill.

Gabriel, you may be sure, worked the hardest and sang the loudest of any. The sails were unfurled, and puffed and swelled in the breeze; the west wind whistled in the ropes, where the men ran up and down like monkeys, and before the sun had set “The Tortoiseshell Cat” was bowing and curtsying over the waves, past the mountain, and past the cave where the old man sat alone, wondering when Gabriel would return.

Everything seemed strange and beautiful to Gabriel as the brave ship sailed on, and he had so many questions to ask that his companions grew tired of answering him. Sometimes at night the sea looked like a sheet of fire, and sparks danced up and down the waves. “What can be the matter?” thought Gabriel; “are the fish having a bonfire?” But the sailors laughed, and said that the sparks of fire were little animals that ran about the water with lighted lamps upon their heads. Gabriel liked to lean over the side of the ship, and watch the fish as they swam about. The water was so clear that he could see a long way down, and fine games they had—Follow my Leader, Tom Tiddler’s Ground, Leap-frog; and one day Gabriel saw a mischievous little fish twist a piece of seaweed round an old cod’s eyes, and such a scrimmage followed that he was sure it was meant for Blind Man’s Buff.

“Ha, ha, ha!” shouted Gabriel, and he laughed so loud that the fish went off in a hurry, and he leaned so far over the ship’s side to look after the old cod, as he blundered off with the seaweed round his head, that he lost his balance, and with a heavy splash fell into the sea. But, alas! he was worse off than his friends the fish; for, unlike them, he could not swim, and down to the bottom, like a stone, sank the

unhappy Gabriel. He opened his mouth to scream, but the water ran in and choked him, and horrid animals flapped their tails in his face, and stared at him with their goggle eyes. He fancied that he heard the voices of the sailors shouting and calling him by name, but so faint and distant was the sound, that he knew he must have fallen to the bottom of the sea.

At that moment, as the water of death appeared to be closing over his head, the thought of the old man he had so cruelly left, and all his disregarded warnings and entreaties, came back to him. Truth drew closer and closer to his eyes, and grew each moment clearer and brighter, like a star seen through a telescope, with the intervening mists of this world's atmosphere cleared away. He knew then, for the first time, that he had fallen a victim to the power of the Magician. Oh, if he might but return to the world above the sea, he would have but one wish, but one struggle—to fly from the land of magic and return to the Hermit's side.

"There's a queer-looking creature!" cried a mermaid, as she sat on a coral bank, combing her long, wet hair, and gently waving her tail as a well-educated young lady waves her fan. "Well, to be sure, it has no tail," she continued, scornfully, "only two stupid stumps; and it tumbles about like a log of wood!"

"It's a man," said the sole, as she lay half-buried in the mud with her one eye upwards. "He's tumbled out of a ship; it's a pity he should come here to die!"

Where the sole got her knowledge from is a mystery; but she was a good old sole, and placing her flat body under the fainting Gabriel, gradually bore him to the surface. The water was buzzing in his ears, but he heard the Captain give a cheery shout, and felt him grasp his arm; then he remembered no more till he found himself lying on the deck, and the sailors standing round.

"Well, you are a stupid fellow," said the mate, "to tumble overboard and swim like a lump of lead. If our good captain had not jumped into the water and brought you out, you would have been food for the fishes to-night."


Now, considering that the sole had not only sprained her right fin in raising Gabriel out of the water, but deprived herself of a magnificent supper, you will agree with me that she was a very good old sole indeed, and deserved a medal from the Humane Society.

When Gabriel had perfectly recovered his senses, he was rejoiced to find that a change had passed over him ; the power of the Magician had fallen off from him, and lay doubtless at the bottom of the deep. His desire to return to the Hermit knew no abatement ; but how was it to be accomplished ? Not yet, Gabriel ; not yet, for many a year, can you escape from the course of life upon which you wilfully embarked ; but remain steadfast and true of heart, and all may yet be well.

(To be continued.)

WALTER JOSEPH ; OR, THE NAME REGAINED.

(Continued.)

 IN the morning light, his wish to discover the secret spring, and the retreat of the old cavalier, grew stronger than ever. Many a time on that day, and the next, and the next, did he search, and peep, and feel over every portion of the wall within his reach. He tried, however, in vain, during these days, to discover the spring of which he was sure Hannah had spoken. On the morning of the fourth day, as he lay in bed, he began again. Carefully pinning a piece of twine by its two ends to the walls, he made his fingers pace along it, pressing every inch of the way. He repeated this process all along the wall by his bedside, but quite in vain ; the solid oak panelling seemed to mock all his attempts to get behind it. Then he began to rap, but he was afraid lest the noise might attract notice, therefore this he dared not continue. So he lay back on his pillow, considering, and gazing at the obstinate, provoking wall before him. At length he became conscious of watching a beetle climbing along it. It was unlike his foreign beetles, and he watched it with interest. It approached the edge of the panel, crawled along it, and very close to the beveled border. Just then a noise near his door made him hastily snatch down his twine, and turn to see who had made it. It must have been the housemaid passing, no one was coming in. So he turned back to watch his beetle,—it was gone ; crawled, he supposed, under the border.

Now Walter Joseph had no mind to be baffled : he chose to see where the beetle was, and bring it out, where he could watch it. So seizing his knife out of his trousers-pocket, he proceeded to lift the

border to dig out his beetle. He found the spot, and inserted the point of his knife. He was pressing upon it with all his might, when he felt the wall yield,—and *inwards!* The conviction burst upon him that he had lit upon the spring. Excited beyond measure, he pressed as hard as he possibly could, but this not answering, he was obliged to pause. Then he tried again, somewhat in another direction,—and the panel slipped back, discovering a passage which evidently ran by his room. At this moment the housemaid re-passed. And before he had given himself time for thought, Joe had scrambled out of bed straight into the passage, with no more consideration than to drag his trousers with him. He had his knife also. He rapidly slid back the panel that no one might find him, and, by the snap of a spring, he perceived that for good or for evil he was shut in between the walls of the castle. Any less dauntless boy would have been thoroughly terrified, but Joe only acknowledged to a wish that he had brought his shoes with him. His socks fortunately had come after him, entangled in his trousers; but socks, trousers, and night shirt are but a sorry covering inside a thick wall on a winter's morning, in the dark. However, there Joe was. And the next question was, what to do next? He felt for the spring, but it had shut too closely for him to discover it. Then he thought, should he shout for assistance? no, indeed, that he would not, if he could help it; time enough for that as a last resource. He tried to recollect carefully the direction of the walls, and the position of the rooms. He knew the passage ran by the dining-room, at least he thought so; certainly it did by the white chamber. Considering all things, he thought he could find his way, and he determined to proceed; so he felt along the wall, and moved on step by step. However, in a minute he was arrested by hearing his own door open, and Hannah enter. And soon he was in ecstasies of delight, stuffing his sock against his mouth, and shaking with silent laughter, at the horror and dismay she expressed when she found his bed empty.

“Gracious me!” ejaculated the poor woman, “Master Joseph’s gone! It never can be! Master Walter! Master Joe! Oh! my dear boy! Master Joseph! Joe! Joseph! Oh! wherever—can—he—be?” and Joseph guessed by the sounds that she was turning out and upsetting everything big enough to hide him.

“Perhaps Jane has called him—perhaps he’s gone down stairs: no,

here's his jacket and shoes, but I don't see his trousers. Has he opened the spring? I can't tell. I don't know where it is. I'll go and find Jane; oh, help me! whatever shall I do?" exclaimed poor Hannah as she hurried from the room.

The door shut sharply after her, and fearing lest she should soon return with some one who did know where the spring was, and could follow him, he proceeded at once on his way. Dark it was, cold it was, rough it was, but Joe's excitement and curiosity triumphed over all. Besides, how could he get back without help? and that he would not have asked for yet, at all, at all. So he stepped on. He stretched out both hands in front, as wide as the walls of the narrow passage would let him, that he might feel his way onward. His poor shoeless feet found the stone floor very cold indeed, and rather rough. And Joe was obliged to move slowly, for fear of stumbling down steps or holes in his way.

After a few minutes more of such creeping on, his left hand lost the wall. Joe wondered what had become of it; his geography was getting sadly confused, for his movements were almost too slow for him to measure distance by. He hesitated for a moment whether to feel after the wall or not. The fear struck him that he might get involved in a labyrinth of passages, and lose his way among the empty rooms, of which there were many in this old castle; perhaps he had better go back and thump at his own wall till somebody released him. But no! then somebody would be sent with him, and he should like to find old Sir Hugh's room by himself. He would feel after the wall. He did so, and soon traced it back again to the passage: it seemed to be only a recess in which a man might stand aside to let others pass; perhaps there might have been a door to conceal it effectually from the passers-by; but Joe could not wait to ascertain that. He crept on, feeling as before, and came upon more than one of these recesses, one of which was half shut by a stone partition, so that Joe felt he knew all about them, and was tired of them.

But Joe also passed more than one opening that could not be traced back—that was evidently a branch passage.

Presently he slipped down some stairs, not many, but it was a hard, disagreeable stumble, smothering him too with dust. And it cut his hands and bruised his feet, how much he could not tell in the dark; but he determined to walk on more cautiously. He picked himself up, and

stepped on. Soon he was startled by voices, Hannah's amongst them, lamenting loudly about him : she " was morally certain—as sure as if she had seen it—that the villainous Roundhead had spirited away Joe; and would return him a changeling, if he ever returned him at all, a horrible hateful child, who would be no more a de Brackenburgh than she was; who would change about, now be a cat, then an ape, then she knew not what, but spiteful and mischievous always! oh, dear! oh, dear!" and by a continued pit-pat upon the floor, Joe concluded that she was rocking herself in her chair backwards and forwards in her agony.

Then he heard Jane and the other servants pitying and sorrowing, and wondering whether Sir Hugh could find the missing map of the passages. Joe's amusement was far more awakened by all this than pity at their distress. He would not now ask for help when he had proceeded so far, and was no nearer losing himself than at first. He had only for an instant or two doubted emerging at last from his retreat, and that was when he had been once or twice thoroughly puzzled by the passages. Now he felt perfectly safe and fearless; though perhaps he was not sorry to perceive that he had not yet passed beyond the inhabited rooms.

Again he started on his travels, leaving Hannah and her woes behind him. Up and down short flights of steps; along passages, the length of which he could not measure, with many a turn and cross passage in them; he proceeded very slowly, feeling every step of the way. After a long while he began to get very much tired; the distance seemed interminable, nothing broke the silence or illumined the pitchy darkness. At length he found more steps, and began to ascend them. He climbed up twenty or more, then lost count, but went on till he struck his head against a ceiling, or roof of some sort. Very odd, thought he; what can be the meaning of this? there must have been a door, or something like it, somewhere! but though he felt all around as far as he could reach, he could make no impression on the hard walls. He began to get really frightened; supposing he could not find his way onwards, how could he possibly get back? He paused, just as he stood on the top of the ladder of steps, to think: he could not recollect which way he had come, he could not possibly trace it back to his room. For a moment he pictured to himself the misery of wandering about in those passages, and never getting out; oh! how the fear made him shiver! but by instinct Joe felt

that to dream of all this woe was the surest way to unnerve himself for escaping it. He must either manage to go on, or feel his way down the steps, and into some other passage. But he reflected that it was very unlikely these many steps led nowhere; and once more he tried the wall close round him. There was nothing but a ledge, about a foot wide, running along it out of his reach. He could not stand on this upright against the wall, so he made up his mind to descend, and try some other passage; but in descending he found a second ledge, just a little wider. By the two, perhaps, he might creep on a few steps; he could easily get back, and the ladder would not run away. He tried, passing carefully one foot across the other, and holding firmly on by the upper ledge. It *was* a giddy position to be in, sure enough; suppose him to slip, and where would he go? But after a few more steps it was almost worse to go back. He persevered and was rewarded, amply rewarded by reaching a platform, where he could stand securely without holding. Here he rested for a moment. Then he felt on again, nothing, nothing, anywhere! and across the platform he could almost straddle. Verily he was almost worse off than before; and chancing to exclaim at the puzzling nature of his resting-place, his voice sounded so awfully hollow and startling, that poor little Joe burst into tears. However, though they relieved him, it was of no use stopping to shed them, so he felt around again, and soon discovered similar ledges, upon which, driven to desperation, he did scramble on as before. Once he dislodged a stone, a very small one, but it fell down, down, down, knocking from side to side once or twice as it fell; telling him a terrible tale of a well, or hollow of some sort, into which he might follow the stone, if he did not mind what he was about. But he did take care, and he did hold on; and soon he arrived at another landing-place, broader than he could reach across, and protected by a door. Then the truth flashed upon him, that probably he had passed round half a cavity, crossed once by a plank or a bridge, which, of course, the occupant of the chamber, into which he thought he must have scrambled, could draw back, and thus defend himself against almost any number of assailants. Such a death, the being wounded and plunged down this hollow, would account for the disappearance of the Roundhead who pursued Sir Hugh; a conjecture subsequently proved correct by the discovery of a skeleton at the bottom, but the conjecture was not imagined by Joe.

Joe felt sure that he had found the cavalier's chamber; and of course, if he got in, he could find his way out, as Sir Hugh had done so. The possibility of ropes and chains having become rotten since that time never struck him; and as it turned out, there was no need that it should. He again felt about, pushing back cautiously and with difficulty the door by his side. There he touched something cold. Oh! ah! what was it? Down it fell with an echoing crash, that boomed in the silence and darkness most ominously. Joe dared not start back, but neither dared he advance. What was to be done next?

He paused several seconds; then, as no more noise came, he cautiously peeped round the door, not daring to touch it again though; and he saw—a ray of light! No words can describe his joy; he darted forward, regardless of all prudence, and soon found himself under a broad chimney with the daylight streaming down it, though the shaft was too high to allow of its streaming fully into the room. Joe looked about, and in one corner of the old hearth he found a steel glove, which he had the courage to drop, thus convincing himself that it was its fellow which had startled him behind the door by falling.

Now what was to be done next? Scarcely anything could he see but the very few articles on the hearth; an ancient staff, this old glove, the dust, and ashes, and *débris* gathered there, and the oaken settle just outside. Suddenly he thought that he might strike a light; and he wondered that he had not remembered this before. But remembering it before would not have helped him much, as he could have lit nothing but his own shirt, even if he had succeeded. Now he had this old staff. So he searched his trouser-pockets for the match or two which, despite of Hannah's warnings, were but too often to be found there, and by the aid of small pieces cut off the stick to catch more easily, he succeeded in setting one end of it alight.

It was a curious little chamber that he looked upon, with its deep fireplace, and its massive walls. He could see a table and a bed, but he dared not wait to look. His first object was to discover light and a means of exit. After a little search he found a window, which he opened; then he discovered another door, which opened upon a second vault, corresponding to the one that he had passed round on entering. But across this second a stone arch still remained, which he could venture to stand on; and before his torch had burned out, he had groped his way through the last passage to a well-concealed door.

This let him out on the leads of the castle, all among the chimneys and turrets, in one of which this chamber was placed.

So he had accomplished his task.

He tripped merrily back; at first shouting, then singing, until his voice did sound so weird and horrid, that he relapsed into silence. He recrossed the stone bridge, and re-entered the chamber. The window which he had opened was carefully concealed by a buttress from any observation from below, and consequently it gave but an imperfect light within—a light, that is to say, that would dawn late, and set early, and never be very brilliant; but at the time of day that Joe was there he could see well all that he wanted. The room was an octagon. An ancient oaken table stood in the centre, an oaken bedstead in one corner, upon which lay the powdery remains of dusty coverings, scarcely of bedclothes; and if it were possible to form any judgment by their position, they appeared as if thrown aside when the occupant last arose. A few articles of armour and dress lay about, such as were worn in the days of Charles I., an old rapier, a breastplate, the two steel gloves, a hat and plume, or rather the remains of one, scarcely distinguishable now. A small cupboard in the wall contained a few eating utensils, a platter, a mug, a small iron pot, and an old spoon.

Last, but not least, there was a wooden crucifix fixed against the wall, with a *very* ancient date carved under the figure. Joe took it down, and behind it he found an inscription rudely carved; but he was far too cold and too hungry to stop and decipher it then. He therefore determined to carry it away with him. He was indeed getting frightfully cold. For nearly two hours had he been wandering in those passages. Now he had done his work, and he wanted to get back to breakfast, and clothes, and warmth. But he thought it would be a pity quite to lose this fine opportunity of personating the Round-head, and scaring Hannah just a little. He longed for his clothes, then he would have done it well; now he could not stay for more than a little fright. But how to attract her attention?

He burst out on the leads with a shriek of joyful exultation, which at least amazed the old rooks and jackdaws, in among the chimneys and places, and sent them wheeling round and round in the air. But the cold! oh, the cold, how piercing it was! Really, Hannah must be quick and hear him, or he could not stay—the very leads were freezing him. He shrieked again—not quite so joyfully as he had

done at first—and again Hannah heard it, as she had heard the first, plainly enough, poor soul! She hid her face in her apron and cowered behind the kitchen door. She had fled from the loneliness of the housekeeper's room.

"That *nasty* old Roundhead!" thought she.

Again came the shriek, piercing and quivering, for Joe was desperately cold. "Oh!" trembled poor old Hannah.

"Sure now," exclaimed Duncombe, the coachman, who had also sought refuge in company, "that scream may be Master Joseph himself."

"No, never," sobbed Hannah, "he's gone, or changed for ever and ever!"

"Now, Mrs. Pettisworthy," suggested the man, "go and see! Do'ee go and see; it very likely may be Master Joseph," and Duncombe crept closer to the fire.

"Who? I!" said she; "go yourself, if ye want to see."

"Ay! but you see Master Joe don't know me as he knows you. He wouldn't be afeard of you."

"Oh, I dare say! mercy! there it is again! Now I say, do, Thomas Duncombe, go and see; you owe to your master's grandson to help him in a difficul—Oh, there!—what a voice the thing has! oh, what shall we do! now *do*, Thomas; I should be ashamed to sit there, on top of the fire, if I were a man like *you*."

"Just as soon as be under mine own pinafore like *you*," retorted Tom, driven out of all good manners by fear; in a minute he added, "I'll go and fetch the master, that's what I'll do."

"Oh! do mind the spring in the back passage then; maybe the old fellow 'll get you too! and if two of ye get schreeeling on that roof, I shall go clean mazed, I shall indeed," declared poor Hannah.

Duncombe departed, leaving Hannah alone, listening in an agony of terror for the shriek; but she heard it no more. Joe could not endure the cold any longer, and dashing down some dilapidated stairs, in an old round tower, at the end of the leads, he had fled across the frozen yard, and was now approaching the kitchen door as fast as his shaking limbs would let him.

Who shall express the utter terror of the poor old housekeeper, when he bounced unexpectedly against it, dashed it open, and himself appeared, all begrimed with dirt, and blue with cold? Fortunately for Hannah's wits, her master appeared at one door, led by Duncombe, as Joe sprang in at the other; and not being so possessed with a belief in

the family tradition as was Hannah, he was able to recognise his grandson in the shivering, dirty little urchin before him. His first care was to warm and feed the boy, then get him to bed—an operation performed by Hannah, now herself again, in the presence of Sir Hugh and Lady de Brackenburgh. Whilst it was in progress, Joe gave a full and particular account of his adventures. His grandfather congratulated him heartily on the discovery he had made, and at his pluck and high courage, suggesting that he should on another day conduct himself, and some men with them, through the passages. Sir Hugh had good reason to request this, for the two hours of the boy's absence had been hours of agony to him. One of the only two documents existing that gave any clue to the hiding-places was at his lawyer's in Brantham; the other, supposed to be kept by himself, was hopelessly mislaid; all the time had been expended in hunting for the one, and sending for the other. The exact position of the springs too, though every one knew in what rooms they were, no one could in that hurry discover. The distress, therefore, of the grandparents may well be imagined, and Sir Hugh insisted, as soon as Joe could accompany him, in tracing out all the labyrinth in which the boy had been wandering, and, above all, on examining the cavalier's chamber, and the vaults near it. It was curious, but Joe found it impossible to follow again the course he had pursued by himself. He led Sir Hugh from the oriel chamber, but he soon entirely lost his way; and the position of the searchers might have become awkward, if one of the men had not taken the precaution to tie the end of a ball of twine in Joe's room, and unwind it as they advanced. They did at last complete their survey; but it was discovered that only in certain places were the passages actually in the walls. Many had once been open, and in use; and were reopened by Sir Hugh. Some led to the roof, by the turrets. All were, however, rendered light and safe, so that no such risk as little Joe had incurred could be run by any future wanderer. Sir Hugh told his wife, in confidence, that if the little lad had not been one of the steadiest and most daring that ever lived, he must have been very seriously hurt, if not quite disabled, in the hazardous places he got into.

During the search around the cavalier's room, the skeleton, already spoken of, was found in the first vault. It was borne away and decently buried; so that poor old Hannah slept, for the future, free from all dread of Roundhead visitations! The probable use made of the ledges was also rendered apparent (the ledges themselves being

courses in the walls) by the discovery of sundry planks, which seemed once to have served as bridges, both across the Roundhead's vault and by the stone ladder. One such plank had fallen into the vault. As nearly as could be ascertained, by dates remaining in the family, Sir Hugh's final escape from the castle took place about the time of this soldier's death. Probably it was the death, and the horror accompanying it, and also that the falling of the plank cut off the old Royalist from his supplies, that drove him away. His chamber was left unclosed, and as much as possible unaltered. But the vaults were filled in, and the approaches to it made safe. The crucifix was restored to its place, and everything else that could be retained left as Joe had found it.

One fact touched our Sir Hugh deeply. The inscription behind this crucifix was signed by the letters H de B. It was very rudely carved and difficult to read, but when deciphered it ran thus:—"Father! forgive my dear erring boy, sorely doth he need it!" It was touching—deeply touching—that after two hundred years of silence this prayer of love and forgiveness should be brought to light; the only words recorded of the old cavalier, save those of wrath and provocation, when he first discovered his son's power to oppose him. They deeply affected the present baronet. What had James done against him, compared to the real cruelty of that rebellious son, that he should refuse him his pardon?

The letter that left England, about a fortnight after little Joe's arrival, was a very different one from what would have been written had the old cavalier's crucifix never been found. It astonished James, and it may be hoped did more than any severity could have done to cure him of his "contrariness," as Hannah called it.


It will easily be believed how great a hero Walter Joseph became among the servants and country people after his adventure in the wall. In about a year afterwards James and his family returned to make the castle their home; and very general was the satisfaction in the whole family, when it was made known that James had gratefully consented to his father's first expressed wish after his arrival, "that that gallant little lad should be always called Walter, and should be the one to restore the old name to its ancient place in the pedigree and affection of the de Brackenburghs."

MOTHER CAREY.

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

CHAPTER V.

“He held his castle in the north,
Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.” ATTORN.

 THE Marquis had but little time to sorrow for Kilpont's death, his army had been much diminished by the Highlanders slipping away home to their wives and families, and by Lord Kilpont's men all deserting in order to follow the body of their murdered young chief to the tomb.

He could not think therefore of defending Perth against two or three armies, and he marched accordingly into Aberdeenshire, to try and persuade the Gordons to join him. One of the clan, a clever soldier, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, answered gladly to his call, but the head of the house, the Marquis of Huntly, and his sons hung back. Lord Ludovic—he of whom I have already spoken—was again in arms against Montrose. Ludovic was the wildest of the wild, and was constantly changing sides; he had not forgotten his defeat some years before, nor was he likely to forget it in a hurry, for he was again completely defeated by the Marquis, and Aberdeen fell into the hands of the Royalists.

But Montrose had not been two days in Aberdeen when he heard that Argyle was close behind him with a powerful army. Montrose, with his small undisciplined force of wild Highlanders and Irish, did not choose to wait for him, and hastily retreated from the town. The government of Edinburgh was beginning in fact to get extremely frightened at the success of the royal lieutenant, and they proclaimed him a traitor, setting a price upon his head, and commanding Argyle to bring him back either dead or alive. But this was not quite so easy. Montrose now led the Covenanting generals such a chase as they had never undertaken before. Surrounded as he was by enemies, he dodged them and foiled them on every side: a perfect mountaineer

himself, he led his men through passes of the Grampians where hardly the shepherds dared to venture; and whenever he could slip unperceived past the enemy he would dart back into Aberdeenshire, with the faint hope of persuading the Gordons to join him.

But during these wonderful marches, which were considered as being amongst his greatest feats, he once narrowly escaped being destroyed altogether. He had taken the castle of Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, and had strongly intrenched himself, when the two armies of Argyle and Lothian surrounded him in overwhelming numbers. Without artillery, with very little ammunition, the few Gordons who had joined him having deserted him, Montrose saw that he was on the brink of destruction. But if he felt anxious he took care that his men should not see it.

Already the enemy were clambering up the intrenchments on all sides, when Montrose called out cheerfully to a young Irish officer, "Come, O'Kyan, what are you about? Can't you drive those troublesome fellows from our defences and see that they don't disturb us again?"

As if it was the easiest thing in the world.

O'Kyan immediately shouted to his men to follow him, and, animated by his example, they rushed on the assailants and drove them headlong, foot and horse together, down the hill.

Argyle was by this time rather tired of pursuing an enemy which he could never get hold of; winter was at hand; already the hills were covered with snow, and Montrose had plunged again into the deepest recesses of the mountains of Badenoch, whither Argyle had no desire whatever to follow him. It was a thing unheard of in those days to fight in the winter time, and the chieftain of the Campbells, who at all times loved intrigue better than the battle-field, threw up the command of his army and quietly settled himself at his own castle of Inverary, firmly believing that the royal army would be forced to remain quiet during the frost and snow. It seemed, indeed, as if little was to be feared from Montrose; the violent fatigues he had endured had brought on an attack of illness which proved very nearly fatal. Numbers of his followers had left him, their health having given way under the hardships of cold, weariness, and hunger, which they were all obliged to suffer. With his army thus diminished, with the winter coming on, Montrose was still as eager and hopeful as ever; and like an eagle in his eyrie was watching for an opportunity to pounce upon his enemies.

One day a Highlander presented himself to the Marquis with important information. He knew, he said, all the secret passes into Argyleshire, and he promised to lead Montrose's army to Inverary before the master of that stately castle could know of his approach. It would be a glorious feat indeed if Montrose could at one blow destroy the power of the Marquis of Argyle, the supreme head of the Covenanting party.

Little did that deluded nobleman guess what was coming upon him. He had often said that he would not for a thousand crowns that any one should know the secret passes which led to his old feudal stronghold. What then were his feelings when he learnt from the terrified shepherds that Montrose, who he thought was far away beyond the Tay and the Dochart, was within a day's march of him? Hardly a month or two before, the Marquis had performed a march of twenty-four miles over the Grampian mountains, through frost and snow, to surprise him at Dunkeld, and here he was now at his own gates, where he flattered himself that no enemy could penetrate. He did not hesitate now what to do, but embarking on the lake he made his escape as he best could to Edinburgh. The army of Montrose, consisting of different clans, Camerons, Stuarts, Macdonalds, Ogilvies, all hated the Campbells, and were eager to revenge the burning and wasting of their country by Argyle's troops. They burnt and ravaged all that came in their way, and still we may see on Loch Goil the ruins of Castle Campbell; and we are told that it was destroyed by the Ogilvies in revenge for the destruction of the "Bonnie House of Airlie" by Argyle himself.

The Campbells had a favourite saying, "It is a far cry to Lochow," which meant to express that no enemy could penetrate into their territories. Montrose taught them that their "far cry" must for the future be but an empty boast. He stayed at Inverary till January, and when no good was to be got by staying longer he returned to Glen Urquhart through Lochaber.

When he was gone Argyle came home again, and proclaimed to everybody who would listen to him that Montrose had run away. He sent for a kinsman, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, and with his help he soon assembled a fine army, with which he set off immediately in pursuit of the Great Marquis. This news was brought to Montrose by a loyal Gaelic bard called Ian Lom Macdonnell.

The Marquis would hardly at first believe the information, and exclaimed :

“Argyle *dare* not pursue me through Lochaber.”

However, when he found it was true he resolved at once not to wait for him, and after holding a council of war with his Highland chiefs, he settled to retrace his steps and surprise the Covenanting army. It was a splendid march that he made, and I cannot better describe it than in the words of Mr. Napier : “It was the depth of winter, and the mountains were covered with snow ; moreover in that wildest district of the Highlands no military stations or roads then existed. Nor did he conduct his army by the usual or direct passes. Startling the herds of deer where armed men had never yet been led, they sought their way up the rugged bed of the Tarff, across the steep ridges of the awful Corryarrick, now plunging into the valley of the Spey, now crossing the wild mountains from Glen Roy to the Spean, and stayed not until from the skirts of Ben Nevis they saw before them the yet bloodless shore of Loch Eil, and the frowning towers of Inverlochy.”

It was on that same bright winter's morning that their presence was discovered by Argyle's army and reported to be a scattered body of Highlanders, some Camerons and their chief M'Il duy, or Stuarts of Appin, perhaps, who had strayed by accident to the neighbourhood of the Covenanting army, and who should speedily be punished for their presumption. Argyle had gone on board his galley, which was lying at anchor on the lake, and was still discussing the subject with the gentlemen who stood round him, when suddenly there swept across the still waters of the blue lake those peculiar trumpet notes which were always played to salute the royal standard. Argyle started with surprise, for the sound told him that his gallant enemy was there in person, and it was the royal army that was gathered on those heights to dispute his further progress.

The battle began the moment the sun was up, and was fought with great courage on both sides. The royal army was, however, victorious ; Sir Duncan Campbell, a valiant soldier, was killed, and Argyle, who had kept aloof from the combat on account of a hurt in his arm, made his escape in his galley with all possible expedition.

Before the battle began, Ian Lom Macdonnell asked the Marquis to give him his reward for having faithfully guided his army over the trackless mountains, and Montrose gladly allowed his claim. Then he

added, with the winning manner that so greatly endeared him to the half-civilized race he understood so well, "Ian, will you not go with me to fight Argyle?"

But the poet shook his head. "No, no, my lord Marquis, I leave that matter with you; you go and *do* to-day, and to-morrow I will tell you what you do."

Accordingly, during the battle the young Macdonnell, who was only nineteen, stationed himself on the heights above Inverlochy Castle, and described in wild and spirited poetry the events of the day.

I will give you a verse or two of the translation :

"Heard ye not? heard ye not? how that whirlwind, the Gael,
Through Lochaber swept down from Loch Ness to Loch Eil;
And the Campbells to meet them, in battle array,
Like the billow came on, and were broke like its spray?
Long, long, shall our war song exult in that day!

"'Twas the sabbath that rose, 'twas the feast of St. Bride,
When the rush of their clans shook Ben Nevis's side.
I, the bard of their battles, ascended the height,
Where dark Inverlochy o'ershadowed the fight,
And I saw the Clan Donnell resistless in might."

There are some more verses, but I will only give you the last, in which he addresses his hated enemies the Campbells :

"Fallen race of Diarmid, disloyal, untrue,
No harp in the Highlands will sorrow for you;
But the birds of Loch Eil are wheeling on high,
And the Badenoch wolves hear the Cameron cry—
'Come feast ye, come feast, where the false-hearted lie.'"

Montrose was greatly cheered by his victory, and he had some reason to be proud of it, seeing it was won after a tremendously fatiguing march over a country without roads. Besides, the Marquis himself and many of the others had been obliged to go without food for eighteen hours; and just before the battle Montrose and the old Earl of Airlie thought themselves very fortunate to find some barley-meal, which they mixed with water and ate together out of an iron pot.

On the other hand, the Scottish Estates were in a great rage at their army having been defeated: their first proceeding was to declare the

Marquis a traitor for the second or third time; their next, to treat as harshly as possible all the Royalist prisoners who happened to be in their hands. Montrose, on his part, could not restrain his followers from retaliating on the lands of Argyle the cruelties practised by that nobleman in Lochaber. During this time he obtained great reinforcements, and was joined by a brave and gallant youth, George Lord Gordon, the eldest son of the Marquis of Huntly. Lord Gordon was staying at a strong fortress belonging to his father, called the Bog of Gight, and he rode over one day to the royal camp, bringing with him his wild young brother, Lord Ludovic.

CHAPTER VI.

"See how calm he looks, and stately,
 Like a warrior on his shield,
 Waiting till the flush of morning
 Breaks along the battle-field.
 See—oh, never more, my comrades,
 Shall we see that falcon eye
 Redden with its inward lightning
 As the hour of fight draws nigh.
 Never shall we hear the voice, that
 Clearer than the trumpet's call,
 Bade us strike for king and country;
 Bade us win the field or fall."

AYTOUN.—*Burial March of Dundee.*

THE rest of the winter campaign passed in constant skirmishes between the Scottish Cavaliers and the Covenanters, the latter being led by an experienced soldier, Sir John Hurry, who changed sides repeatedly during the war. But during the winter Montrose suffered great affliction by the sudden death of his eldest son, an amiable and promising boy of fourteen. His father had kept him with him during the last campaign, but Lord Graham was too young to stand the constant fatigue, the exposure to rain and snow, that he was obliged to endure in the rough and hasty marches of the army. Montrose had been afraid to leave him lest he should be taken prisoner, when the boy was suddenly seized with a fever at Huntly's Castle, and died in his father's arms two days later.

Not long after Montrose lost one of his best men, Donald Farquharson, in a skirmish; and he had hardly recovered from this loss

when another misfortune befell him, almost as great as Graham's death. He had left his two younger sons, Lord James Graham and Lord Robert, at Old Montrose, his own castle, when Sir John Hurry suddenly pounced down upon the place and carried off the two boys, who were quietly learning their lessons with their tutor.

During the whole of these months Montrose kept his enemies in a constant state of alarm; the rapidity of all his movements completely baffled and bewildered them; they never could find him when they pursued him, and yet when they thought him on the other side of some steep chain of hills they were generally surprised by discovering him a few miles off, the first news of his neighbourhood being an attack of his half-wild cavalry. He had till now kept to the wilder and more inaccessible parts of the Highlands, but as spring and summer advanced he received fresh reinforcements, and one day, as he was lingering on the banks of Loch Katrine, his nephew, the Master of Napier, suddenly made his appearance. Their mutual delight at meeting again was very great. And Archibald's arrival was the more welcome that he had just made his escape from Linlithgow, where he had been imprisoned with his father and several others of his family. With an army fresh and eager for battle, the Marquis now descended towards Menteith in pursuit of Hurry; but Hurry hastened to join his troops to those of the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland; and the Marquis hearing this, halted at the village of Alderne, not willing to fight with an army so inferior in numbers to the enemy. But Hurry was of course the more eager to encounter the lesser force, hoping to gain an easy victory, and he marched against Montrose at once.

Our hero was in a dangerous position; Hurry's army was in front, there was a large army commanded by General Baillie behind, and now to save himself from utter destruction he must beat the one before the other came up. Alderne stood on a hill, and low hills rose up behind it. There was a rough garden in front, and in this place, behind some rocks and inclosures, Montrose placed his lieutenant, Alaster Macdonald, with his men, and gave into his care the royal standard, which was usually carried before himself, with strict orders to Alaster on no account to stir till he received the command to do so. The rest of his army he disposed on the brow of the hill, the cavalry in the middle, consisting of the best men of Strathbogie, commanded by their gallant chief, the high-spirited Lord Gordon. The enemy

began the attack, as Montrose had expected, by a furious charge of the enemy's horse against the garden where the royal banner was floating over Alaster's head, while at the same time the infantry engaged that of the Royalists. If Alaster now stood firm, Montrose's intention was to lead down the cavalry upon the enemy's centre while their right wing was engaged with Alaster, who was so strongly posted in his garden that he would easily have been able to keep his opponents back till the Marquis had cut the rest to pieces. But Alaster was not used to fighting behind walls and inclosures; many of his men were young recruits lent him by his friend Lord Gordon in exchange for some of Macdonald's tried soldiers, and these lads were with difficulty induced to keep steady under the enemy's fire; and Macdonald himself was so provoked at last by the jeering and mocking of his assailants, who dared him to come out from behind his rocks, that he could bear it no longer. Calling to his men, they rushed impetuously out of the garden and flung themselves upon the enemy. The consequence was exactly what Montrose had foreseen. Far too weak in numbers to resist the powerful cavalry of London, Lawers, and Lothian, they were beaten down, and Alaster, seeing his mistake, was obliged to give the order to his men to get back to their shelter. This retreat was so like a flight that a scene of great confusion ensued. Macdonald himself only remained perfectly cool, keeping behind to protect his men from their pursuers: it was by sheer courage and strength of arm alone that he was able to make his retreat good, and he sprang through the entrance just in time to escape being taken prisoner.

Meanwhile Montrose had been watching all this scene breathlessly from the hill where he stood, when it was whispered to him that Macdonald was completely defeated. The Marquis instantly turned round to Gordon, who was in his saddle chafing with impatience to be let loose.

"Macdonald is gaining the victory all alone!" he cried. "Come, come, Gordon, shall he carry all before him, and leave no honours for the house of Huntly?—Charge!"

The words had hardly left his lips when the gallant Gordons were thundering down on Hurry's dragoons with a force that was quite irresistible, and after a short struggle drove them off the field. To quote Napier once more: "It was well for Macdonald that Montrose and Lord Gordon came on like a whirlwind from the opposite wing,

where they had been victorious, and driving the remainder of the rebel horse even through the centre of their foot, cut down the best and bravest regiments that owned the Covenant, on the spot where they stood."

The royal standard was safe, and Alaster rushing out again from his garden assisted in completing the victory.

Montrose having so satisfactorily disposed of Hurry, now turned his attention to Baillie; but that general was so powerful that the Marquis did not judge it prudent to give him battle immediately, especially as he was anxious to engage an old acquaintance, Lindsay, who had taken the command of a third army. But at this moment he was deserted by one of Lord Gordon's brothers, the Viscount Aboyne, with almost all the Strathbogie men, his followers; and the royal lieutenant was obliged to retreat instead of attacking Lindsay.

Lindsay marched away northwards, and Lord Gordon, who was very indignant at his brother's desertion, having succeeded in bringing him back, Montrose marched in search of Baillie. The armies met at last on Alford Hill, and a battle ensued, in which the Marquis gained a glorious but dearly-bought victory.

As the fight was nearly over, Lord Gordon observed that the enemy had brought with them all the cattle they had "lifted" or stolen from his father's estates. Indignant at this piece of impertinence, the young man declared he would carry off Baillie from the midst of his men. Followed by his clansmen, he spurred his horse and dashed forward; a bound of his spirited charger brought him alongside of Baillie: he had already seized the general's sword-belt when a carbine-shot, too well aimed, passed through Gordon's forehead, and he fell. His death was well revenged by the Marquis in person, but his was a loss which could never be repaired. As the news spread through the army it was received by a universal wail of despair. Huntly's gallant son was beloved by them all, but chiefly by the Marquis of Montrose himself, who now hung over the lifeless form of his friend in bitter grief. And as he gazed through blinding tears upon the features, which even in death were singularly beautiful, he knew that he had lost the only one of the Gordons on whose fidelity and affection he could rely.

Lord Gordon was buried in the cathedral church of Aberdeen, and the funeral procession was followed by many true mourners. He

was twenty-seven years old, and had already shown great military talents.

Once more had the Covenanting army sustained a humiliating defeat, and the Scottish Estates, mortified and alarmed, were much puzzled to know what to do next. They, however, hastened to raise fresh armies, while Montrose only waited for Aboyne, who had gone off again to get reinforcements, as he said, to march down into the Lowlands. But Aboyne came not, and Montrose was only able to alarm the enemy by, as usual, appearing wherever he was least expected. But he was not able to prevent the formation of a powerful army, of which Argyre and Baillie took the joint command.

THE ROCKING-HORSE.



MOUNT on your rocking-horse, Johnnie, my joy!
Stick to him close, like a bonnie brave boy!
Turn in your toes, and hold fast by the rein,
Forward and backward, again and again!

Stumble or tumble you never need fear:
Firm as an elephant, swift as a deer,
Leaping and bounding your frolicsome nag
Rises and falls, as in chase of a stag.

Never a stall does such hobby-horse need,
Straw for his bedding, or corn for his feed;
Never a currycomb; better than oats,
Painter shall give him three glossy new coats.

Sure he's not vicious—yet neighbours beware!
Look to his fore feet, and look to his rear!
Sideways stand clear too, for every one knows
If you're too near him he'll damage your toes.

Double or treble he'll carry, 'tis plain,
One at his crupper, and one at his mane;
Give me the saddle, though "High diddle diddle,"
All of you dub me "The fool in the middle."

KAPPA.

2 0 2

PRINCE BOOHOO AND THE DIVING BELL.

(Continued.)



EVERYTHING was quite still. The servants wore list slippers, the horses in the stable, which was close by, had their noses tied up in bags, lest they should neigh and wake the King. The only noise came from the chattering of the sparrows, which they couldn't silence, and the snoring of the King, which made all the windows in the palace rattle.

Meanwhile the Prince was sailing to the buoy which marked the place where the fairy was sitting at the bottom of the sea. They soon found the spot, for the fairy was so busy in her workshop down below, that quantities of chips floated up, and bubbles, which showed that she was talking to somebody. The sea was quite flat and oily all round the buoy, and so much seaweed and old rope lay about, that the screw of the steamer would not turn round. But that was of no consequence, for they wanted to stop there.

Then they got the diving bell out, and hung it over the ship's side ready for the diver to go down to the fairy with an autograph letter from the King begging her to undertake the education of the Prince, and fix her own terms. And the letter was sealed with a seal as big as a saucer.

But the Prince said he would let no one give the letter except himself, and took his seat in the diving bell so positively, that the Lords of the Admiralty dared not refuse him. However, he went faster than he intended, after all, for as he was sitting obstinately in the bell, while the Lords of the Admiralty were discussing in the cabin how they could best keep him out of mischief and themselves out of a scrape, the rope broke which held the diving bell, and it fell into the sea, splash, with only the Prince inside it, and was gone in a moment, like a stone.

The Lords of the Admiralty, hearing the splash, ran on deck. But what could they do? They fired a royal salute, and hoisted the colours half-mast high, and had the Dead March in "Saul" played by the band, and burst into tears, and threw their cocked hats into the

sea, and took up the buoy, and wrote a blue book, which they sent home by a ship that was passing, with a round robin to the King. Then they had a court-martial on the man who looked after the diving bell, and hanged him. Still they were afraid to return, and so they ran their ship on shore at a desert island, married princesses with rings in their noses, and lived among savages for the rest of their lives.

Meanwhile the Prince was wonderfully pleased. He sank and sank at a great rate. Strange ugly creatures, some all face and tail, some long and slippery, some round, with mouths full of teeth in the middle of their stomachs, and eyes like targets, some all spikes and prickles, some like jelly-fish, soft and slimy, as big as the dome of St. Paul's, came to look and smell at him as he went down.

Then he saw many old ships, wrecked long ago, but still not heavy enough to sink to the bottom. They moved slowly about, with long green weeds hanging to them, and skeletons looking out of their cabin windows. Some were very old, with high poops. These had skeletons in armour on their decks, with cross-bows in their hands. Some were mere hulls, some had their masts still standing, with fish swimming about through the rigging. One, lately sunk, and advertised as "Missing," had all its sails set, and hanging wet against the mast, a thousand fathoms beneath wind and storm.

The Prince began to be a little frightened as he passed by these, and the water grew darker as he sank further from the sun. He cried out once as he went close by one great ship, but there was nobody to hear or to help him.

At last he reached the bottom, with a great thump, which nearly knocked the breath out of his body. And all was quite black around him. Presently, however, he saw through the window of the diving bell a little speck of green light. It was the fairy taking a walk on the sand at the bottom of the sea. She had a lamp of phosphorus fixed in her hat, and was knitting something with long strings of seaweed. And she carried her little black stick under her arm. When she came near the diving bell the Prince cried as loud as he could.

"Surely," said the fairy, "I ought to know that voice." Then she touched the bell with her stick, and it fell to pieces, and the Prince got wet through in a moment.

“Ah!” said the fairy, “I thought it was Boohoo. Well,” she added, “and what do *you* want? There are no strawberries here.”

“Booohooo — sprtf—hrrach — Arrhshugh — Booooo-oo-o-o-o-o-ulgh —pheughrgprph!” said the Prince, who, when he opened his mouth to cry, was half choked with the water.

“What language is this?” said the fairy.

“Boorr gluphrrrarrch broof!” said the Prince.

“Spell it,” said the fairy, taking her note-book out to put down the Prince’s reply.

But the Prince could speak no more, and only crammed his handkerchief into his mouth and stared.

“I am glad you have stopped crying,” said the fairy. “That is well. You will soon grow used to the salt water. Now you must go to school. Come with me.” So they went to the school, which was built of glass, and held three hundred merboys or little mermen, and had a playground like a large aquarium, in which the boys swam about between lessons, and played leap-frog, which seemed to be their only game, in the water. But certainly they played very well. It is true that they fished, but then they sent their lines up above their heads, like kites, and drew the fish down, when they caught any, instead of pulling them up. The head master was an old merman with spectacles, a long green beard, and a tremendous tail, which he generally carried over his head like a squirrel, and waved about when he was angry.

Of course they couldn’t use ink in the school, so they wrote on oil-skin with small paint brushes. Their books had vulcanized india-rubber leaves, and were bound in gutta-percha. Their desks were made of coral, and they always had oysters for dinner.

The Prince found the lessons hard, but not so troublesome as the number of questions which the boys asked him. They wanted to know how people managed to live on dry land, and what there was to eat beside fish, and what fire was (for they had never seen it), and why, on earth, people did not believe in mermaids, since, with them, the cooks, and the housemaids, and the scullery-maids, and the dairy-maids, and the nurses, and the governesses, and the schoolmistresses, and the shopwomen, were all mermaids. They asked him, too, what water-rates were, and water-carts; and why the Queen was afraid of his getting his feet wet.

At last the Prince was so miserable that he made up his mind to run away from school. He thought to himself that if he walked straight along the bottom of the sea he would at last come out on dry land somewhere. The bottom was quite flat all round the school; but as, when he and the merboys had walked out two and two, he had seen nothing but grey sand with numbers of little shells upon it, he knew that he must take something to eat with him. So for a whole week, instead of eating the oysters he had for dinner, he slipped them inside his waistcoat. Of course this made him look fatter, but that was put down to the oysters agreeing with him. At last, when his clothes could hold no more, he set off one dark night when all the people about the school were fast asleep.

He had looked at the compass before he started, and had determined to go due east, for that he knew—at least such was the information given to him when he asked the question in the geography lesson—was the way to Weymouth. The teacher of the geography class had taken pains to show him, in the map, that Weymouth lay due east, and he knew that the sands at Weymouth were flat, so he thought he could walk out of the sea easily there. The master had no idea he was going to run away.

He set off due east. Presently he got rather puzzled, and meeting a crab, asked his way.

"Well," said the crab, "I would advise you to walk back again. I always do."

"But I can't, I dare not," said the Prince.

"Poor child!" said the crab, "then follow your nose."

So he felt his nose, but it pointed up. Thus he could not follow it, for he had no fins, and was obliged to walk along the bottom of the sea. So he gave up all hope of being guided by his nose, and sitting down, began to cry.

He had not sat long before a star-fish that was passing by stopped to look at him.

"I wish," said the Prince, "instead of staring like that you would show me the way to Weymouth."

"No, thank you, I'd rather not. I was there once with my brother, and some children picked him up off the beach and had him dried, which he found very uncomfortable."

"Well, then, will you point out the way?"

"It's there," said the star-fish, pointing. But as he pointed every way, the Prince was none the wiser. So he got up and walked on, crying, though he had not the slightest idea in which direction he ought to go. Presently he came to a great rope lying at the bottom of the sea. Surely, thought he, this belongs to some ship which I shall find if I follow it. But when he had walked all day, and was getting very tired, he found no ship. So after eating twelve dozen of oysters, he lay down by the rope to sleep, intending to follow it some way further the next morning. He had not laid himself down many minutes before he was startled by something which went by, whizz, like an arrow. Then came many more whizzes, sometimes in one direction sometimes in the other. The curious thing was, that along with these whizzes he seemed to hear a constant whispering, and presently made out some words that were said, though he could not understand what they meant, about exchange on gold, and cotton, and votes, with the names of a great many people he had never heard of in his life. Presently he was surprised to hear his own name. The whisper was, "King Starzungarturz to the President of the United States of America. Can you give me any information about H.R.H. Prince Bohoo?" Then a whisper came with a short phizz, for the President was not a man of many words—"No."

So the Prince learnt that he was lost, and asked a lobster who happened to be strolling by that way where he was, and whether he could tell him what these whisperings were.

"Bless my claws," said the lobster, "don't you know? Why, this is the Atlantic cable; and a precious fuss it keeps us in. What with the squabbles, and the compliments, and the business of the people at the two ends, one can't get a wink of sleep anywhere along the whole line. I've known hundreds, ay, I may say thousands of respectable families obliged to move house to get a quiet night's rest. There was one friend of mine, an oyster he was, and I'll be boiled if they didn't lay the cable right over his bed. Poor fellow! he never got over it—nerves shattered—saw him the other day, one side of his face quite drawn, and beard turned grey."

Then the lobster jogged off, and the Prince began to think that now, perhaps, he could find his way out. "I have only to follow the cable," said he to himself, "and I must come ashore somewhere." So he walked stoutly on for two or three months by the side of the rope until by

degrees the light began to grow clearer, and he could see black things passing over his head. These were the bottoms of ships. Presently he came to some nets and lines belonging to fishermen. He had thoughts of fixing one of the biggest hooks into the collar of his jacket, and thus getting himself drawn out, but he reflected that perhaps they might sell him at Billingsgate, and lay him on a fishmonger's slab with his waistcoat cut open, which would not be becoming to a royal highness. So he walked on. At last the sea got quite shallow, and he saw the toes of somebody who was walking out from a bathing machine.

Now it so happened that all the bathing machines had to be licensed, and the Grand Master of the Waterbutt in King Starzungarturz's court received the money which was paid for the licenses. Indeed it was his salary; and he got a pretty penny by this means, besides having free admission to all the bathing machines in the kingdom. This last privilege tempted him to bathe often, and as just then the court was at Weymouth, he was having a dip when H.R.H. Prince Boohoo caught sight of his toes, for the toes he saw were none other than those of the Grand Master of the Waterbutt.

I should say that the shore end of the cable was shifted to Weymouth while the court was there, for the convenience of the King. Well, the Prince seeing toes, took for granted that they belonged to somebody, and put his head out of the water. Directly he did so, the Grand Master of the Waterbutt recognized him, and in trying to make a low bow and a complimentary speech at the same time, half-choked himself, for he had waded in up to his chin, and couldn't dive. So the Prince walked out on the beach, dripping wet, as you may suppose, while the Grand Master splashed back into his machine, and scuffled into his clothes ready to meet him. But he was not quick enough, and thus the Prince found no one prepared to receive him. There was only a policeman, who ran off at once for a stretcher. But before it came, Queen Kissimforwoteverhedid, who was looking out of the window of her lodgings with a telescope, saw the Prince land, and first ringing the bell for Dr. Pilsandrux, ran down to the beach in such haste that she forgot even to put her crown on.

And the Prince had to take another powder, for he had grown as salt as a red herring.

And the Queen said to the King, "I told you how it would be if we let him go along with those lords; he would be sure to get his feet wet."

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

VI.—UNDER THE SUN.



HERE once lived a farmer who was so avaricious and miserly, and so hard and close in all his dealings that, as folks say, he would skin a flint. A Jew and a Yorkshireman had each tried to bargain with him, and both had had the worst of it. It is needless to say that he never either gave or lent.

Now, by thus scraping, and saving, and grinding for many years, he had become almost wealthy; though, indeed, he was no better fed and dressed than if he had not had a penny to bless himself with. But what vexed him sorely was that his next neighbour's farm prospered in all matters better than his own; and this, although the owner was as open-handed as our farmer was stingy.

When in spring he ploughed his own worn-out land, and reached the top of the furrow where his field joined one of the richly-fed fields of his neighbour, he would cast an envious glance over the hedge, and say, "So far and no farther?" for he would have liked to have had the whole under his own plough. And so in the autumn, when he gathered his own scanty crop and had to stop his sickle short of the close ranks of his neighbour's corn, he would cry, "All this, and none of that?" and go home sorely discontented.

Now on the lands of the liberal farmer (whose name was Merryweather) there lived a dwarf or hill-man, who made a wager that he would both beg and borrow of the covetous farmer, and out-bargain him to boot. So he went one day to his house, and asked him if he would kindly give him half a stone of flour to make hasty pudding with; adding, that if he would lend him a bag to carry it in to the hill, this should be returned clean and in good condition.

The farmer saw with half an eye that this was the dwarf from his neighbour's estate, and as he had always laid the luck of the liberal farmer to his being favoured by the good people, he resolved to treat the little man with all civility.

"Look you, wife," said he, "this is no time to be saving half a stone of flour when we may make our fortunes at one stroke. I have heard

my grandfather tell of a man who lent a sack of oats to one of the fairies, and got it back filled with gold pieces. And as good measure as he gave of oats so he got of gold ;" saying which, the farmer took a canvas bag to the flour-bin, and began to fill it. Meanwhile the dwarf sat in the larder window and cried—"We've a big party for supper to-night ; give us good measure, neighbour, and you shall have anything under the sun that you like to ask for."

When the farmer heard this he was nearly out of his wits with delight, and his hands shook so that the flour spilled all about the larder floor.

"Thank you, dear sir," he said ; "it's a bargain, and I agree to it. My wife hears us, and is witness. Wife ! wife !" he cried, running into the kitchen, "I am to have anything under the sun that I choose to ask for. I think of asking for neighbour Merryweather's estate, but this is a chance never likely to happen again, and I should like to make a wise choice, and that is not easy at a moment's notice."

"You will have a week to think it over in," said the dwarf, who had come in behind him ; "I must be off now, so give me my flour, and come to the hill behind your house seven days hence at midnight, and you shall have your share of the bargain."

So the farmer tied up the flour-sack, and helped the dwarf with it on to his back, and as he did so he began thinking how easily the bargain had been made, and casting about in his mind whether he could not get more where he had so easily got much.

"And half a stone of flour is half a stone of flour," he muttered to himself, "and whatever it may do with thriftless people, it goes a long way in our house. And there's the bag—and a terrible lot spilled on the larder floor—and the string to tie it with, which doubtless he'll never think of returning—and my time, which must be counted, and nothing whatever for it all for a week to come." And the outlay so weighed upon his mind that he cleared his throat and began :

"Not for seven days, did you say, sir ? You know, dear sir, or perhaps, indeed, you do not know, that when amongst each other we men have to wait for the settlement of an account, we expect something over and above the exact amount. Interest we call it, my dear sir."

"And you want me to give you something extra for waiting a week ?" asked the dwarf. "Pray, what do you expect ?"

"Oh, dear sir, I leave it to you," said the farmer. "Perhaps you may add some trifle—in the flour-bag, or not, as you think fit—but I leave it entirely to you."

"I will give you something over and above what you shall choose," said the dwarf; "but, as you say, I shall decide what it is to be." With which he shouldered the flour-sack, and went his way.

For the next seven days the farmer had no peace for thinking, and planning, and scheming how to get the most out of his one wish. His wife made many suggestions to which he did not agree, but he was careful not to quarrel with her; "for," he said, "we will not be like the foolish couple who wasted three wishes on black-puddings. Neither will I desire useless grandeur and unreasonable elevation, like the fisherman's wife. I will have a solid and substantial benefit."

And so, after a week of sleepless nights and anxious days, he came back to his first thought, and resolved to ask for his neighbour's estate.

At last the night came. It was full moon, and the farmer looked anxiously about, fearing the dwarf might not be true to his appointment. But at midnight he appeared, with the flour-bag neatly folded in his hand.

"You hold to the agreement," said the farmer, "of course. My wife was witness. I am to have anything under the sun that I ask for; and I am to have it now."

"Ask away," said the dwarf.

"I want neighbour Merryweather's estate," said the farmer.

"What, all this land below here, that joins on to your own?"

"Every acre," said the farmer.

"Farmer Merryweather's fields are under the moon at present," said the dwarf, coolly, "and thus not within the terms of the agreement. You must choose again."

But as the farmer could choose nothing that was not then under the moon, he soon saw that he had been outwitted, and his rage knew no bounds at the trick the dwarf had played him.

"Give me my bag, at any rate," he screamed, "and the string—and your own extra gift that you promised. For half a loaf is better than no bread," he muttered, "and I may yet come in for a few gold pieces."

"There's your bag," cried the dwarf, clapping it over the miser's head like an extinguisher; "it's clean enough for a nightcap. And there's your string," he added, tying it tightly round the farmer's

throat till he was almost throttled. "And, for my part, I'll give you what you deserve;" saying which he gave the farmer such a hearty kick that he kicked him straight down from the top of the hill to his own back-door.



"If that does not satisfy you, I'll give you as much again," shouted the dwarf; and as the farmer made no reply, he went chuckling back to his hill.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



CHRISTINE OLAVE has asked Aunt Judy to write a paper on "Coral, Sponges, &c." Now on *Coral* Aunt Judy wrote as long ago as in the first two numbers of the Magazine (May and June, 1866), and on sponges she hardly feels qualified to say much, so that she has been tempted to take shelter in the *et cetera*, and choose her own subject. Still certain facts about those strange formations, sponges, are now generally admitted, which may interest others as well as "Christine Olave," and as Aunt Judy has received some kind assistance from the highest authority on the subject, she hopes in next month's number to comply with her young friend's request.

"Christine" asks also about cheap editions of various books: she must apply to some bookseller for this information. Fourpence was spent in sending her parcel to Bournemouth, and its return from the post office there: the remainder of the stamps have been disposed of as she desired.

"Blanche" is requested to send her name and address to the Editor (with reference to copying MSS.).

"Annie" wants to know if any of Aunt Judy's readers can tell her how to press flowers, so as to keep their colour?

"Alice" asks from whence the following lines are taken:—

"I saw his soul saw,
Jasper first, I said,
And second sapphire,
Third chalcodony,
The rest in order,
Last, an amethyst."

Are they worth inquiring after?

"K. W." Your want was made known in our June number by "Mayflower," and

"Flo" recommends "Grace Hamilton's School Days," price 3s., by E. J. Worboise; or "Louie Atterbury at St. Mary's," by the author of "The Sutherlands," price 2s.

An anonymous correspondent recommends to "† M." "The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching," published by Masters and Son, 78, New Bond Street, London.

"Fräulein from Broughton" informs "Goldfinch" that the "Fortune Teller" makes a very effective tableau for three: and "Flo" names a scene from "Marmion," and another from "William Tell," and adds that there are some very good descriptions of tableaux in "Melbourne House." "Agnes" mentions "Blue Beard's Wives," which came out in one of Warne's Magazines. The letters are too long for insertion, but shall be forwarded to "Goldfinch" if she sends her address.

"Ursula, Maud, and Dorothy" inquire if "Agnes Day" can tell them by whom the plays she mentioned are published, and if separately?

"Flo" asks whether there is a sequel to Miss Wetherall's "Daisy?"

"Will o' the Wisp." Fox and goose, bagatelle, draughts, &c., up to chess (including endless games with cards); and a toy-shop will supply many more. The Editor's address is printed in each number of the Magazine.

"Lily and Janie" have asked what sort of things, which they can make, would be useful to the sick children in the Hospital? Mr. Whitford's reply is, "Any article of clothing that can be made by juvenile hands is useful. Pinafores, frocks, muffatees, comforters, small jackets, &c, all find grateful recipients."

"K. A. B." and "L. M. B." ask after a parcel sent to the Hospital containing Kinder Garten toys, scrap-books, &c. No such parcel has been received.

"Maudie and Connie." The convalescent children are under the care of a teacher, who not only gives them lessons in reading and writing, but also teaches them to sing many hymns and pieces suitable for children.

"Janey." Most of the children use small mugs. Through the kindness of some friends a set of very pretty ones has been provided, with plates to match; on each of them there is a device of coloured flowers, encircled by the name of the hospital.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

Aunt Judy's readers will not be surprised to hear that Johnny remains the occupant of the Cot; as mentioned in the last Report, such cases always take a long time for recovery. He is improving, and it is not improbable that before long he, with others who need fresh air to complete their recovery, may be drafted to the Country Hospital, where, although obliged to remain quiet in their cots, they may see the green trees wave, and hear the birds sing. Perhaps it will surprise some of the young contributors to know that these sights and sounds are novelties to the majority of the poor children who go to the Convalescent Home: it is nevertheless true; and the children on their first admission appear to regard the spacious playground, surrounded as it is by fine hawthorn and chestnut trees, beyond which is a grassy mound and shrubbery, as a sort of wonder-land. Johnny will be very much pleased to be among the convalescents: he will carry with him the box of paints kindly given, or rather bought for him at the request of one of Aunt Judy's nieces.

An especial treat was recently given to the convalescent patients by a lady who offered the use of two small Welsh ponies for the children to ride upon in the playground; a ride on "*real live ponies*" was an unheard-of pleasure; and great was the delight afforded by it: the quiet little horses, each led by a groom, seemed to enjoy the exercise as much as the riders.

Some of the wards at the Convalescent Hospital have been empty for nearly twelve months; they are now about to be filled. The arrangements for admission of thirty-two more (making fifty-two) children are nearly completed, and Aunt Judy's readers are invited to see the rooms, with their rows of pretty blue cots and snow-white coverlets, either before or after the children occupy them.

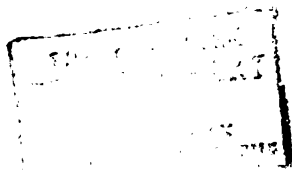
Aunt Judy thinks her young friends will like to see the following list of books which are published for the benefit of the Hospital, and may be had of the Lady Superintendent:—

- "How to Nurse Sick Children." Price 1s. 6d.
 "Heads and Tails." Double Acrostics by A. F. Westmacott, Esq., M.A. Price 2s. 6d.
 "Inez; or, The Siege of San Sebastian." Price 2s.
 "The Babe and the Princess," and other poems for children. Price 1s.
 "The Sparrow and the Primrose." Price 4d.

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to June 15th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
Mary, Henrietta, Ellie, and Janet, Wolverhampton.	0	5 0
"Miss Muffet"	0	8 0
J. H. B., 10s., A. B., 5s., Naples	0	15	0
Christabel and Constance Mudie, Muswell Hill	0	2	6
"Part of the contents of the purse, sent in fulfilment of the wish of A. M. H., fallen asleep in Jesus, aged 14"	0	7 0
Thank-offering from Edith	0	2 6
Helen Hulton, 1s. 6d., and Charles Copley Hulton, 1s.	0	2 6
Mrs. Bolton	0	10 0
Anonymous	0	2 6
Collected by Ethel Lucas, 11, Westbourne Terrace	1	11 0
Collected by G. M. P., Retford	0	2 6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"Four Stupid Children"	0	10	0	Katie, Bessie, and Hugh Rose,			
Susan, Edith, Jane, and Mary,				Kilravock Castle, N. B. . . .	0	5	0
at Clifton	0	2	0	A. B. G. and J. M. Bidder, 6			
Alma, Durham (collected) . . .	0	10	0	Cedars Road, Clapham (an-			
Lily and Janie, Taibach, Wales,				nual)	0	6	0
for Johnny	0	0	6	Lilian Collier, to buy a paint			
Lizzie, Jessie, Gertrude, and				box for Johnny	0	1	0
Ethel Ward, Forest Hill,				"Nelly," Broad Sanctuary (an-			
Forest Gate, collecting box . .	0	7	6	nual)	0	2	6
Willie, 1s., Emma, 1s., Tom, 1s.,				"A Will o' Wisp"	0	0	6
Mary, 1s., Jack, 1s.	0	5	0	Maudie, Connie, Evie, and Ma-			
Little George Dowell and his				bel D'Oyly, with a present			
friends	0	3	0	of toys for Margaret	0	1	1
Collected by Mary Williams . .	0	2	6	"Claire"	0	3	0
From Fred on his birthday . . .	0	2	0	"Mossy Pussy"	0	7	9
A Love Offering from Carrie				"Somebody ten years old" . . .	0	2	6
and Liese	0	10	0	"The Cheshire Cat's Grand-			
May, Grace, and Harry, Fixton				child"	0	3	6
Vicarage	0	1	6	"Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and			
Denis James Barton	1	0	3	Maid Marian," The Ridge,			
Three Hoylake Sea Birds	0	2	10	Wootton-under-Edge	1	9	0
Miss Violet Bethell, 18 Queen's				Katharine Blyth, Fincham			
Gate Terrace, South Kensing-				Rectory	0	7	6
ton, for Margaret	0	4	0	F. R., 1s., E. M. R., 1s., St. John's			
Mabel and Sybil Johns, for				Wood	0	2	0
Johnny S—	0	0	3	Blanche, Hereford	0	7	6
H. S. and Eva Johns, for the				Mary, Corston	0	5	0
occupant of the Cot	0	0	5	Little Katie, of Chelsea . . .	0	1	0
Miss Alice Cowie, 21 Stan-				E. M., Nellie, Willie, Mamma,			
ley Crescent, Notting Hill,				and Auntie, Longlands . . .	0	5	6
(monthly)	0	1	0	Helen (quarterly)	0	16	6
Miss J. Wesley, Leighton Buz-				C. M. C., scrap-book and picture			
zard (collected), with a parcel				cards			
of clothing	0	8	0	Anonymous, two small scrap-			
Miss Sophia Dora Spicer, Spy-				books			
Park, Chippenham	1	1	9	Miss Etty Smith, a doll and			
Collected by C. M. C. By Katie,				some tea things, also some			
16s., Miss B., 6d.	0	16	6	children's treasures for gene-			
K. A. B. and L. M. B., Malvern	0	1	0	ral use			
Susan and Harriet (monthly) . .	0	1	0	G. E. B., three pairs of woollen			
A Confirmation Offering from				socks			
Christine Olave	0	0	8	A. Wall, with her love, some			
"Found at Niton by E. P. C. H."	0	10	0	pictures for the children . .			
Two Sisters, further proceeds of				"Blackberry, Valentine, and			
a bazaar, Kent	0	12	3	Tilley," a scrap-book, box of			
Collected by Geraldine, Papa,				soldiers, and some dressed			
1s., Mamma, 1s., Cissy, 6d.,				dolls			
Louisa, 6d., Mary, 3d., Bessy,				Emily Marshall, two small			
3d., Charley, 4d., Geraldine,				scrap-books			
3d., Willy, 1d.	0	4	2	A. C., a parcel of prints . .			
"From a little boy"	0	1	0	Bessie G., a parcel of clothing.			
James S— (quarterly)	0	0	8	Miss Ward, a box of toys . .			
"Snowdrop, Puck, and Sun-				Alice and Bertha, Wigglesworth,			
beam," a scrap-book, with 1s.				two nice scrap-books			
from the Governess	0	1	0				





THE FIRST WIFE'S WEDDING-RING.

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

VII.—THE FIRST WIFE'S WEDDING-RING.



CERTAIN good man was twice married. By his first wife he had a son, who soon after his mother's death resolved to become a soldier, and go to foreign lands. "When one has seen the world, one values home a little more," said he; "and if I live I shall return."

So the father gave him his blessing, and his mother's wedding-ring, saying, "Keep this ring, and then, however long you stay away, and however changed you may become, by this token I shall know you to be my true son and heir."

In a short time the father married again, and by this marriage also he had one son.

Years passed by, and the eldest brother did not return, and at last every one believed him to be dead. But in reality he was alive, and after a long time he turned his steps homewards. He was so much changed by age and travelling that only his mother would have known him again, but he had the ring tied safe and fast round his neck. One night, however, he was too far from shelter to get a bed, so he slept under a hedge, and when he woke in the morning the string was untied and the ring was gone. He spent a whole day in searching for it but in vain; and at last he resolved to proceed and explain the matter to his father.

The old man was overjoyed to see him, and fully believed his tale, but with the second wife it was otherwise. She was greatly displeased to think that her child was not now to be the sole heir of his father's goods; and she so pestered and worked upon the old man by artful and malicious speeches, that he consented to send away the new comer till he should have found the first wife's wedding-ring.

"Is the homestead I have taken such care of," she cried, "to go to the first vagrant who comes in with a brown face and a ragged coat, pretending that he is your son?"

So the soldier was sent about his business; but his father followed him to the gate, and slipped some money into his hand, saying, "God speed you back again with the ring!"

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were ringing for service as he turned sadly away.

"Ding, dong!" rang the bells, "ding, dong! Why do you not come to church like others? Why are you not dressed in your Sunday clothes? and wherefore do you heave such doleful sighs, whilst we ring merrily? Ding, dong! ding, dong!"

"Is there not a cause?" replied the soldier. "This day I am turned out of home and heritage, though indeed I am the true heir."

"Nevertheless we shall ring for your return," said the bells.

As he went, the sun shone on the green fields, and in the soldier's eyes, and said, "See how brightly I shine! But you, comrade, why is your face so cloudy?"

"Is there not good reason?" replied he. "This day I am turned out of home and heritage, and yet I am the true heir."

"Nevertheless I shall shine on your return," said the sun.

Along the road the hawthorn hedges were white with blossom. "Heyday!" they cried, "who is this that comes trimp tramp, with a face as long as a poplar-tree? Cheer up, friend! It is spring! sweet spring! All is now full of hope and joy, and why should you look so sour?"

"May I not be excused?" said the soldier. "This day I am turned out of home and heritage, and yet I am the true heir."

"Nevertheless, we shall blossom when you return," said the hedges.

When he had wandered for three days and three nights, all he had was spent, and there was no shelter to be seen but a dark gloomy forest, which stretched before him. Just then he saw a small, weazened old woman, who was trying to lift a bundle of sticks on to her back.

"That is too heavy for you, good mother," said the soldier; and he raised and adjusted it for her.

"Have you just come here?" muttered the old crone; "then the best thanks I can give you is to bid you get away as fast as you can."

"I never retreated yet, dame," said the soldier, and on he went.

Presently he met with a giant, who was strolling along by the edge of the wood, knocking the cones off the tops of the fir-trees with his finger-nails. He was an ill-favoured looking monster, but he said, civilly enough, "You look in want of employment, comrade. Will you take service with me?"

"I must first know two things," answered the soldier; "my work, and my wages."

"Your work," said the giant, "is to cut a path through this wood to the other side. But then you shall have a year and a day to do it in. If you do it within the time, you will find at the other end a magpie's nest, in which is the ring of which you are in search. The nest also contains the crown jewels which have been stolen, and if you take these to the king, you will need no further reward. But, on the other hand, if the work is not done within the time, you will thenceforth be my servant without wages."

"It is a hard bargain," said the soldier, "but need knows no law, and I agree to the conditions."

When he came into the giant's abode, he was greatly astonished to see the little weazened old woman. She showed no sign of recognising him, however, and the soldier observed a like discretion. He soon discovered that she was the giant's wife, and much in dread of her husband, who treated her with great cruelty.

"To-morrow you shall begin to work," said the giant.

"If you please," said the soldier, and before he went to bed he carried in the water and wood for the old woman.

"There's a kinship in trouble," said he.

Next morning the giant led him to a certain place on the outskirts of the wood, and giving him an axe, said, "The sooner you begin, the better, and you may see that it is not difficult." Saying which, he took hold of one of the trees by the middle, and snapped it off as one might pluck a flower.

"Thus to thee, but how to me?" said the soldier; and when the giant departed he set to work. But although he was so strong, and worked willingly, the trees seemed almost as hard as stone, and he made little progress. When he returned at night the giant asked him how he got on.

"The trees are very hard," said he.

"So they always say," replied the giant; "I have always had idle servants."

"I will not be called idle a second time," thought the soldier, and next day he went early and worked his utmost. But the result was very small. And when he came home, looking weary and disappointed, he could not fail to see that this gave great satisfaction to the giant.

Matters had gone on thus for some time, when one morning, as he went to his work, he found the little old woman gathering sticks as before.

"Listen," said she. "He shall not treat you as he has treated others. Count seventy to the left from where you are working, and begin again. But do not let him know that you have made a fresh start. And do a little at the old place from time to time, as a blind."

And before he could thank her, the old woman was gone. Without more ado, however, he counted seventy from the old place, and hit the seventieth tree such a blow with his axe, that it came crashing down then and there. And he found that, one after another, the trees yielded to his blows, as if they were touchwood. He did a good day's work, gave a few strokes in the old spot, and came home, taking care to look as gloomy as before.

Day by day he got deeper and deeper into the wood, the trees falling before him like dry elder twigs; and now the hardest part of his work was walking backwards and forwards to the giant's home, for the forest seemed almost interminable. But on the three hundred and sixty-sixth day from his first meeting with the giant, the soldier cut fairly through on to an open plain, and as the light streamed in, a magpie flew away, and on searching her nest, the soldier found his mother's wedding-ring. He also found many precious stones of priceless value, which were evidently the lost crown jewels. And as his term of service with the giant was now ended, he did not trouble himself to return, but with the ring and the jewels in his pocket set off to find his way to the capital. He soon fell in with a good-humoured fellow who showed him the way, and pointed out everything of interest on the road. As they drew near, one of the royal carriages was driving out of the city gates, in which sat three beautiful ladies who were the king's daughters.

"The two eldest are engaged to marry two neighbouring princes," said the companion.

"And whom is the youngest to marry?" asked the soldier, "for she is by far the most beautiful."

"She will never marry," answered his companion, "for she is pledged to the man who shall find the crown jewels, and cut a path through the stonewood forest that borders the king's domains. And that is much as if she were promised to the man who should fetch down

the moon for her to play with. For the jewels are lost beyond recall, and the wood is an enchanted forest."

"Nevertheless she shall be wed with my mother's ring," thought the soldier. But he kept his own counsel, and only waited till he had smartened himself up, before he sought an audience of the king.

His claim to the princess was fully proved; the king heaped honours and riches upon him; and he made himself so acceptable to his bride elect, that the wedding was fixed for an early day.

"May I bring my old father, madam?" he asked of the princess.


"That you certainly may," said she. "A good son makes a good husband."

As he entered his native village the hedges were in blossom, the sun shone, and the bells rang for his return.

His stepmother now welcomed him, and was very anxious to go to court also. But her husband said, "No. You took such good care of the homestead, it is but fit you should look to it whilst I am away."

As to the giant, when he found that he had been outwitted, he went off, and was never more heard of in those parts. But the soldier took his wife into the city, and cared for her to the day of her death.

A VOYAGE IN CLOUDLAND.

T was not a very fine day in June, for the sky was overcast, when I wandered down the streets of C——. It was a great day there. The queen's birthday was being celebrated, and it was a general holiday. The streets were filled with pleasure-seekers. The Volunteers of the town, with a somewhat noisy band in advance, created some excitement. Banners were hung out from many windows. Loyal decorations and inscriptions were abundant, all ready to be illuminated at night.

Such were some of the preparations. But on reaching a large common we saw a balloon being filled; and on coming near we found that it was going to ascend in the afternoon, and was to be managed by Mr. Coxwell. I at once made up my mind to go up, and having seen Mr. Coxwell, he agreed to give me a seat in the car. He said that he had been advised, on account of his health, not to ascend, but that his assistant was well qualified to manage the balloon. I went home, and

having collected together a few things, returned to the spot. Here the people were in great excitement. There was a crowd of about ten deep all around the roped enclosure. The balloon was full, and it seemed difficult to get within the magic circle. Hard pushing, however, and persuasive eloquence, were at last successful. Arrived there, I had time to look about me and to note the height of a thermometer and aneroid barometer, before Mr. Coxwell asked us to take our seats. The wind was rather high; but the balloon was sheltered from it by an enormous canvas screen. When we were seated in the car, the sand-bags which held the balloon down were loosened, and about half a dozen of them were taken into the car.

It may be well here to give some slight account of the management of a balloon. When the balloon is freed it rises by its own lightness, but it would soon reach a height at which it would neither go up nor down were it not for two contrivances. If you wish to come down, a valve is opened at the top of the balloon by a string, which, passing through the inside of the balloon, hangs into the car. If, on the other hand, you wish to ascend, some of the sand, which is taken up in considerable quantities, is thrown out, and this lightens the balloon. Another use of having sand is to throw it out on coming near to the earth so as to break the fall. The car in which the aeronauts sit is made only of wicker. The lowest part of the balloon is open, so that, even if there were no valve at the top, the balloon would still come down by the gradual escape of the gas. (In an ascent which Mr. Coxwell made the other day the valve did not work rightly, but still the descent was made without any accident.) If you wish to know whether the balloon is going up or down paper is thrown out, and you seem to rise above, or to sink beneath the pieces of paper.

But let us return to the scene of action. We were all seated in the car, five of us; a score of men were holding on to it in waiting for the word to let go, and now it seemed hopeless to get off without an accident. The crowds rushed in, every one wishing to have a finger in the pie. The enormous balloon, freed from the ropes, swayed backwards and forwards, and it seemed every moment as if some one must be crushed. However, after much shouting from Mr. Coxwell, and many blows from the policemen, the word was given and we rose above the cheers of the people. The first sensation was that the people were all sinking under us. Having returned their salute, we began to look

about us. There was something amusing to see the great town laid out like a map before us, and the sluggish river with its toy boats, winding out into the distance, and the roads with microscopic carriages slowly creeping along them. After having glanced at all this, and having recognised all the familiar landmarks, we looked back on the common we had just left; and truly it looked more like a ploughed field than a grassy common covered with a mass of human beings. We were now four thousand feet high, according to my barometer, and at a considerable distance from the town. It was the first time that any of us except the aeronaut had ever been in a balloon. The purity of the air, the novelty of the sensations, and the beauty of the bird's-eye view raised our spirits to the highest.

As has been before said, it was a cloudy day, and, in consequence, we had not a very distant view. We were now on the very border of the clouds; sometimes in them, and then again below them, playing a game at bo-peep with the landscape below. The manager of the balloon wished now to descend; but after a little pressing he agreed to go above the clouds. We threw out sand and rose rapidly. It was the same kind of sensation as passing through a mist on a mountain.

All at once the gloominess of the day vanished, and the bright sun appeared overhead. The suddenness of the transition made it all the more enjoyable. We rose up with walls of cloud towering on every side and soon got above them all. What was my astonishment, on turning my eyes in one direction, to see another balloon close by us with people in the car moving about! Was it possible that Cloudland could be plentifully inhabited by balloons? But it did not take long to see that this was but the shadow of our own balloon thrown by the sun on the clouds. Our actions were perfectly imitated by our rivals, making quite a second edition of the "Spectre of the Brocken." It is difficult now to attempt to describe the scene that lay before us. Having just left the cold and gloomy atmosphere of the lower world on a day worthy of November rather than June, we were transported into an upper world with warm and bright sunshine, not the smallest cloud in the sky overhead, which was of a blue rivalling in purity that of an Italian sky. Below us lay the white fleecy clouds almost dazzling in their brightness (for every cloud has a bright as well as a dark side), looking more like an undulating snow-field on the Alps than a mass of cloud, stretching away till, losing their brilliancy and unevenness in the distance, they resembled the sea, forming all round

us a most perfect horizon. In fact, so sharp was the horizon that it was difficult to believe that we were not drifting out to sea. Above the horizon, were some of the lightest cirrus clouds I ever saw, most beautiful in the delicacy of their form, and a few of them tinged with the purest pink of a summer's sunset. Add to this the shadow of our balloon to form a foreground, and, what was more gorgeous than anything, a glory surrounding the shadow of the car tinged with all the colours of the rainbow. It is not quite clear what was the cause of this, but it was certainly most lovely. Would that some painter with an impossible power of rapid execution, and a collection of colours of impossible purity could perpetuate the landscape—or I should rather say cloudscape! But even such a picture could not delineate the feelings which filled our minds. The highest sensations that a pure air can give were present, and there was something added by our position, poised as we were in mid-air a mile and a half above the ground, with nothing beneath us but that deceptive sea of clouds which looked as if they would surely stop our progress should the sun play the same trick with us as he did with the wings of Icarus. It was impossible to help speculating on our fate should we make that little jump over the side which seemed so simple. A rapid descent as far as the clouds; a vain attempt to lay hold of them; a still more rapid descent below at a pace somewhat inconvenient for pleasant breathing; a crash, and what then?—an advantage that Icarus had not, a paragraph in the newspapers, a fall perhaps well deserved for a flight above our sphere.

But let us stop speculating, and return to our story. We continued to rise, and the shadow of the balloon grew small in perspective, and the glory round our heads grew larger and fainter. How could this glory but suggest the lines of Shakespeare?

"Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceases to enlarge itself
 Till, by wide spreading, it reduces itself to nought."

By this time the barometer had fallen eight inches, which showed that we were about a mile and a half high. I constantly watched the barometer (for I had not ascended only to satisfy my curiosity). A gentleman had kindly volunteered to watch the thermometer, and it had fallen twenty-one degrees; but it was quite warm, for the sun was shining brightly, and the spinning motion of the balloon turned every side in succession to it, like a spit before the fire.

This was certainly an enjoyable moment. There is no unpleasant feeling in balloon travelling, no swaying, but a motion so smooth as to be unnoticeable. There is no dizziness. In fact, I am told that no one ever feels giddy in a balloon. Why should they? I do not suppose that the inhabitants of the moon (if there be any) are giddy when they look down on the earth; and we certainly felt as little connection as any Lunarian could with that busy, bustling, pleasure-seeking, money-gaining place we call the world. Our only regret was that we should ever have to descend below the clouds.

The valve is now opened, and we commence our descent. Taking a long and sad farewell of the enchanted place to fix it on our memory, we plunge into the clouds. We are soon below them, and it is with feelings of disappointment that we recognise Mother Earth. We are falling at a great pace, and the pieces of paper we throw out do not seem to fall but to rise rapidly. It would be dangerous to come down at this pace, and besides there is no good place for landing near, so we throw out sand to check our descent. We are now noticed by many people, some of whom stand and stare, and a few run in the direction we are drifting across country. The grapnel, a sort of anchor attached to the end of a long rope, is now thrown out; we are not far from the ground. The grapnel is caught in a ditch. The manager looks for a bag of sand to lighten our fall. We have used it all. We are falling very rapidly. "Be ready," he shouts. We hold on to the ropes. Crash! we are on the ground. "Stick to it!" he shouts, as some one was going to get out. Up goes the balloon again. The grapnel has lost its hold. The shock was so violent that the aeronaut has lost the valve-line, so we are flying at the mercy of the winds, without sandbags and without valve-line. We dash through the tops of a few trees. The grapnel is again caught. Down we come. One old man, stunned by the first shock, is lying on the floor of the car. There is only just time to raise him up when the words "Be ready" warn us of a crash and a shock. Up we go again; the grapnel has failed a second time. Away we fly till the grapnel catches in a hedge. Down we come. Holding up my old man we come down with a "Be ready" and a crash. Up we rise; but the grapnel is holding this time. Down we come with a second crash; and as we rise again a crowd of labourers lay hold of the rope in a long line, and after the next fall the balloon is held down and we get out. Climbing up the rigging the valve-line is reached, and the gas let out.

The curate of the place now came up, and asked another gentleman and myself to dine with him. After a glass of brandy the old man was quite recovered, except for a slight stiffness in his back. I went home with the curate hatless, torn as to my clothes, and with a bruised knee. Though it was an unusually rough descent, none of us were injured.

Thus ended the pleasantest hour and a half that I ever spent. The pleasure was doubtless enhanced by its being our first ascent. We had been an hour and a half above ground, in which time we had gone thirty miles in a straight line, and had been a mile and a half high. A good dinner made us ready for a walk of eight miles, and a drive of thirty, and we arrived in good spirits at C—— at half-past two A.M.

It is often said by people who never were in a balloon that it is not right to rush into danger and to tempt Providence. This may be all very true, but it does not apply to balloon travelling. Its very danger is its safeguard. The chances of fire may be slight, but the consequences would be so terrible that extraordinary precautions are taken, and some aeronauts will not allow any one to have even a match in his pocket during an ascent. It would be extremely awkward to be carried out to sea, and consequently aeronauts take great care that they know their position and the direction of the wind. The dangers that a railway train is exposed to are absent here. You cannot run off the lines, nor is there much fear of a collision. Even the possibility of being dashed to pieces on landing in a storm is not greater than when at sea in a ship. Mr. Coxwell has travelled in balloons as much as most men, and has been attacked by mobs on landing, but even he has had wonderfully few mishaps. He has been becalmed for a whole night over London, where he could not descend on account of the houses. He has landed in a country without hedges or ditches, when the grapnel would not catch, and when the car was dragged along the ground *through* stone walls by a strong wind, and the car getting filled with stones, his leg was broken. This is the only injury he ever received. The grapnel once caught in a telegraph wire and the rope was broken; but he landed successfully without a grapnel. Let no one, then, talk about running into needless danger; in going above the clouds you do not run into danger, but into a region full of new beauties of nature that cannot easily be forgotten.

GEORGE FORBES.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XIII.—*continued.*



THE twelve festal days of Christmas were hardly ended, and Kirstin sat alone in the grey, cold, winter morn, fatherless. She wept and called from out of the depths of her loneliness, "Oh, brother, brother, come back to me!" Now she could well understand little Karen's yearning for Morten. Hendrik and Bodil, and indeed all the neighbours, were ready to show her kindness, but she wanted something more.

The funeral was put off in hopes that the fisherman's son might yet arrive in time, but in vain. Kirstin's wages were spent, and she was obliged to accept assistance from Hendrik, who arranged everything for her. She saw her father consigned to his last resting-place; all the neighbouring fishermen were present, the Psalms were sung, the earth flung over the grave, and she returned to her dreary home.

Poor, lonely Kirstin! She thought, "I must work," and mechanically sat down to her spinning-wheel. "Whirr, whirr!" her head was bewildered by it, but it seemed a blessing to do something, for she could then neither think nor feel. Suddenly a quick footstep sounded on the floor, a well-known voice rang in her ear. "Kirstin, my poor little sister!"—"Oh, brother!" and the two were in each other's arms.

Hans had made preparations for starting as soon as he had received his sister's letter, but the delay in the departure of the steamboat had hindered him.

The brother and sister could not make enough of each other; they sat together till late in the evening, and Kirstin felt as though her tongue were unloosed, and her heart unlocked at the same time. Out came the joys and sorrows of the last two years, such as never could be told in letters. Not her father's illness and death only had she to talk about, but their grandfather's, and little Karen's. Then her engagement to Morten Ranildsen; her visit to her aunt at Skagen; her encounter with the housebreaker, and her cousin Otto's return. It was half a lifetime that she seemed to have lived through since she and Hans had parted, and he felt something of that too.

The curate of the place now came up, and asked another gentleman and myself to dine with him. After a glass of brandy the old man was quite recovered, except for a slight stiffness in his back. I went home with the curate hatless, torn as to my clothes, and with a bruise on my knee. Though it was an unusually rough descent, none of us were injured.

Thus ended the pleasantest hour and a half that I ever spent. The pleasure was doubtless enhanced by its being our first ascent. It had been an hour and a half above ground, in which time we had travelled thirty miles in a straight line, and had been a mile and a half from any good dinner made us ready for a walk of eight miles, and at half-past thirty, and we arrived in good spirits at C—— at half-past four.

It is often said by people who never were in a balloon that it is right to rush into danger and to tempt Providence. This is very true, but it does not apply to balloon travelling. Its safety is its safeguard. The chances of fire may be slight, but the consequences would be so terrible that extraordinary precautions are taken, and some aeronauts will not allow any one to have even a lighted pipe in his pocket during an ascent. It would be extremely awkward to get out to sea, and consequently aeronauts take great care to observe their position and the direction of the wind. The danger of a railway train is exposed to are absent here. You cannot be run over, nor is there much fear of a collision. Even the possibility of being dashed to pieces on landing in a storm is not greater than in a ship. Mr. Coxwell has travelled in balloons as many times as I have, and has been attacked by mobs on landing, but even he has had only a few mishaps. He has been becalmed for a week in the middle of London, where he could not descend on account of the wind. He has landed in a country without hedges or ditches, when he could not catch, and when the car was carried along the ground by the stone walls by a strong wind, and he was getting very tired. His leg was broken. This is the only injury he ever sustained. He was once caught in a leggrapple, and he was once caught in the rope. He landed successfully without a mishap. He has never been running into needless danger; he has never been in any danger; he has never run into danger, but he has never been in any danger. He cannot easily be frightened.

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"Why, what a woman you are grown, Kirstin! and what a heroine too! I shall be quite proud of you." Then Hans began to talk in his turn, and he had also much to tell; it was less exciting than Kirstin's history, but no less interesting to himself, and scarcely less so to her. After her long sorrow the great joy of welcoming her brother brought back the colour to her cheeks, and cheerful tones to her voice. She felt almost ashamed of the gladdened state of her feelings when she remembered how on that same morning her father's grey head had been laid in the grave, scarcely understanding the blessed power of hoping and enjoying again after a season of sorrow wherewith Providence has mercifully gifted our weak natures.

At last it occurred to her to look her brother in the face, and she exclaimed, much as he had done, "What a man you have grown, Hans!"

"A gentleman, I hope," he returned, with a slight assumption in his tone.

"Well, certainly you don't look like one of the fishermen or farmers about here."

"I should think not, indeed. And you, Kirstin, have grown prettier, only you are so thin, and you used to be plump; and how tall you are! But to think of your having been obliged to go out as servant!" and Hans' face expressed great disgust.

"It will not do to dislike being a servant, Hans; what else can I do till Morten comes back? You are not old enough to take care of me, and I could not live in a house by myself, even if I could afford it."

No; and she could not even afford to live in her old home, that became clear next day, when she and her brother talked over business matters. Neither of them possessed any property. Hans had had to borrow money to pay his fare in the steamboat. Kirstin asked him why he had never answered her question about the Ramseys.

"How could I answer it? Don't you see, Kirstin, Mr. Ramsey's correspondent in Copenhagen paid my school expenses, and received the master's reports, which he sent on to Hamburg; he never came near me, and if Mr. Ramsey did not choose to write, it was not for me to be bothering him with letters." Hans spoke in a tone of extreme injury. "And did not I tell you last night that Herr Svane, the head master, hates me; and though he cannot accuse me of any faults, he spitefully puts down 'Pretty good' in my character book instead of 'Very good'; and then I suppose Mr. Ramsey is not satisfied: I can't

help it if he is not. Anyhow, Professor Jansen says I shall be an honour to the school."

"That I am sure you will be, Hans," said Kirstin, heartily. She now went on to unfold a project of her own; it was to accompany Hans to Copenhagen, and seek there for a situation in some family. Mr. Nordenfelt, she was sure, would advance her money for the journey, if the sale of their house and furniture did not cover all expenses; and surely some of her brother's friends or masters in Copenhagen would help her in finding such a place as would suit her. And then when Hans had a holiday she would ask for one too, and they could spend it together.

This plan had made Kirstin feel quite happy; a beaming smile illumined her face while she dilated on its advantages. Great was her surprise when her brother received the proposal with a decided negative. His sister a servant-girl in Copenhagen! no indeed. He was the companion of gentlemen's sons; he intended to be a gentleman himself. If Kirstin must indeed go to service, let it be anywhere than at Copenhagen.

Weakened by days of toil and nights of watching, wounded where she had looked for comfort, Kirstin hid her face and cried bitterly. Hans, vexed and irritated both with her and himself, took up his hat and walked out of the house.

However, when he came back, he found clear weather again. Kirstin having had her cry out, had reconsidered the matter fairly. She remembered that Hans was younger than herself: that she could not lean upon him as in her first feeling of loneliness she had fancied possible; their paths in life lay apart; he must take thought for himself, she for herself. She knew she could easily find a place in her own neighbourhood, but the idea was repugnant to her. She longed for a new scene, new life: it was hard, she thought, to live with strangers who did not care for her, but not so painful in a new country as in the old one. And must she indeed live with strangers? Suddenly the thought of Mrs. Ramsey flashed upon her. She would go to Hamburg; she would not trust to letters, which might easily be lost; she would go herself and seek out Mrs. Ramsey. The idea made her feel so happy, she was almost afraid of it; she went into her own room, and kneeling by her bedside, asked help and guidance from the Father of the fatherless.

So when Hans came back, he was surprised to find her looking cheerful again. "I have made up my mind what to do, Hans," she said; "I shall go to Hamburg and try to find Mrs. Ramsey."

Hans was startled at the suddenness of her resolve. "But Mrs. Ramsey may not want to have you."

"Then I am sure she will find a good place for me somewhere else."

"And suppose you cannot find her? she may be gone back to Scotland."

"Well, if I cannot find her, I can but come back again here; Mr. Nordenfelt will help me in some way."

"It seems to me a wild-geese chase."

"Don't you see, Hans," said his sister, a little out of patience, "that as I am not to live near you, I want to be near some one else who will care for me? I am quite sure Mrs. Ramsey loves me, however poor and ignorant I may be. But of course I intend to ask the pastor's advice first."

"Well, if you find her, no doubt it will be a good thing, and I shall be very glad for you to go," said Hans, who did not like his opinion to count for nothing. "Perhaps she will bring you up for a governess, and that will, of course, be much better than your living here. And certainly some one will have to look up Mr. Ramsey, for my three years' schooling will come to an end in six months' time, and I shall want to know what is to be done with me next. Besides, you could go with me as far as Copenhagen, and start the next day for Hamburg, and perhaps Mr. Nordenfelt could tell you where to lodge, only he is such an old fogey."

Kirstin smiled. "I shall go to see the pastor this afternoon," she said, "and you can go to your old master, Mr. Gründel, the while; it will be hard if between them we can't hear of a respectable lodging for me."

Kirstin's old friend was very glad to see her, for he wanted to hear all that she could tell him about her father. "You see, my child," he said, "I worried myself a good deal because I never could find the right word to speak to your father—the word that might unlock his heart, which was a sealed book to me; and then our Lord kindly took the work I was not fit for out of my hands, and shut me up here to feel my weakness, and teach me to be content to pray and leave all to Him. It was a great thing for a proud man like Michael to tell his

child he had been wrong; it showed he was made humble at last. Let us praise God for him: he did good work in his day, and the best when he subdued himself."

Then they talked over Kirstin's future. "There is only one objection to my going to Hamburg," said Kirstin, blushing, "but I thought I would write to you, and that you would kindly tell Morten when he comes home where I am gone."

This Mr. Nordenfelt readily promised, and a few days later Kirstin Ericksen took leave of all her neighbours, and with her brother crossed from Aarhus to Copenhagen.

CHAPTER XIV.

SERVICE WITH QUEEN ESTHER.

IN one of those old-fashioned dwellings, all wood and glass with little-hanging turrets and projections in all directions, so common in Hamburg before the repeated fires had taught the inhabitants to build in solid stone—in an odd-shaped sitting-room with balcony windows in summer, pleasantly shaded by the graceful foliage of a vine, lay on a sofa Mrs. Ramsey. A desk contrived for the use of an invalid almost incessantly in a recumbent posture was planted in front of her, and she was now writing a letter. On the floor by her side squatted Alec: a heap of playthings had been pushed impatiently aside, for the boy was now intent upon a story-book he held in his hand. At a little distance stood, knitting a stocking, a rather untidy-looking German girl, his attendant.

Both mother and child have altered during the two years and a half since they left Jutland. Mrs. Ramsey's face looks anxious and careworn, and there are traces of ill-health in her features, as in the thin tapering fingers moving so rapidly over the page of letter-paper. Alec has grown certainly, but he is still a weakling, and his left leg is supported by splints. The wound in his foot had healed over before he left Copenhagen, and the sprain seemed cured; but an accidental hurt had caused an abscess, and now the surgeon prescribed the greatest care and attention, lest the poor little sufferer should be lamed for life. Then, too, Mrs. Ramsey had been ill for some weeks, and although able to exchange her bed for a couch during the last few days, she had still very little power of locomotion. The extreme cold of a Hamburg

winter had tried both mother and child. In spite of the stove Mrs. Ramsey shivered as she wrote, and the sharp breezes of January penetrated through the windows even when closed.

"Master Alec will not go out to-day?" observed the maid, in German.

"How can you ask such a question, Gretchen?" replied her mistress. "Do you not see the snow is falling? the air is quite dusk; I can hardly see." She wrote on more rapidly than ever. In a few minutes she said, "Now, Gretchen, bring a light to seal this letter, and then put on your cloak and take it to the post."

When Gretchen was gone Alec threw his book down. "Oh, mamma, I can't see any more—and you have put out the candle. Can you tell me the end of this story?"

"No, my dear, I have never read it. But tell me what it was about, and where you left off, and I will make an end for you."

"No, I should not care for that, I want the real end. Mamma," said Alec, after a pause, "do you know I think Gretchen is a very stupid girl, she does not know any stories."

"She has never learned to read, Alec, and therefore has not read any books at all."

"Oh! that makes no difference, mamma, for Grace Armstrong told me that she and Mattie had such a nice maid who couldn't read, but could tell them all sorts of funny stories, only their governess, Miss Owen, did not like them to be much with her; and then Grace asked her father about it, and he said he wanted them to speak German fluently, and that talking to their maid would teach them best of all. I wish Grace and Mattie would have Gretchen, and let their girl come to us."

Mrs. Ramsey laughed. "A very complete arrangement, Alec, only more for your own benefit than that of your friends."

Gretchen came back, lighted the candles, and Alec was able to return to his book. He went to bed early, leaving his mother alone with her work. She was not particularly interested in its completion, and this being one of the days when the packet arrived from Copenhagen. Mr. Ramsey was not home till late, so the evening seemed long and dreary.

At last the door opened: she looked up, but only Gretchen's round, rosy face appeared. "If you please, madam, here is a young woman

just come by the packet who says she knows you, and wants to see you."

"Knows me! Ask her name, and what she wants; I think it must be your master she wishes to see."

Gretchen disappeared, but shortly returned after a second interview with the unknown young woman and her companion, the master of the packet, who had come with her to act as interpreter, for she could not speak German. "Her name is Christine," Gretchen was desired to tell her mistress, "and she comes from Copenhagen."

"Christine? from Copenhagen?" repeated Mrs. Ramsey; but the tones of her voice had reached the ears of the anxious listener outside, and pressing by the stout figure of the German girl, she sprang forward, "Dear lady! have you forgotten Kirstin?"

"No indeed, I have not forgotten Kirstin!" cried Mrs. Ramsey in her best Danish. "Is it you indeed! Come all this way to me! Come here, dear Kirstin," and, to the utter amazement of the German hand-maiden, the stranger knelt down by the sofa, and was cordially embraced by her mistress.

"You need not wait, Gretchen," said Mrs. Ramsey, rather impatiently.

"Please, madam," said the captain of the vessel, interposing his broad, red, weather-beaten face, "what is to be done with the young woman's box?"

"Send it here, of course," was the answer; "and pray shut the street door, Gretchen."

"Oh, I have not paid my fare!" And Kirstin got up to make final arrangements with her friend, the captain. When she returned Mrs. Ramsey was giving orders with respect to the traveller's refreshment and lodging for the night.

The two friends—for friends they were, though differing in age, in nation, in social position and education—looked each other in the face. "My lady has been ill," said Kirstin.

"And you have been ill, too, or in great sorrow, my child. How thin you are grown, Kirstin! You shall not talk to me till you have rested and warmed yourself, and had some food." And, indeed, great as was Mrs. Ramsey's desire to hear all that Kirstin could tell her, she found much difficulty in listening and talking to her. She had forgotten her Danish, and Kirstin her English: it was greatly to the

relief of both when Mr. Ramsey came home. He spoke a few words of kindly welcome, and sitting down between the girl and his wife acted as interpreter. Kirstin then gave an account of her father's accident, his death, her brother's visit to her, and her return with him to Copenhagen, etc., then she paused.

"Ask after the grandfather, and that young fisherman, Martin—something," said Mrs. Ramsey.

Kirstin replied that her grandfather was dead, and so was Karen Ranildsen; that Morten was gone to Norway. She blushed faintly at his name, so faintly that Mrs. Ramsey, being eager to ask after the pastor, did not notice it. Kirstin would have been glad to tell her friends of her engagement had they but questioned her a little more, but she felt too shy to begin upon that subject.

"And so the pastor approved your coming here to seek us out? it was quite right, Kirstin," said Mr. Ramsey.

"Mrs. Ramsey asked me once," said Kirstin, timidly, "to be her servant. I would gladly be so; and I thought if now she did not want me she would tell me where to go."

"As for your brother," continued Mr. Ramsey, "I have duly received the reports from his masters, and consider them satisfactory. But," he added, "a man who is writing the whole day has no fancy for extra work of that kind, such as letter-writing, and indeed what had I to say to Hans? I shall have to go to Copenhagen in a few months, and shall then see the lad and ascertain his wishes, as well as the opinion of his masters concerning his future course."

Kirstin was now pressed to go to bed early, and she was only too glad to comply. Mr. Ramsey, to save his wife fatigue, himself undertook to show her the way to her room.

When he returned to the parlour there was a smile on his face. "Another time, Queen Esther, when you offer your guests apartments in your palace, I would advise you to ascertain the species of accommodation they are likely to obtain. I do not suppose it was your intention that Kirstin should sleep in a hole tenanted by colonies of rats."

"Certainly not,—what do you mean, Angus?"

"I mean that Gretchen, being apparently unpropitious to the stranger, had prepared her bed in the dark lumber-room, or whatever it is, under the topmost gable of the house. Kirstin, unawed by the

scampering colony we disturbed on entrance, meekly declares it good enough; but I presume to think differently, and have made Gretchen remove her sleeping apparatus to the little room next yours; it is a mere closet, but at least habitable, and within reach of the rest of the world."

"Thank you, Angus; I wondered what kept you so long; I have been wanting you that I may get your consent to a scheme I have in my head."

"Quite unnecessary, I am sure; I know my place in the household—your majesty's majordomo, or grand vizier, if you please—it is much too late for me to take to enacting King Ahasuerus."

"Then have the goodness to listen to me. I want to keep Kirstin with me of course, and have no doubt she would gladly take Gretchen's place; but the dear girl looks so thin, I am sure she wants rest—besides, she is fit for something better, and I should like her to have leisure for learning English and needlework."

"Well, can't you keep Kirstin and Gretchen too?"

"But the expense, Angus?"

"I had rather maintain Kirstin than a doctor; I think, on the whole, she would prove a less expensive luxury. And she has done you good already; I have not seen you look so brisk since your illness, Esther."

"Oh, it is because I am so pleased to see her, and I know she could be such a first-rate nurse for Alec. They are both so quick; he would learn Danish from her, and she, English from him; and I could leave him with her whenever I required rest; she would amuse him so nicely with her songs and stories."

While this colloquy was going on, Kirstin, in the solitude of her little room, was thanking the good providence which had brought her safe under the shelter of true and trusty friends. What an eventful time had not the last three days been to her! The farewell to all the scenes of her childhood, the sight of the metropolis of her country, a night among perfect strangers, then the separation from her brother, and her remaining journey under the protection of a strange captain in quest of friends she might not find. But the friends were found; she was in their house, a cherished guest, and had been told that they were glad to have her; that they had work for her such as no one but herself could do. And Mrs. Ramsey's bright smile was the same as ever, and

Kirstin felt she would give her life to serve her ; yes, she was to live with, and serve those she loved, not strangers—well might Kirstin be thankful !

She took her breakfast with them next morning, for only Mr. Ramsey could explain fully to her her 'future duties in the household, and the breakfast-hour was his leisure time. Alec's big grey eyes were fixed gravely upon his new attendant during the meal ; he did not quite approve the arrangement which destined him to be henceforth entirely under her care, and though he had a traditionary affection for the Kirstin who had rescued him from drowning, it was rather a vague sentiment than a reality.

But the old friendly feeling between them was soon re-established ; that same day Kirstin commenced her service by drawing out her invalid charge in a wheeled chair along the side of the Alster lake, and in the evening Alec exhibited to her all his wealth in the way of toys. His possessions were indeed something marvellous, for his father's friends were kindly anxious to amuse the poor little sufferer, and playthings had been brought him from all parts. While displaying his treasures and naming each article to her, Kirstin received her first lesson in English, and by making him in his turn repeat their names in her own language, she gave him his first lesson in Danish. Thus Alec and his nurse soon learned to understand each other, perhaps all the sooner because at an early period of their acquaintance Alec, having inquired whether Kirstin knew any stories, was told that she could tell him many, only that he must learn her language before he could understand them.

However, things did not always go on smoothly between them. Alec was a well-disposed boy, but being an only child, and an invalid besides, had been a little over-petted, and made of too much importance ; his father was well aware of this, and warned Kirstin against over-indulgence, especially enjoining that unless the little that was required of him in the way of lessons was performed, no stories or songs were to be allowed him. The hardship was not great, for he could always read to himself, but somehow his supply of story-books was never equal to the demand, he continually craved something new, and he had taken a great fancy to the tones of Kirstin's voice ; even in narration it soothed and quieted his nerves, which illness had rendered sensitive and irritable. Then, too, he was subject to fits of peevishness

and indolence, during which nothing pleased him. Mr. Ramsey was very anxious that the child should learn to control himself, and he bade Kirstin never to let his moods of discontent and ill-temper pass unnoticed; he was to forfeit a pleasure of some sort whenever he had indulged in them.

One day there was a quarrel because Alec had not learned his English lessons perfectly for Mrs. Ramsey; she had been displeased with him, but Alec thought that the disgrace which had befallen him in the morning should be forgotten in the evening, and as soon as the dusk of twilight interrupted his afternoon's occupation of colouring some prints, he called upon Kirstin, as usual, to beguile the hour with one of her tales. She replied he could not expect his treat that day, and having fetched candles, placed one before him, that he might either read or continue his former employment, while she went on with her own work by the light of the other. The boy tried not to believe in her refusal, he repeated his demands again and again, and at last, angry at being still denied, tried to snatch the work from her hands. Leaning forward, he caught hold of the work and also of the table-cover, and in a minute everything upon the table, including the candles, was upon the floor. A cry of dismay broke from both Alec and Kirstin, and at this moment the door opened and a joyous voice called out, "Alec, how are you, my boy?"

"Uncle! Uncle Geordie!" exclaimed Alec, his ill-humour evaporating instantly.

"But where are you? all in the dark? and who is that scuffling on the floor?—your new pattern nurse, who keeps you in such fabulous order?"

"Oh, dear Uncle Geordie, do light a candle, please; there's the stove in that corner!" The new comer laughed, groped his way to the stove and set the door of it open; Kirstin meanwhile picking up the candlesticks. She had seldom in her life felt in such confusion; her hair and dress were disordered, her temper was worried—it would have been a relief to have seized Master Alec and shaken him. But she was spared that temptation, for he was now in the stranger's arms, being well hugged and scolded in the same breath. "I should like to know what you think you deserve, sir, making all this rout!"

The candles were relighted, and Kirstin could now see the slight figure of a young man bearing a strong resemblance to his sister,

Mrs. Ramsey; only with darker complexion, and a careless, merry look.

"Oh, Uncle Geordie!" cried Alec, again throwing his arms round his uncle, "I was a naughty boy and out of temper, I know, but it is not Kirstin's fault, she is such a capital girl; you'll like Kirstin so much."

Geordie Graham laughed again, but after another glance at the discomfited nurse-maid, he compassionately took his nephew in his arms, and carried him out of the room.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

CHAPTER VII.

"Now by heaven we will not falter
But united firm to stand,
Lay our hearts upon the altar
Offer'd to our native land."

War Song from "Körner."



T was a hot August afternoon that the royal army lay encamped at Kilsyth, the heavy folds of the royal standard clinging round the staff in the sultry summer air. Montrose was the sole stay of Charles now, for the English Royalists could no longer make head against their enemies, and the ill-fated king had during that same month been completely defeated at the battle of Naseby.

It was unfortunate for the Covenanting army that it should have two chiefs, Argyle and Baillie, for the leaders of the various divisions declined to obey the orders of either. Argyle, indeed, had no knowledge of military affairs, and Baillie, who was a clever officer, was not allowed to follow out his own plan of the battle. At the same time it must be observed that no one could understand Baillie's plan, consequently it is not wonderful, perhaps, that the army was unable to execute it. At least it is the only excuse that can be brought forward for a far superior and well-trained force being so completely defeated by a small, half-disciplined body of men. The Covenanters' account was that two of their regiments charged too soon, contrary to Baillie's orders, and were repulsed by the "rebels" (so they called the king's troops), who

sprang over the dykes and broke their ranks. But the battle was bravely fought on both sides. It was a very hot, sultry evening ; and as Montrose's men had to charge the enemy up-hill, their general told them to disencumber themselves of their plaids and doublets, and set the example by taking off, not only his cuirass, but his doublet also, and fighting in his shirt-sleeves.

Encouraged by their gallant Marquis, they rushed so impetuously to the assault that they forgot to wait for his signal : they were consequently at first driven back, but the old Earl of Airlie, the chief of the Ogilvies, a nobleman about seventy years of age, led on all the gentlemen of his house to their aid. The Covenanters could not stand their desperate charge : they fell back before the bloody swords of the Ogilvies, and of the two Highland regiments led on by Donald Macdonald of Clanronald, and Donald, the son of Hector of Maclean. In short, Argyle fled twenty miles without looking behind him or drawing bridle, and he then jumped into a vessel lying in the Firth of Forth, and did not think himself safe till he had put out to sea.

So ended the battle of Kilsyth, the most glorious, the most bloody, and—the last of our hero's victories.

The news soon spread far and wide, causing terror amongst his enemies, joy and delight among his friends ; the path to Edinburgh lay smooth and open before the conqueror's feet, and there was no enemy remaining strong enough to bar his progress. New friends now began to crowd in from all quarters, some who had been too timid to join him before ; others who had hated him in the days when he was proclaimed a traitor, excommunicated, and a price set upon his head, now declared themselves his firmest friends. Montrose received them all courteously and pursued his journey southwards, having sent his nephew Archibald, the young master of Napier, with a thousand horse, to receive the submission of various towns and districts round Edinburgh. The master went first to Linlithgow, the prison from which he had escaped, and where now he clasped in his arms his aged father, his sisters, and his young wife, Lady Elizabeth, of whom he was passionately fond, for Archibald, though only twenty-one, had been married five years, and had three children.

Lord Graham and his brother were still prisoners, for the noble boys refused to be exchanged lest they should cost their father a valuable prisoner and thereby do an injury to the royal cause.

Once more a bright ray of sunlight seemed to shine on Montrose's fortunes; success had crowned his efforts: Edinburgh was at his feet in terror and submission, but, alas! the sunbeam was soon to fade away never to return again. At this moment the Highlanders asked leave to return home, to get in their harvests and visit their wives and families. The Marquis had never wanted them more than he did now, but there was no possibility of keeping the Highlanders when once they had resolved to go, so he yielded with his usual good-humour, and after assembling them all in his presence, and thanking and rewarding them all for their services, he let them depart. Alaster Macdonald, on whom he conferred the honour of knighthood, begged leave to go with them, promising to look after them and bring them back as soon as his general should want them. Montrose gave permission, but Alaster proved false to his engagements and never came near the Marquis again.

As for Montrose himself, he received a flattering letter from the king, and the commission of captain-general of Scotland; Prince Maurice, who had never been active in his royal uncle's service, had, with his brother Rupert, fallen into disgrace, and a sort of nominal command which he had possessed in Scotland was now taken away. Though his army was so much weakened by the departure of the Highlanders, Montrose prepared as soon as possible to march to the Tweed, in compliance with the earnest wishes of Charles, and endeavour to persuade the once powerful Border families to join him, and to rouse the loyalty of the nobles of Douglas and Traquair.

But the days of Border chivalry were passed; the Scots of Buccleuch, the Douglasses of Annandale and Liddesdale, the Maxwells of Nithsdale had lost all the power they possessed in the days of James V. and James VI., and many of them too were devoted to Argyle. That crafty chief was now at Berwick, and already had sent pressing messages to General David Leslie, who was commanding the Scotch army in England, and Leslie was now marching northwards to encounter Montrose. Our Marquis was still on the Borders waiting till he should hear from his sovereign. Anxiously was he expecting Alaster's return, but that false chieftain was far away: still more anxiously did he urge Lord Aboyne to return to him with his Gordons, for the fickle youth had, probably at his father's desire, left him at the same time with Alaster and all the Gordons with him. It was in vain: his firm and

loving friend, Lord Gordon, was no more, and Montrose had nothing to hope from the attachment and loyalty of his clan.

It was the 12th of September, a dark and cloudy night, when the royal army took up its quarters at Philiphaugh, a small village on the river Ettrick. All was still and quiet; the scouts who were sent out to search the country round kept riding in asserting there was no enemy near, but it soon proved that they were fatally mistaken. In a poor-looking house in the village, Montrose was sitting with his faithful friends, Lord Napier, Lord Airlie, and Ludovic Lindsay the loyal Earl of Crawford, busily engaged in writing despatches to be sent off to the king by break of day.

All night long they sat debating and writing, when they were roused from their labours by a hasty knock at the door. Before they had time to reply, a frightened messenger rushed in, saying that Leslie and six thousand men were half a mile off. The sun had not risen, and the fogs, which had hung over the country for several days, were so thick that Leslie had never been seen by the scouts.

Montrose instantly sprang upon the first horse that stood near, and followed by his officers, who scrambled after him, galloped at headlong speed to the camp, which lay on the other side of the river. There all was confusion, but his well-known and welcome voice, rising above the tumult, soon called his troops to order, and they began hastily to rally round him. But almost at the same moment the sound of Leslie's trumpets was heard, and then came the charge of his heavy mail-clad troopers, the brother-soldiers of Cromwell's resistless cavalry. Alas! what chance had the half-disciplined horsemen of the brave Montrose against these veteran troops? They still maintained their ground, but the infantry, chiefly Irish, surrendered with a promise of mercy. And where was Montrose himself while this disastrous scene of rout went on? Surrounded on all sides by victorious enemies, he fought in the midst of them with thirty Cavaliers, having given up all hope of escape, and firmly resolved to fall rather than surrender to an enemy which knew no mercy. But the Marquis of Douglas, who was by his side, entreated him to make an effort to save his life for the sake of his sovereign.

Montrose reined up for a moment to take breath, and looked round upon the mass of his enemies pressing upon him from every side, then telling his friends to keep close round him, he spurred his horse to one last desperate charge. The rebel troopers fell back before his vigorous

arm, and he at length cut his way through them, and soon left the sad field of Philiphaugh behind. But the horrors of Philiphaugh did not end with the battle; the first act of the victorious Covenanters was to put to death, in cold blood, all the prisoners to whom they had promised mercy. Unhappily, too, a great many of the Marquis's friends, after escaping with him from the field, lost their way, and were taken prisoners, amongst them Sir William Rollock, one of his earliest friends, and the brave young Irishman, O'Kyan, the hero of Fyvie, besides many more of noble rank; but their fate was not yet decided.

CHAPTER VIII.

"It was a' for our rightful king
 We left fair Scotia's strand."

LORD OGILVIE.

MONTROSE himself had reached his old haunts in the Grampians, where he soon received intelligence of the massacre of his troops and the capture of his friends. Deep and bitter was his sorrow at the tidings, but he was still as energetic and earnest as ever, and was quite ready to begin his exertions all over again. But his great anxiety for the present was to collect troops enough to rescue his gallant followers from the certain death to which he knew they were doomed. Alas! his efforts were vain; though the Highlands answered once more to the call of their favourite, and a small army collected round him, before his preparations were complete the mournful intelligence reached him that several of the prisoners had been put to death. Montrose hurried down immediately to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, endeavouring to provoke Leslie to a battle; and such was still the terror of his name that the executions were stopped while he was in the neighbourhood. But after remaining there a month, he again returned to the Highlands to implore Huntly to give him the aid of his Gordons. But that ungenerous nobleman refused to lend him the slightest assistance, and the Parliament seized upon the opportunity to continue the massacre.

Only two of the prisoners were saved, Lord Hartfell and the brave Lord Ogilvie, the son of Lord Airlie; and the motive of this clemency does not do credit to the chief lords of the Covenanting party. Argyle hated Ogilvie, and was dying to have his blood, but Hamilton wished to save him, and contrived his escape. Argyle was so angry when he heard of it, that he determined to be revenged on the Duke of

Hamilton. This could best be accomplished by releasing one of Hamilton's enemies, and he accordingly selected Lord Hartfell, and set him at liberty. Such were the humane and generous principles which governed the conduct of the leaders of the Whig party in Scotland during the seventeenth century.

Bitter was the grief, and burning the indignation of Montrose, when he heard the melancholy tidings of the massacre, but he would not for a moment listen to the advice of some of his friends, to put to death the prisoners he had in his power. If their enemies were cruel and faithless, he said, that was all the more reason why they should set them an example of generosity and mercy, and on no account imitate them in their evil deeds. Notwithstanding his repeated disappointments, Montrose still did not despair of gaining over Huntly, and even rode over alone one night to Gordon Castle, to try what his own powers of persuasion could do. He thought this time that he had succeeded, and that Huntly was won; but he was mistaken, for as soon as he was gone, Huntly tried to set on foot an expedition independently of Montrose, and the result was only fatal to himself.

Meanwhile, our hero received a letter from Charles, who was at Oxford, in which the king told him that he intended to join his forces to those of the Scottish Covenanters, then encamped before Newark. He added, further, that he wished Montrose and the remnant of his army to meet him there, if he should find out that the Scots were loyally disposed and ready to forgive the loyalty of the Marquis himself.

Before Montrose had time to act upon this letter he received another short but melancholy note, dated from Newark, in which Charles thanked him gratefully and affectionately for all the hardships he had endured for his sake and for all his loyal services, but telling him that he must now lay down his arms and go to France, where he would await further instructions.

Montrose was petrified at this order, but he guessed at once that the Covenanting army had forced the king to send him this message, and that, in point of fact, Charles was now a prisoner in the hands of his own subjects, and was compelled to write what they chose to dictate, not what he wished to say. Before he complied with the royal mandate he wrote an urgent letter to his sovereign, begging him to tell him if it was really and truly his Majesty's desire that he should give up the cause as lost, entreating, at all events, that arrangements might be made

for the safety of his loyal friends. But Charles was now a prisoner in the hands of Montrose's bitterest enemies, Argyle, Loudon, Lindsay, and others; and he was no longer able to follow the counsels of the faithful friend who had served him so well. On the 16th of July, 1646, Charles wrote again to the Marquis, commanding him to accept the conditions which General Middleton would offer him, and which, he assured him, would be honourable. It was the king's final command, and now the Marquis had no choice left but to obey. Middleton luckily was no very violent Covenanter: he had something of the Cavalier in him, and perhaps might secretly have admired the character of his bold opponent, and have felt

"That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

However that may be, Middleton and Montrose arranged a meeting on an open plain, each with one attendant to hold his horse, and here they settled the terms of the capitulation.

It was concluded that the Marquis himself, Ludovic, Earl of Crawford, and Sir John Hurry, who for some reason best known to himself had suddenly left the Covenanters to join Montrose, were to leave Scotland before the 1st of September, in a vessel to be provided for them by the Scottish Estates. All the rest of his friends were to remain and keep their property just as if they had never had anything to do with him. The Estates were in a great rage at what they thought the mildness of Middleton's terms; they declared them to be *contrary to the Covenant*, and began excommunicating the Cavaliers right and left; but General Middleton, who had a soldier's contempt for all fanatics, kept his word, without taking the slightest notice of their anger.

The negotiations over, Montrose departed to Rattray to dismiss his followers, and their parting was a melancholy scene. He had so endeared himself to them; he had walked by their side in so many a difficult and fatiguing march; his gentle and courteous manners, his perfect knowledge of the character and temperament of the Highlander had so won upon their hearts that they all worshipped him as a superior being, while they loved him as a personal friend. Many wept, some on their knees implored him not to send them away. His warm heart and loving nature were deeply touched by these marks of affection, but he would not let them follow him to exile, and so they parted.

This painful scene over, the Marquis set out directly for his house of Old Montrose, with only Sir John Hurry for a companion, to wait there for the ship which the Estates were to send for them. It is curious to think that the last time Sir John had visited Old Montrose was when he carried off into captivity the only remaining children of the Marquis, and now he was riding into it side by side with their father.

But Montrose soon began to grow rather uneasy, for the 1st of September drew near, and the promised vessel appeared not. He never doubted that the Scottish Estates, with their usual treachery, were plotting to detain him beyond the day agreed upon, in order that they might have a pretext for seizing him. But he was always full of resources, and he baffled this time his faithless foes as he had often done before. The vessel indeed arrived, but it was the *last day of August*, and the boat was so leaky that the master of it, who was a crabbed Presbyterian, declared he would not put to sea for several days.

Accordingly Montrose sent Hurry, his chaplain, Dr. Wishart, who had been with him during a great part of his campaigns, and the rest of his friends, together with all his baggage and servants, on board a Norwegian vessel which was lying at Stonehaven, and was about to sail for Norway. That same evening, the 3rd of September, the Marquis bade an eternal farewell to the home of his boyhood, and embarking in a small wherry disguised as the servant of Master James Wood, a clergyman, he quitted his country for an exile which he knew not how long would last.

He was only thirty-three years old.

Before we follow him to a foreign land I will say a few words about some of his friends of whom I have often spoken. His boys, Graham and Robert, were still prisoners, though they were afterwards allowed to live with their grandfather, Lord Southesk; the Estates took great pains to educate them after their own ideas, but they certainly did not succeed with Lord Graham, who remained fondly attached to his father and his father's cause. The good Lord Napier was no more: he and his son Archibald had escaped with Montrose from Philiphaugh, but his health gave way soon after. The Marquis was obliged to leave him behind in one of his hurried marches, and when he returned he found that the brother-in-law whom he had loved and honoured as a father, had just expired. Argyle took possession of his estates and of those of Montrose, but Archibald, now the young Lord Napier, made a gallant

attempt to defend both. He shut himself up in one of his uncle's residences, the Castle of Kincardine, with his cousin, John Drummond of Balloch; and the young men being attacked by Middleton with a large force, held the place till the wells were dried up. The garrison now could hold out no longer, as they were dying with thirst, and Napier believed his doom was certain. But a young page called John Graham undertook to show him a way by which they might escape. Accordingly one dark night when the moon had gone down the boy led three horses to a postern gate, and the trio rode quietly through the very middle of the enemy, and succeeded by this daring feat in making their escape to Montrose, who was still in the north. This happened in the month of February 1646.

After the capitulation, when the Marquis was obliged to leave the country, his devoted nephew would willingly have accompanied him with his family, but his estates were in great disorder and required his presence, and Montrose would not let him come. It is remarkable that the Great Marquis had the rare gift of making those about him passionately fond of him. The devotion of Lord Gordon for him was quite romantic in its nature, and as for Archibald Napier, his friendship for his uncle was a sort of proverb, and drew upon him a long lecture from a puritanical old relative who bore the somewhat ridiculous-sounding name of the Laird of Bowhopple. This old gentleman meant very kindly, however, and had done him some signal service, having influence with the Estates; but some of his expressions in the letter he wrote to Archibald were certainly rather plain and outspoken.

Bowhopple begs him "to return yet in time before all time be lost, and let the first beginning of your majority in age evidence better resolutions than did the ending of your minority."

He adds: "It is high time for you to resolve not to adhere any more to your uncle's courses and ways. Let not, I pray you, the *preposterous* love you carry to him any longer blind the eyes of your understanding, nor miscarry you."


But this eloquent language had no effect on Archibald, who was by no means to be turned away from his allegiance. Indeed, the young Lord Napier's stout defence of Kincardine had so enraged the Scottish Estates, that as the only way of appeasing them it was settled that Lady Elizabeth Napier and her children should stay in Scotland while Archibald followed Montrose to Paris for the present.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINA BOWL.

A REMINISCENCE FROM GRANDMAMMA'S POTPOURRI.

PRELUDE.

 REVERIE by firelight. Verily 'tis a pleasant thing when one can sit as I have been doing for the last half-hour, with nothing to disturb the train of one's thoughts, for as such one cannot reckon the lulling accompaniment of the wind sighing in the trees outside, the tinkle of the cinders falling on the clean-swept hearth, and the drowsy fanning of the "fuffin' lowe," as the flames rise and fall in the red fire-caves, casting fantastic shadows on the oak-panelled walls of my little snuggery, and playing strange vagaries with the antique carving of the chimneypiece—now tipping with fire a chubby Cupid's sheaf of arrows, now throwing a glossy light over the feathers of a group of dead game, or a ruddy glow on the contents of a fruit-basket. And if perfume, as well as music, favour the even flow of drowsy thought, I lack it not; a fragrance rises from a rare old china bowl at my elbow—a fragrance as of summer gardens and groves of eastern spices blended in one; it minds me of the many memories of my past life, sweet and pungent mingled together in the "golden bowl" of the heart. The potpourri of life! who would be without it? Though the roses are faded, one may keep their fragrance still. A light step on the stair—a hand on the door. Must my reverie, then, come to an end? Not yet, for it is only my eldest granddaughter, and she shall have her share in it: I can continue it aloud for her benefit; who knows but she may profit by her old grandmother's experiences? My eldest grandchild, my white rosebud! How bonnie she looks in her snowy evening dress, with her fair hair and heaven-blue eyes! "Grandmamma, how sweet your potpourri smells this evening," she says, burying her nose in the contents of the china bowl. "So I was thinking, granddaughter; this warm fire-shine draws out the scent, and it also brings back in all their vividness many things stored up in my memory. Come, sit down on this footstool at my feet, and you shall hear a reminiscence from grandmamma's potpourri of life, concerning this very china bowl."

THE STORY.

“‘Better a finger aff than aye waggin’,” says the good old Scotch proverb, and I doubt whether the truth of it ever came home to any one more forcibly than it did to me, for the occasion on which I first heard it was that of one of the deepest disgraces of my young days. Many years ago—how many I am afraid to tell you, for it would make me out such a very ancient dame—well, never mind; long, long ago, in the days when I wore short frocks, and had not long emerged from pinafores, my brothers and sister and I were sitting at the breakfast-table one 21st of December, busily munching our brown bread and butter. At one end sat my mother, making my father’s coffee, and opposite to her sat my father himself, reading his letters. Now there was one of these missives concerning which we young fry felt a very strong curiosity; it was a large blue sheet of paper folded together (for envelopes had not come into fashion then), addressed in a bold, and, as we thought, very fierce-looking hand, and sealed with an enormous seal of red wax, on which flourished a most imposing crest and coat-of-arms; the post-mark was Dumfries. This much we knew, for we had closely examined the letter before our elders came down, and had hazarded many guesses concerning its contents. When my father took it up, sundry pieces of bread were suspended midway to as many mouths, and various pairs of eyes followed his as they travelled slowly down the page. At length he came to the end, folded the paper carefully together, looked perplexed, hummed, laid down the letter, took it up again, and opened his lips to speak. *What* was he going to say? We devoured him ravenously with our eyes. He said: ‘My dear!’ my mother looked up. ‘Well, Rupert?’ ‘Here is an invitation from my father; this is what he says:—

“‘MY DEAR SON,

“‘Bring your wife, and come and spend Christmas with us at Kildrummie. We shall expect you on the evening of the 23rd, when the carriage will meet you at ——. You many bring one child. Commend me to your wife.

“‘I am, my dear son,

“‘Your affectionate father,

“‘ALEXANDER KER.

"Short and sweet, isn't it?" When my father began to read, my mother's countenance slightly clouded: when he came to the words, 'you may bring one child,' her face expressed an alarming degree of consternation. '*A child*, my dear Rupert! What *shall* we do? Your father's particularity! Your father's *old china*!' 'My dear, it can't be helped; it is too good an opportunity to be lost! this unfortunate coolness (my mother darted a warning look at him)—children, you may go.' The order came like a death-knell to our hopes. Five pairs of little ears had been drinking in every word that was uttered—brown bread and butter, mugs of milk, everything forgotten in intense curiosity to hear more. It was a cruel disappointment, and—our senses becoming once more alive to mundane things—we hadn't finished our breakfast! However, it could not be helped, so trooping out of the dining-room we betook ourselves to our favourite retreat under the drawing-room piano, to do the next best thing to hearing more, viz., to discuss what we *had* heard. Would the invitation be accepted? We were unanimously of opinion that it would; a visit to that place of many speculations, that unknown Kildrummie, which our youthful imaginations had invested with a halo of solemn magnificence, was—as my father had said—too good an opportunity to be lost. My father and mother had only been there once since their marriage; we never: the first fact we set down to the 'unfortunate coolness' my father had spoken of (by-the-by, we hadn't the remotest idea what that meant; my eldest brother rather thought it had something to do with the climate); the reason for our exclusion you will easily understand when I tell you that my grandfather had a mania for old china. On the next question, i.e., who the one child was to be, our little assembly was divided. My sister was certain that I, being the eldest, would be the favoured one; the others dissented from this, and were of opinion that a boy would be chosen to represent the youthful hope of our family. However, our minds were soon set at rest on both these points; my father wrote, accepting the invitation, and my mother came into the room with the announcement that I was to be the fortunate 'one child,' and forthwith carried me off to assist in the business of packing. To what a pitch of importance was I suddenly raised! I became quite an object of envy to the others, who, however, were disinterested enough to overwhelm me with congratulations, at the same time as they deplored the fate which assigned them a

Christmas at home, while I, the favourite of fortune, was to obtain that height of happiness—a visit to Kildrummie. The much-desired hour arrived, we were off at last, and the four bay horses of the royal mail coach were carrying us at the top of their speed, northward ho! It was a long, long journey, and I have but a very faint recollection of it, for my ideas—galloping even faster than the coach-horses—were already at the longed-for goal, vividly picturing what it would be like. Even now I can see that glowing castle in the air, the building of which kept me so quiet during the journey, and a very queer one it was, not a bit like the reality, as you will presently see. The structure of my imagination was light and airy, such a fabric as I had read of in ‘The Arabian Nights,’ with gilded domes and flashing minarets, lofty halls and endless suites of gorgeously-furnished rooms, filled—a slight deviation from the eastern pattern—with an infinite variety of china vessels; china plates replacing the pictures, china cups in lieu of ornaments, china here, china there, china everywhere. Greatly enhancing the beauty doubtless, but concerning the *comfort* of this enchanted palace, I began to have serious misgivings. I was still employed in rearing my air castle, and was gradually falling into that extremely drowsy condition in which the landmarks between things real and things imaginary become faint and ever fainter, when the four bay horses suddenly drew up with a jerk which threw me forward into the lap of an old lady, considerably shaking the nerves, not to mention the fat sides of a little over-fed spaniel who was reposing there, and causing him to emit a most horrible yell, which must have gone to the old lady’s heart, for she darted a look of heartrending reproach at poor me, as though I had hurt her dog out of malice prepense, and began fondling the fat sides, and bemoaning the sufferings of her ‘sweetest, dearest, most angelic darling’ in a manner that must have overwhelmed with remorse any one who had not, like me, caught sight of an equipage more magnificent than anything my dreams had ever pictured, drawn by two splendid grays, whose silver-mounted harness flashed in the light which streamed from the inn-door, before which the coach had stopped. A tall footman, in scarlet livery and powdered hair, assisted us to dismount, with a condescension which I thought truly touching in one who enjoyed the privilege of driving every day behind that splendid equipage, which I felt sure would have taken the shine even out of that of Cinderella’s fairy


godmother. I seemed to have grown an inch taller when, seated therein beside my father and mother, we drove rapidly off towards Kildrummie. My poor mother! she grew nervously restless as we neared the end of our journey. I believe she was a good deal afraid of my grandparents, and felt my presence an alarming responsibility; however, to my shame be it spoken, I had not learned to think for others in those days, and I was far too intent on trying to make out the features of the country through which we were passing to trouble my head about anything else. It was not much I could see, for it was late, and though there was what we used to call a 'broken moon,' great black clouds would come sailing across it in a most tantalizing way, blotting out the light, and only allowing uncertain glimpses of great dark moors, stretching miles and miles away, with tall black fir-trees standing out phantom-like against the horizon. As we drove up to the house, however, my lady moon suddenly shone out from behind a cloud, and showed me a massive pile of buildings, looking like a black silhouette against the bright background of sky, every gable and turret standing out in bold relief, sharply defined as though drawn in ink. One glimpse and it was gone, suddenly vanishing like a scene in a magic-lantern, for another inky cloud hid the moon, leaving us to descend from the carriage in almost total darkness. The hall door opened, and a blaze of light suddenly dazzled and bewildered me so much, that I did not recover the full use of my senses till I had been for some moments in the presence of my grandparents. I looked round, received a general impression of a large handsome room, with panelled walls, red curtains falling in heavy folds before the windows, and a glorious fire shedding a genial light and warmth throughout the length and breadth, and then turned to look at my grandparents, at the same moment as they turned to look at me. My grandfather was standing before the great open fireplace, the light shining on his bald crown and flowing white beard, his tall, massive figure, knee-breeches, and silver-buckled shoes. Altogether he appeared to be a most imposing personage, though I could not look at him very comfortably, for his keen bright eyes, gleaming like coals of fire under their shaggy white eyebrows, were bent full upon me, inspiring me with an awe such as I had never felt till then. Oh, to have those eyes flashing on one in anger! I trembled at the bare idea. However, he seemed to have no thought of such a thing at that moment, for he called me 'a cannie

little lass,' patted me benignly on the head, and told me to go and kiss my grandmother, a proceeding to which I had not the slightest objection, for she was a kindly-faced old lady, stately, yet benevolent, with soft blue eyes and silver hair. I was much impressed by her dress, which was very rich and striking. She wore a petticoat of deep purple satin, with a brocaded upper skirt open in front, and a black velvet bodice fastened with diamond clasps; just such a costume, in fact, as you may see in many old pictures. She kissed me very kindly, and calling to a boy about a year older than myself, whom I had not yet perceived, told him to do the same, saying that I would make him a nice little wife. Sandy—so the boy was called, and certainly he deserved his name, for he had most decidedly sandy hair, and a complexion speckled like a turkey's egg,—Sandy, I say, scrutinized me closely for several moments, but apparently I had not the honour of pleasing him, for presently out came his dictum, delivered with the broadest Scotch accent, 'I'll no hae her.' 'Nor I you!' I retorted, flashing back at him a look of equal indifference, and much greater contempt; whereupon our elders smiled, which I thought very insulting of them, for I considered that the boy had behaved exceedingly rude, and that I had a perfect right to put him down. Supper followed, which we took in our travelling-dresses, only removing our bonnets, and then we drew round the fire, my grandmother making me sit on a low stool at her feet, and lean my head against her beautiful satin petticoat, whilst her soft jewelled hand every now and then stroked my hair, as she talked with the rest. It was very warm and comfortable sitting there in that glow of firelight, and presently the voices became fainter and fainter, and I must have been dropping off to sleep, when I heard my grandmother exclaim: 'Bless the bairn! how weary she seems, and well she may, after such a long, long journey. Daughter, shall I ring for my waiting-woman to put her to bed?' My mother thanked, but declined the offered help, saying she would take me upstairs herself. Accordingly the tall footman was summoned, who conducted us to the foot of the staircase, and delivered us over to the guidance of the waiting-woman, with great ceremony, walking in front, and carrying a lighted candle, very much in the manner in which we at home were accustomed to play at 'The Emperor of Morocco,' though none of us could ever compose our countenances to the perfection of solemn gravity exhibited by my

friend the tall footman. What sort of room we were ushered into I really couldn't tell, for I was much too sleepy to do anything but suffer myself to be passively undressed, and remember nothing but the exceeding comfort of lying down in a soft warm bed, feeling my mother tuck me in, and receiving her good-night kiss; then I fell asleep, too tired even to dream."

(To be continued.)

SPONGES.

 ONE fancies it would be easier to begin an amateur paper on so wide a subject as sponges, if one knew precisely what had roused the curiosity of the young lady who has inquired about them. Whether, for instance, a squeeze of her Turkey friend in the bath that morning set her wondering why it took in and let out such a quantity of water so easily, or whether she had been shown a specimen of that marvellous formation, "Venus' Flower-basket" (*Euplectella aspergillum**), from the Philippine Islands, and was startled out of all propriety to hear it called a sponge.

Contrast cannot go much farther externally perhaps than between these two as we generally see them; the one an irregular-shaped elastic lump, which no amount of pressure can injure; the other, a symmetrical cornucopia of spun-glass lace in appearance (if the reader will be pleased to imagine such a thing), and so brittle, that a slight tap makes a hole in its elegant network, or breaks off a plait of its tender frilling.

And yet both are sponges! No wonder if those who hear the statement for the first time desire some explanation: those who do not, indeed, must have



VENUS' FLOWER BASKET.

* *Euplectella aspergillum*. Owen. *Alcyoncellum speciosum*. Quoy et Gaimard. (We have used the name by which it is known at the British Museum.)

their intellects blunted by that vile habit of indifference which takes all the wonderful things in the world for granted, as matters of course. And, happily for outside inquirers, the people best qualified to give explanations are generally readiest to do so. I am indebted to our great *Spongiologist*, Dr. Bowerbank, for the correctness of the statements which follow.

In the first place, then, neither of the forms in question are the sponges as we should see them if we were fishes and could watch them growing. The irregular lump of Turkey sponge, and the spun glass cornucopia are equally only skeletons of what once had life, and that life animal life, though in the lowest condition with which we are acquainted. For even in Zoophytes you can point to a visible organized animal or animals, and say, "Here it is," or "Here they are;" bodies possessing members however few in number and simple in structure: tentacles and a stomach at least. But such is not the case with these sponges. The seat of life with them is a glutinous matter, about the consistence of white of egg, more or less yellow or brown in tint, which surrounds and permeates the sponge mass as if it had been steeped therein. This is called *sarcode*, from its bearing somewhat the same relation to the sponge skeleton that our flesh does to our bones, the word being derived from one signifying *flesh*. Furthermore, this vital substance is held *en position* by a *dermal membrane*, in other words, an enveloping skin, which, with the *sarcode*, often hides the skeleton from sight, so that in all probability a specimen of Venus' Flower-basket would not in a living state look much more shapely than a lump of Turkey sponge, though it would be narrower and of a brighter colour. Its *sarcode*, as far as has been observed, is amber-coloured, while that of Turkey sponge is of a light fawn.

Here then is a structure common to both, and a sort of life differing from all others we know of, and peculiar to sponges only—a bond of union, therefore, between the extreme species we have been talking about and all other varieties besides.

Now then for the points of difference, which are striking enough. The Turkey sponge is elastic and compressible to any extent; the Venus' Flower-basket is rigid and brittle. That is to say, their *skeletons* are so. How is this?

Well, thus. The skeletons of sponges consist in all cases of innumerable interlacing fibres; but these fibres differ in their chemical

nature, and consequently in their texture. Some are horny (corneous), others flinty (siliceous), others limy (calcareous). And the horny-fibred (fibro-corneous) skeletons are elastic, while the flinty-fibred (fibro-siliceous) are rigid. Of the third sort are certain pretty little white sponges (*Grantias*) looking like pieces of frosted silver, which grow on seaweed round our shores.

But this is not all; sponge skeletons are either simple or compound, i.e., they are either entirely fibro-corneous, for instance, or there are found distributed among the fibres and in the sarcode certain needle-like crystalline bodies, called *spicula* (thorns), which are always either siliceous or calcareous, and the presence of many of which effectually prevents a sponge from being used to wash with.

Now, of these varieties of skeletons, that of the Turkey sponge is, as will be readily supposed, the first, horny-fibred (fibro-corneous), and it is simple—that is, it has no needle-shaped spicula lurking in its fibres ready to come out and work their way into the flesh of the bather. On the other hand, the skeleton of the flower-basket is flinty (fibro-siliceous). The story goes, indeed, that a lady once wore one in her hair at a ball, and paid a heavy penalty in having her neck and arms cruelly irritated by the fragments, which got under the skin as the thorns of a prickly pear will do to any one who handles it much. Moreover, it is compound; specimens of this species in their natural state (before they have been, as Dr. Bowerbank describes it, “washed and bleached to make them look pretty”) contain siliceous spicula in abundance. Woe to any one who should rub his face with them on the strength of their being sponges!

But sponge skeletons do not differ in texture only. The innumerable interlacing fibres of which they are composed are quite differently arranged in different species, and thus interminable varieties of net-work are produced. To instance our two friends. In *Euplectella*, the fibres form a layer of lace-work, whose pattern the Honiton artisans might envy; while in the Turkey sponge the delicate horny threads are connected and joined together, without reference to pattern, until a porous mass full of holes and passages is the result. And yet the general principle of formation is the same.

And here, leaving the *Euplectella*—which, although it can be seen any day in the British Museum, is still comparatively a rarity, having a limited interest—let us look more particularly at this same Turkey

friend, our useful daily assistant, it being one of the family of true sponges, whose special character it is to be *squeezable*, that is, elastic and porous. Whoever has observed one of them attentively, must have seen that the substance is everywhere pierced with holes, and that these holes are of two kinds: one of larger size than the other, fewer in number, and opening into wide channels which pierce the sponge through its centre; the other minute, extremely numerous, covering the whole surface, and communicating with the innumerable branching passages which make up the body of the skeleton.*

And it has been ascertained beyond a doubt that water is freely imbibed through the smaller holes, or *pores* in the dermal membrane, and expelled in jets through the larger (*oscula*), as long as the sponge is in a living state.†

People who would like to see this with their own eyes may repeat Dr. Bowerbank's amusing and interesting experiment described in a paper read to the British Association in 1857. Having a young specimen of the common fresh-water sponge (*Spongilla fluviatilis*) attached to a watch glass in which it had been kept for observation, he added a drop or two of water in which a small portion of pure indigo had been rubbed, to the water in the watch glass, and placed this under the microscope, directing a strong light through it from a concave mirror. The sponge was then in an inert state and no pores perceptible, but in less than an hour considerable numbers were in a fully expanded and active condition. "The action then presented to the eye," writes Dr. Bowerbank, was exceedingly interesting; the molecules of indigo approached the surface of the sponge at first slowly, their motion being gradually accelerated as they became nearer, until at last they sprang as it were with avidity into the pores; within the sponge some passed to the right hand, while others took their course to the left, and they often passed other molecules which had entered by other pores, and which were passing in a contrary direction. Many of these molecules might be readily followed, as they meandered through the interior of the sponge, and might be seen flowing in every direction. During the maintenance of this action in full force, when I directed my observa-

* Harvey's "Sea-side Book," page 82. Van Voorst: London.

† In some sponges the *oscula* cannot be distinguished by their size from the *pores*, but the system of currents is the same in every species.

tions to the osculum, it was seen pouring forth a continuous stream of water, and along with it masses of flocculent matter and many of the larger molecules of the indigo that had entered by the pores; but it is remarkable that, although the finer molecules of indigo were being imbibed by the pores in very considerable numbers, very few indeed of them were ejected from the osculum; and if the imbibition of the molecules continue for half an hour, or an hour, and then cease, the sponge is seen to be very strongly tinted with the blue colour of the indigo, and it remains so for at least twelve or eighteen hours, after which period it resumes its original pellucid appearance, the whole of the imbibed molecules having undergone digestion in the sarcode lining the interior of the sponge and the effete matter having been ejected through the osculum."

But this is an inland experiment. Happy people at the seaside can observe sponge circulation on a larger scale in an easier way.

There is a sponge commonly found on our shores which serves the purpose particularly well. It forms soft buff-coloured patches on the rocks, and has conical protuberances upon it here and there, which are open at the end like miniature craters. These holes are oscula, and the sponge is remarkable for the strength of the currents which pass through it. Take two specimens (removing them very gently so as not to injure their base), and put them in a bowl with clean fresh seawater, taking care to place a couple of oscula opposite each other. For then you may chance to see the scene described by Dr. Grant, namely, the craters pouring streams of dirty water upon each other, "like living batteries," and it being obvious to the naked eye that the water flows in one way and out the other.

Now it is by this system of currents the sponge lives. It derives nourishment of some sort from the pure in-flowing stream, and rejects by the out-flowing all offensive and useless matter. But what sets and keeps these currents in motion no one knows. Only when they altogether cease the sponge is dead, as you will soon discover by a disagreeable smell should you have it in your room.

How then about the Turkey sponge which is a dead skeleton, yet the smell of which is agreeable rather than otherwise? Well, for the very reason that nothing is left of it *but* the skeleton. Dr. Bowerbank writes of it that "in its living state it is very like a piece of unboiled calf's liver, with a thin but rough skin surrounding it," that

"externally it is of a dark slate-colour, internally of a pale ochraceous yellow." Such are the nasty-looking things divers go down to gather off the rocks in the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and West Indies, &c. And when a sufficient quantity is collected they are flung together in heaps and left to decompose, water being frequently thrown over them, until by degrees all the fleshy matter is removed from the skeletons. These are then well washed and dried, after which fine sand is scattered upon them and beaten into them with sticks, so as to add very considerably to their weight.* Naturally they do not contain any sand.

Of this sponge of commerce (*Spongia officinalis*) there are seven or eight species, some of which we all know by sight and feel: as the fine close "Turkey" sponge, the "honeycomb" sponge, and the hard, coarse stable sponge. Dr. Bowerbank says that some from the West Indies contain siliceous spicula in their fibres, but in the cup-shaped best Turkey sponges there are never any. The sponge fishery is a very important and profitable business in several places. Mr. Hasselquist, who wrote of his voyages to the Levant in 1766, describes a "little and almost unknown island called Himia, opposite Rhodes, where the *Spongia officinalis* is found in great abundance, and where the inhabitants make it a trade to fish up this sponge, by which they get a living far from contemptible, as their goods are always wanted by the Turks, who use an incredible number of sponges at their bathings and washings. A girl in this island is not permitted to marry before she has brought up a certain quantity of sponges, and before she can give a proof of her agility by taking them up from a certain depth."

Less incredible is the account quoted by Dr. Johnston, from Pomet's "Complete History of Drugs," of an island in Asia, Icarus or Nicarus, where the collecting falls only on the men, and where, when a young man wants to marry, he has to compete with other young men at a diving match, and whichever can "stay longest in the water, and gather most sponges," is rewarded with the hand of the lady!

But both these extracts savour somewhat of the fabulous, of which so much is to be found in most old writings on natural history. It is nevertheless certain that sponge, from its use in domestic purposes, and consequently its marketable value, has been an object of scientific

* Dr. Bowerbank *in lit.*

inquiry from the earliest days. Its history dates from Aristotle, the tutor of Alexander the Great.

And here we come near a very interesting question in connection with these formations, namely, the nature of their life. They have been tossed about between the animal and vegetable kingdoms till it is hard to say which opinion has been most warmly followed, but amateurs must put their faith somewhere. Dr. Bowerbank has, by a series of patient and exact experiments upon different species, satisfied himself, and, as it seems to us, any reasonably intelligent reader, of the animal character of their life, for he has not only proved them capable of certain actions, but he has shown these to be dependent on a will.*

Nevertheless, it is an animal life so unlike all others, that we are not surprised to hear that Aristotle, after calling them "rooted animals" in one place, and saying they had all the properties of a vegetable in another—really considered them as intermediate between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, for "Nature," says he, "passes continually from things without life to animals, through *things which live, yet are not animals*, so that they appear to differ very little one from another, when viewed in connection."

This was spoken at the beginning of science. Hear now what is said in these later days: "The simplest forms of living things have not the grade and complexity of structure to which the definitions of plant and animal can apply. The living things that can be intelligibly called either one or the other are far in advance of the thousands of kinds of living things that exemplify the simplest and probably earliest conditions of life. Before this idea was clearly got, we were perpetually wrangling about whether a living thing was a 'plant' or an 'animal' which really had not risen to be either one or t'other."†

We have drifted here upon an abstruse part of the subject, but it is hoped that what precedes will give our young inquirer and others some notion of what "a sponge" is.

EDITOR.

* *Vide* "Reports of the British Association for Science," for 1856 and 1857, "On the Vitality of Sponges."

† Professor Owen *in lit.*



A NIGHT IN THE BUSH.

(Continued.)

IT was about the blackest night that I was ever out in, and I had nothing but the "run of the country" to guide me. By the "run of the country" I mean that I had to cross five ridges, or gentle slopes, and my hut stood on the sixth. When I came to the sixth ridge I could easily find the hut by keeping to the left, until I reached the creek near which it stood.

Now, although I had many times done this at night before, yet it had always been by starlight or moonlight. In the latter case it was nearly as bright as day, and in the former I had the stars to steer by. But now all was as black as pitch, and I had only the "feel" of my feet to keep me straight as I went up and down the slopes.

Everywhere the "Bush" was full of fire-flies, which, however, gave no light, but rather made the darkness visible, and all the time the rain kept pattering down, though not nearly so heavily as in the morning. What I remember chiefly in that night is the noisiness of it. Curlews screamed, native dogs howled, moreporks, cuckoos, and last, but not least, frogs of all shapes and sizes kept up such a varied and perpetual din as I have never heard since. The curlews are long-legged birds, which wander about in the night, uttering the most doleful screams, very much resembling such as might be made by the human voice.

"Moreporks" and cuckoos are two species of night birds, whose notes are described best by their names. They belong, I believe, to the owl family.

The "morepork" is sometimes called "mo-poke," both names being used to describe its wearisome, harsh note of two syllables.

The note of the cuckoo is very much like that of the English bird.

The native dogs do not bark, but utter at intervals a long-drawn plaintive howl.

But the frogs, after all, were the noisiest. They were out everywhere, for every little hollow was full of standing water. Where they could have been hiding in the dry weather it would have been very hard to say; but now every little pool, every hollow log and tree

resounded with their varied language; nay, some of them were up in the branches themselves, and croaked and chirped among the leaves. The great bullfrogs chose the wettest places, and kept up a continuous "woof-woof." In the logs and hollow trees were another sort, which sang "click-clack," and sometimes, "chick-chack," and then the tree-frogs joined in with "craik-chuck, craik-chuck." Other notes which I could not identify were "gowh-gowh-kex;" and one especially, which exactly resembled the stroke and ring of an axe on the trunk of a tree.

Of course I did not think of all this at the time, but I have often sat in my hut on a rainy night and listened to them, and by patient study have been able to distinguish between the noise of the three first-mentioned; perhaps the others were only variations. Amid all this strange hubbub I kept on my way for some time. I crossed two of the ridges all right, as I thought, when I suddenly heard the sound of rushing water, and found myself on the bank of a creek which was flooded "bank and bank." Then I knew I had gone astray, for I knew that no creek lay in my path home.

There were two creeks in the neighbourhood, besides the one on which my hut stood, and I could not make out which this was, or how I had got to it.

I sat down on a log to think, as was my usual custom. I should not have thought much generally of having to pass the night in the "Bush," but this particular night I felt that I could not sleep if I lay down, and the prospect of wandering about until the morning was by no means pleasant. I don't know whether it was the wet, or the noises, or the conversation that I had had with Jem, or what it could have been, but I felt restless and miserable. And I began to forget which way the ridges ran which I had to cross; and then I was puzzled by this creek. At last I determined to follow it a little way.

All this time it was pitch dark, and the rain came down steadily.

I followed the brink of the creek for about half a mile, not knowing in what direction it flowed. The way was rough and broken, and my progress consisted chiefly in stumbling over logs and stones, and every now and then I caught my foot in a tangled bunch of wet grass, and measured my length on the ground. After about a quarter of an hour of this, I began to feel rather knocked up, and thought I would make one more effort to find the ridges across which my road home lay, and where the grass was short.

I left the brink of the creek and found myself very soon near a circular clump of trees, which I felt sure I remembered as being about two miles from my hut, and—yes, I was really on the third of the ridges—so I started off briskly, fully expecting to be “at home” in a short time; but still I was not easy in my mind about the strange creek. However, I crossed two more ridges, and turned to the left when I came to the next; but I walked a long way, and found myself apparently no nearer, and I began to think it was getting serious. How many false turns might I have made without being aware of it? But still I determined to get on; I began to feel quite bewildered; I thought that, unless the sun came out the next day I might get lost altogether, but I kept on. I was losing my senses a little; I felt as if I was walking in my sleep. All my joints felt weak and aching, and I knew that if I sat down I should get the ague. Presently I came to an open plain, over which were wandering, here and there, things that seemed like blue tongues of flame; sometimes they would rise high in the air and flicker and go out, like the flame of a candle, but they generally moved slowly along the ground.

This was no delusion, they were only what people call “Will o’ the wisps,” or “Jack o’ lanterns,” caused by a kind of luminous gas rising from the soaked ground.

It had now left off raining, and the night was frightfully hot. I knew that this plain was nowhere on my beat, but I was getting very tired, so I found a log to put my head on and lay down.

In five minutes I was sound asleep; I was too tired to get the ague.

While I slept, the cloud which had so long shadowed the “Bush” rolled off or melted away, for when I woke a pale light was just beaming up in the east over a cloudless sky, and the breeze was fresh and chill.

Although I could not have slept more than two hours, I felt quite refreshed; only rather stiff about the knees. In less than ten minutes the sun was up and shining, and everything seemed so glad to welcome him, after his long absence, that I could not help feeling jolly too, although I had no idea where I was, and had nothing to eat. The “Bush,” which had seemed so horribly desolate last night, now seemed resplendent and glorious. A “native dog” trotted across the plain, dragging his long brush, and cocking his ears towards the sun. The trees were full of twitterings and song, and flashes of gorgeous wings;

and yet, on that Christmas morning, all those living things could get a breakfast, while I had to go without.

Doubtless the "native dog" soon found a meal. He would watch at the tail of a hollow log for a bandicoot or kangaroo rat, just eager for his morning run. Each of those triumphant jackass notes said "breakfast, breakfast"—while I was hungry and lost. Parrots and cockatoos dropped fragments of seeds upon my head. I had not even got a dry match to light my pipe. I had to be content with chewing a bit of tobacco. I could have knocked over with a stick a cheerful young iguana, who was breakfasting on flies and ants, but I was not hungry enough to eat it raw.

And yet—Christmas or no Christmas—breakfast or none—I could not feel miserable with so much happy life everywhere about me on such a glorious morning.

All these thoughts flashed through my mind in two or three minutes.

Then I thought, if this be so, the sooner I look out for the way to something to eat the better.

I bethought me of this much, that as my hut lay on the north side of the river, on which the main station stood, by steering south I must eventually reach that river, when I could easily find the station, or some other, and be directed to my hut.

To do this I had to keep the rising sun on my *left* hand. You see, if the sun had not come out, I should not have been able to tell north from south. All the morning I kept on, and just as the sun was beginning to shine on my *right* shoulder—showing that noon was past—I reached the river. On my way I had fallen in with numerous sheep tracks, but I preferred making for the river to following them. Down under the tea-trees, and among the bulrushes, were horses feeding and resting; one of them with a bell on his neck, showing that I could not be far from the station; and I had not reconnoitred long before I caught sight of a line of white limestone cliffs, underneath which the huts were built, but on the other side of the river, which was nearly full after the late rains.

It was out of the question trying to get across. The horses must have crossed before the flood began. But when I got opposite the station, I knew the way to my own hut, as I had travelled it many times. It was about three o'clock when I reached the hut, tired and

hungry enough. I had not hitherto given much thought to the sheep or to my dog, whom I had tied up the night before.

The first discoveries I made were that dog and sheep were both gone. On examination I found a hurdle knocked down, and a leather strap gnawed through. I was too hungry then to think much about it, but after I had made a good meal of beef and bread, I did not wait for the water to boil for tea, you may be sure. I set out on a search expedition. I started from the yard-gate, following the tracks, which were quite fresh and clear after the rain. Thus I knew that the runaways had eight or nine hours start of me at least.

Now, if it had not been for one thing, I should have expected to meet them coming back quietly to the yard, with the dog behind them, but I fully expected that they must have met with Jem's flock, and got mixed with them.

I was very soon made certain on this point, for when I came to the place where they had evidently "camped" in the shade, during the heat of the day, the tracks still led onwards in the direction of Jem's hut. I had frequently seen the footprints of the dog following them. Of course, a person not accustomed to the "Bush" would hardly have been able to find these tracks, much less to understand them.

Presently the tracks became mingled with those of sheep going the other way, and there had evidently been a great confusion here, for dust had been kicked about in all directions, and the blades of grass were all trampled and broken, I also noticed the footmarks of two dogs, side by side.

This was the place where Jem had discovered the interlopers, and he had evidently sent the dog round to collect the sheep, or "round them up." The sun was now low, and in a few minutes I overtook Jem bringing back his overgrown flock the best way he could.

Jem was very glad to see me, as he had thought that I was either lost or had been killed by the blacks, of whom there were plenty in our neighbourhood.

Luckily it happened that we had two flocks of sheep, of about the same age and the same sort, so that we had only to divide them equally between us in the morning. The yard was just large enough to hold them all, and they kept up a tremendous noise all night; I suppose because they were occupied in making acquaintance with one another.

I stayed there that night, and in the morning, after breakfast, we divided the sheep, by counting out nineteen hundred and fifty, which was *Jem's* number; and I agreed to take the blame if there were any missing from the rest.



The way we did it was thus: we opened the hurdles so as to let three sheep pass abreast, and *Jem* got into the yard at the back. By holding a stick out straight over their backs, as they hurried out, I was able to

count them ; when I came to a hundred, I cried "Tally," and Jem cut a notch in his stick, and I in mine ; then I began with one again.

The only difficulty was to set the first sheep to start ; after that they came pouring out fast enough. When we reached the last fifty, I flung myself in front of the rest on all-fours, and just managed to keep them back. I gave Jem a quarter of an hour's start with his flock, he taking a new direction for once ; and then I turned mine out, and fed them steadily homewards.

As far as I could count them by myself, there appeared to be none missing, so that, altogether, my "Night in the Bush" had not been followed by any serious consequences.

I have often thought of what *might* have happened—not to the sheep, but to myself—and have felt thankful for my escape from the many different dangers to which my adventure exposed me.

GEORGE CARRINGTON.

THE LILY.



Y silent pools in lonely fields,
Where human footsteps rarely tread,
And countless stars at night look down,
The modest lily rears its head ;

White as the snows that winter spreads
In kindly covering o'er it warm,
Tender and meek as maiden frail,
Unused to buffet life's rough storm.

And poets, wandering through the fields,
With ecstasy its charms applaud ;
And pious men, wayworn and sad,
Thank the lone flower that speaks of God.

The while, unstirred by breath of praise,
It smiles and blooms, then fades and dies,
And, its sweet life to heaven resigned,
Beneath the covering snows it lies.

M. M. M.

EMBLEM.



“THE ASS MAY BE INVITED TO COURT, BUT IT IS ONLY TO
CARRY BURDENS.”



HE ass in Father Catz's emblem speaks. He tells how gladly he left the grass to trot along the dusty road to Court; how his eyes were dazzled, when he got there, by the sight of mules and horses richly caparisoned, and with jewelled saddles, &c., &c. Beholding which, “My day of honour is come,” thought he. But even at that moment up comes a rough fellow, who flings a pack on his back, and shouts to him with a kick to be off with it to the mill. At that one kick his castle in the air fell down. “Stupid beast that I was!” cried he. “What could I expect to do here but what I have always done?”

“They don't ask asses to the Court,
For honour, ornament, or sport,
But ass-like asses' work to do,
And fardels bear, and insults too!”

Observe, young reader, that the moral does not hit those, whose noble ambition it is to rise by self-improvement; only the asses, and such-like of the world, who over-estimate themselves and their vocation.

EDITOR.

GABRIEL AND HIS ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*



FTER sailing for many weeks, 'The Tortoiseshell Cat' came in sight of land, and at last they cast anchor in a large and splendid bay.

"This," said the Captain, as he took Gabriel on shore, "is the Land of Gold."

Gabriel gazed round with amazement; everything was gold; the streets, the houses, and the carriages were all of gold, and even the trees and flowers had golden leaves. The people of the land thought of nothing but gold; they eat gold, drank gold, slept on gold, and dressed in gold. But the most curious thing was that the men and women wore heavy chains on their hands and feet, but they did not seem to feel the weight, or care at all about it, because gold was their god, and they worshipped it. Gabriel thought it all very beautiful at first; but when he saw them laden with chains, and discovered that such was their passion for gold that mothers even sold their children to obtain it, he went back to the ship and cried, "Let us leave this hateful land, and never come back again."

The next place they came to was the land of the Rising Generation. Gabriel was struck with three remarkable things; he saw no old people walking about the town; no children playing about the streets, nor babies carried in arms; and there were numbers of dwarfs strutting along of all sizes, from one foot and upwards, with the dress and air of full-grown men and women. Gabriel, as usual, went to his friend the Captain, to ask the meaning of what he saw.

"Ah," said the Captain, shaking his head, "this is a sad place, and queer things happen here. There are no old people to be seen, because the young ones despise them, and put them out of the way; and those dwarfs strutting about like men and women are babies and children, that ought to be in the nursery and schoolroom. That little mannikin you see there with tall hat, stand-up collar, eye-glass, watch-chain, and walking-stick, is probably an infant of a few weeks old. There are no babies here, they are all men and women, and the old people

are looked upon as poor useless creatures, to be got out of the way as soon as possible."

"But how do they get them out of the way?" inquired Gabriel, who was quite terrified at what he heard.

"I will show you," said the Captain; and he led the way to a large, dreary plain, where grew clumps of tall trees with long, out-stretched boughs, and the trees were full of grey-haired men and women. Whilst Gabriel stood gazing in wonder, a young man passed, dragging along a woman who might have been his mother.

"Come along," he said, roughly; "be quick, or you will be too late for the shaking."

"What is he going to do?" asked Gabriel, wondering; "what does he mean by 'the shaking'?"

"He is going to put that poor woman up a tree," replied the Captain; "and presently they will come and shake the trees: they do it once or twice a week to finish off those who are too long in dropping. The poor old things cling to life as long as possible, and they hold on to the boughs till they are quite exhausted; so it is a real mercy to shake them down and break their necks, for it is a point of honour amongst them not to fall of their own accord."

Whilst the Captain was speaking, a band of men advanced, and, seizing hold of some stout ropes that were fastened to the trees, shook them violently backwards and forwards. The poor old people shrieked and cried, and clung frantically to the boughs; then those who were tired and exhausted fell like ripe apples to the ground. It was an awful sight: Gabriel stood rooted to the ground with horror, then he ground his teeth with rage at this act of murderous cruelty, and started forwards, as if he would fight them one and all.

"Stop!" cried the Captain, as he caught his arm, "do not interfere; it is useless; leave those murderers alone; their crime will find them out; their punishment will fall, only too quickly, on their heads.

"How?" said Gabriel; "what will their punishment be?"

"Their children will rise up and do the same to them."

They returned slowly to the ship, too much overcome to speak. Gabriel dreamed all night that he was shaking his dear old Hermit from a tree; and he was right glad when the Captain weighed anchor the following morning, and left the Rising Generation to their wicked devices.

I must not grow tedious by relating too many of Gabriel's adventures. After exploring many strange countries and perilous seas and straits, the 'Tortoiseshell Cat' at length turned homewards. On their way they stopped at two islands lying so close together that there could be no difficulty in springing from one to the other. One was called Goodie Island, and the other Dose Island. Gabriel soon explored them both, and found that they were inhabited entirely by children. Those in Goodie Island looked very gay and happy, and they ran about laughing and playing, and eating everything they could lay their hands on. There was certainly no lack of anything they could desire, for the stones on the roads were comfits and sugar-plums, the houses were built of lumps of delight, the trunks of the trees were sticks of sugar-candy, and from the branches hung bunches of almonds and raisins, oranges, apples, pears, and plums. The flowers were open tartlets with leaves of candied peel, the lakes were filled with negus, the ponds with lemonade, the rocks on the shore were blocks of toffee, and the mountains were formed of hard-bake. Gabriel loved to watch the children playing, and one merry little girl he took up in his arms to kiss. But, oh dear! he soon set her down again; for her mouth, and hands, and clothes, and everything about her was so very sticky that Gabriel thought she was nicer to look at than to touch.

I daresay you think, my young readers, that Goodie Island would be a charming place to live in: but, alas! the truth must be told, and after a time these happy children fell sick, and had to be carried into Dose Island, where everything was nasty and bitter to the taste, and the children wore most unhappy, dismal faces. There was nothing pleasant to be found anywhere. The houses were built of lozenges, with carpets of blisters and curtains of mustard plasters; the trunks of the trees were Spanish juice, with bitter leaves that made senna-tea; the roads were paved with pills, the rocks were brimstone, the mountains magnesia; the sand on the shore was James's powder, and the pools were full of castor oil, black draught, and jalap.

"Boo—oo—oo!" sobbed the children, but there was no help for it; they must take these nasty things because they had eaten so many goodies. "I wish I had listened to mamma," cried one, and "Oh, dear, why were such things as goodies invented?" roared another.

"What will become of these poor little wretches?" asked Gabriel of the Captain.

"If they are wise," he replied, "they will return to their parents; but if they are foolish they will go back to Goodie Island, and make themselves ill again."

"But how did they get here?" said Gabriel, who had an inquisitive turn of mind; "and once here, how can they get away?"

"Oh, bother!" cried the Captain, impatiently; "you ask too many questions."

"But what is the use of travelling, sir, if I may not ask questions?" said Gabriel, respectfully.

"You must only ask questions that can be answered," returned the Captain, sharply.

"But surely some one must know," persisted Gabriel, who could not be happy till the question was settled.

"Well, *I don't*," said the Captain, "unless they came here on the waves of Wilfulness and return through the Vale of Tears."

Now it struck the Captain that it was not quite fair to be cross with Gabriel because of his own ignorance, so he added, apologetically, "I feel bilious this morning. I tasted one of the tartlets that grew on the banks of Lake Negus, and there was so much butter in the paste. No wonder those poor children fall ill after being two days on the island!"

CHAPTER III.

HOME.

WITH an anxious, longing heart each sailor strained his eyes to catch the first glimpse of his native land. How many of the dear ones left behind would they find on their return? Five years had passed since they had left their home, and in that time many changes may take place.

A cheer rose from every man when they saw the pointed head of the Sugar Loaf, like a grey cloud, rising out of the sea. It was night when 'The Tortoiseshell Cat,' having weathered a hundred storms and escaped a thousand perils, cast anchor in the harbour of Sugar Loaf Town. Gabriel looked anxiously for the Hermit's watch-fire on the side of the mountain; but not a gleam, not a spark was to be seen, and all was dark and gloomy. A heavy weight fell on Gabriel's heart, and a sad foreboding that he had come too late to ask a father's pardon or to repair the evil he had done. Early the next morning he took an affectionate leave of the kind Captain and the rest

of his shipmates, collected his treasures in a bag, which he slung over his shoulder, and ascended the mountain with rapid strides.

Now what do you think Gabriel had in his bag? He had been to so many strange countries, and had seen such wonderful things, that I daresay you will think it is full of beautiful curiosities. But that would be quite a mistake. If you were to persuade him to let you have a peep, you would certainly exclaim, "Why, there is nothing but a heap of fusty old books!" which would be the truth, for there was nothing but a heap of fusty old books. Strange things for a young man to bring home! but Gabriel, in collecting treasures, had only one object in view, and that was to take home what would really please his father. He knew the old man's passion for books, and he bought the oldest and most curious ones he could find, containing all the wisdom and learning that wise men have ever written.

Gabriel began by walking quickly up the hill, but very soon his steps grew slower and slower. The path was steep, but he did not care for that; his books were burdensome, but he scarcely thought of them; his heart was heavy, and that was the real burden which weighed down every step. There is nothing in the world so hard to carry as a guilty conscience. Sorrow, caused by a loss or great misfortune, is a bad thing to have to bear, but the heavy heart that comes from a sense of wrong-doing is about the worst of all. And this poor Gabriel discovered, as he toiled up the mountain with trembling knees, till at length he reached the Hermit's cave.

"Father!" he whispered, but no voice replied. "Father!!" he called, but all was still. "Father!!!" he shouted, but he only heard the dreary echo wandering round the mountainside.

Gabriel entered the cave, treading fearfully as he went, and after searching it thoroughly, found a sheet of paper, folded, and lying upon a ledge by the side of the books that Gabriel had left five years ago, and which had lain untouched since then. Outside the paper was written, "To my son Gabriel." He opened it with trembling hands, and standing in the doorway read as follows:

"MY SON,

"Some day perhaps you may return, but, alas! I shall not be here to see you. I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must sink beneath the weight of my years and sorrows. I have missed you, Gabriel, more than I can tell, for you were the only one I had to love;

but I grieve more for you than for myself. I had fondly hoped that the pure pleasures of our mountain life would have satisfied every desire of your heart; but it was not so, and you, I know full well, have yielded to the cravings of a restless spirit, and have fallen beneath the influence of the dread Magician of whom I vainly warned you. I shall not cease to hope that one day you may be freed from his power, and return to your mountain home. Before dying, I must disclose to you a secret which I have hitherto kept from you. I have taught you to call me father, but you are not my own son. I found you, a little infant, lying outside my door, apparently placed there for the purpose of gaining my protection. I took you to my bosom, and loved you as my own child. Like an angel from heaven you came to me, and I called you Gabriel. Who your parents are, and from whence you came, still remains a complete mystery; I know no more than you do now. Underneath a large stone, at the farther end of the cave, you will find a diamond, of rare size and brilliancy, that I found hanging round your neck.

"Farewell, my dearest son, for such I must continue to call you. May you return one day to read these lines, and discover before long that the purest life is the happiest, and that till the Magician ceases to exert his dangerous power there can be no safety but on the mountain height. Remember always that there are more treasures to be found in books than in a gold mine, and that gems of wisdom are more lustrous than diamonds and rubies. Comfort yourself ever with the thought that you have the blessing and forgiveness of your loving

"FATHER."

Gabriel read this letter with a swelling heart, and he threw himself upon the ground with a cry of bitter grief and self-reproach. He had broken the heart of his father, that dear old Hermit whom he must ever look upon as his parent. How could he bear to live with such a weight upon his conscience? For hours he lay upon the ground, till tears at length came to relieve the agony of his grief. They ran down his cheeks and fell upon the stony ground, and when Gabriel raised his head, he found, to his surprise, that sweet, white flowers had sprung out of the barren rock; each tear-drop had risen up in the form of a lily. He caressed the flowers with wondering joy, taking them as a token that his father had seen his repentance, and had accepted it.

(To be continued.)

BURIED CITIES.

41. In what assize town is the celebrated melody "Slap Bang?" ordered to be played yearly on the entrance of the judges?
42. What town has been visited most often by the Siamese twins?
43. In what town are there manufactories for making stones into cheeses?
44. What town would unseat its representatives most quickly on a dissolution of Parliament?
45. What town was the first to invent Normandy pippins?
46. What town has sheltered successively the seven kings of Rome?
47. To what town should we apply with the greatest probability of success if we lost our portmanteaus?
48. In what town may we obtain tickets for crossing the Wash by an air-balloon?
49. What town affords the best illustration in its history of sending coals to Newcastle?
50. In what town do fairies still trip on the lawns by moonlight?
51. In what town do they pay ratcatchers a guinea a head for every rat killed?
52. What town pays ninety pounds' worth in geese as an annual tribute to the Queen?
53. In what town did the Pied Piper throttle a brood of rattle-snakes?
54. In what town do they play quoits for farthing rushlights?
55. In what town is it the fashion for ladies to keep tame snakes?
56. What town is it illegal for child, woman, or man to enter after nightfall?
57. In what town is every first-born child named after Roland or King Arthur?
58. In what town did men eat roast rat for dinner in the days of King John?
59. In what town do the inhabitants simultaneously fall asleep somewhere between nine and ten every morning?
60. From what town does every hasty report rush like wildfire over the United Kingdom?

MONEY.



MONEY borrowed is a foe
Veiled in kindly seeming;
Money wasted is a friend
Lost beyond redeeming.

Hoarded, it is like a guest
Won with anxious seeking,
Giving nothing for his board
Save the care of keeping.

Spent in good, it leaves a joy
Twice its worth behind it;
And who thus hath lost it here
Shall hereafter find it.

M. M. M.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



OUR correspondents inform "Alice" that the lines she asks after are the concluding ones of "Aurora Leigh," but broken into and disarranged so as to make no sense. They should be:—

"And when

I saw his soul, saw 'Jasper first,' I said," &c.

This involuntarily reminds us of the mis-stopped sentence in one of Miss Edgeworth's tales—"Laura walked on her head, a little higher than usual," instead of "Laura walked on, her head a little higher than usual." One of the writers takes this occasion to reiterate the strictures of a "Well-wisher" on our burlesques. Aunt Judy thought the original remarks morbidly hypercritical, but the "Well-wisher's" relative has continued them to the verge of insult.

"Peggaretta Joan"—Comte de Beauvoir "Voyage en Australie"—"Java and Siam." Comte Henri Russell-Killough "20,000 lieux à travers l'océanie."—

E. Souvestre "Philosophe sous les toits"—"Foyer Breton"—"Les derniers Bretons." A. Karr "Voyage autour de mon jardin." Perhaps some reader can tell her the names of some amusing modern German books (not novels)? Aunt Judy's list would be too old-fashioned.

"Odong." All you have heard about the use of old stamps is nonsense. We discussed the whole subject at length, papier-mâché and all, in an early number of the magazine.

"Ursula, Maud, and Dorothy." Percy Fitzgerald's Comediettas are published by Strahan and Co., 56 Ludgate Hill. Clement Scott's "Drawing-room Plays," &c., are published by Stanley Rivers and Co. As far as "Agnes Day" knows they are not published separately.

"Humdrum." Aunt Judy recommends you to call at the nearest depository of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and to look over their short

stories. Plenty are good for the purpose ; the choice must be a matter of taste.

"Lettie Combe." The illustrated papers you mention will be very gratefully accepted if sent to "The Sister in charge of King's College Hospital, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London." For Sunday music you had better apply to a music publisher, and for volumes of miscellaneous poems to Messrs. Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden. "Short Meditations for every day in the Year," edited by Dr. Hook, published by Bell and Daldy, has the requisite readings.

"Annie"—"H." says the best way she knows of to preserve the colours of flowers is to press them very gently and gradually between sheets of *clean white blotting-paper*. The blotting-paper must be *white*, and the pressure must be *slight*, excepting in the case of plants with very thick stems, where a heavy weight is inevitable. If one may judge by some flowers recently brought to Aunt Judy from Switzerland there is some plan beyond this, but we cannot hear of it.

"E. L." reminds the authoress of "The Great Marquis" and our readers that there is another account of Lord Kilpont's death in a postscript to the introduction to W. Scott's "Legend of Montrose." The subject is too long to enter upon here, but after reading the communication sent him by a descendant of the family, Walter Scott wrote of Ardvairlich : "He was, as it would seem, the victim of his own violent passions, but perhaps incapable of an act of premeditated treachery." To this our authoress also assents (but she considers the man semi-insane), summing up very conflicting evidence in the following manner : "I should say that if Ardvairlich proposed to Kilpont to assassinate his chief it was probably the suggestion of an angry madman rather than the deliberate, cold-blooded proposal of a traitor."

Napier, however, follows Wishart's account, but Grant accepts the version of Walter Scott's correspondent.

Several correspondents write to inform "Flo" that there is a sequel to Miss Wetherall's "Daisy," called "Daisy in the Field," published by Blackwood, price 3s. 6d.

"Mother's Sunbeam." Is not 2s. too small a sum to purchase a "*nice fairy tale book with very pretty pictures?*" Aunt Judy can recommend many delightful ones at 5s., but a bookseller is the best person to apply to.

"Ajax." Aunt Judy can give no opinion, not knowing the value of the drawings and MSS. Your only plan is to offer them to a publisher or editor. They must stand on their own merits.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

Johnny S— has made excellent progress since the last Report ; it was then intimated as probable that he would be transferred to the new ward for surgical cases, at Cromwell House, Highgate. Johnny had to be removed with great care from "Aunt Judy's Cot," his leg being strapped round with splints : he was carried by one of the officers of the Hospital to the omnibus, in which, with many other children, he was to be conveyed to Cromwell House. Perhaps Aunt Judy's readers will like to have a short account of the party of little folk who were the passengers in the two carriages on that occasion ; one, a handsome open carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful dark-brown horses (lent for the occasion by one of the oldest and best friends of the charity) ; the other a private omnibus, with fine grey horses.

In the carriage was one little boy (Willie) who had been an inmate of the Hospital more than a year ; also two other children, who were obliged to lie

down; these were under the care of one of the ladies. The party in the omnibus was a larger one; four of the children who were obliged to recline, were laid on mattresses stretched across the end of the omnibus: the other part was filled with nine little girls and boys, under the care of two of the nurses—a truly merry party, considering their condition.

Johnny had been eager in his inquiries as to the truth of the almost too-good-to-be-true reports of the pleasures of Highgate; and when assured that cabbages, lettuces, radishes, currants, and gooseberries were growing in the garden there, for the sick children to eat, he drew a long breath, and said "*Oh, how I wish Monday would come!*" and when Monday *did* come it was indeed a red-letter day for him and the other children—to exchange the wards and brick walls of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for the handsome rooms and country sights of Cromwell House, Highgate. Many odd remarks were made as they drove along by those who could look out of the windows. A short time brought them to Cromwell House, and Johnny was among the first to take possession of one of the new little cots in the beautiful drawing-rooms in the noble old mansion, which now resounds with juvenile voices and songs of sick children, taken from the dark slums of London, to feast their eyes on that glorious nature which, by the dispensation of the Almighty Father, belongs alike to rich and poor, to coax back the roses to their cheeks, and the hue of health to their faces by abundant fresh air and the smell of the green fields. These wonderful doctors have already done a great deal for Johnny; he looks quite bright and rosy, he rejoices in a good appetite, and goes out every fine day in the garden, being drawn in the invalid chair, where, under the shade of a spreading horse-chestnut tree, he can watch the convalescent children at their play, or amuse himself with some picture

book; sometimes he is wheeled round the "Sunday garden" (so named from its being the great treat of Sunday to walk round it), where with his own eyes he can see the bright flowers, and the nice things as they grow, and this to a London child, who rarely ever sees fruit or flowers, except on the costermongers' barrow, is a sight, the delight of which can scarcely be realized.

Twenty-two little patients beside the twenty convalescent are now in Cromwell House, and in a very few days there will be more arrivals to fill the ten remaining beds. All of these little ones have, or will have to be many weeks on their beds; but the sight of the green trees waving in at the windows, and the sound of the singing birds will go far towards lightening its irksomeness and shortening its duration. If any of Aunt Judy's readers who have taken such an interest in Johnny are tempted to spare an afternoon to come and see him in his new home, they are assured that the pleasure they will feel at seeing the quaint old house, with its perhaps more quaint tenants, will amply repay them for the journey.

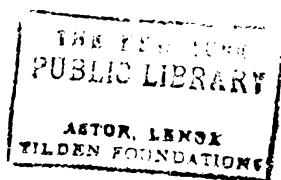
Johnny's removal to Highgate has made room for another little patient in "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" whose name is George T——, and who, it may be hoped, will some day follow his predecessor to the Convalescent Hospital, when fresh air and country sights must be called in to the aid of the doctors and medicine. George T—— is an intelligent boy, rather more than ten years old; one of the ladies speaks of him as a "nice good boy," and his patience under suffering is remarkable. Few cases in the Hospital have excited such deep interest and anxiety as George's. He is suffering from disease of the hip, and the only hope for him was in the performance of a very painful operation: it was feared in his weak state that he might not survive; and it was also feared that it might be necessary to

amputate his leg. But, by God's mercy, all has turned out better than any one dared to hope; his leg is saved, and he is doing very well, although it will be many weeks before he will be able to leave his bed. The night before the operation was performed, it was thought desirable to tell him of the possibility that he might lose his leg; but he bore the announcement as a brave boy, and when he afterwards recovered consciousness it was a great comfort to him to find both his legs still there. He has throughout borne his sufferings with wonderful patience, and all felt that his well-doing on the anxious day after the operation was to be attributed, under the blessing of God, to his patience and quietness.

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to July 15th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.
Master Hardwick, 2s., Miss Mary Hardwick, 2s., Mrs. Hardwick, 2s. 6d., Mrs. Knox Marshall, 1s. 6d., Miss Storer, 2s. 6d., Rev. Knox Marshall, 1s. 6d., Wragby Vicarage, Lincolnshire	0	12	0
"A pet dog"	0	3	0
Elinor and Annie, Wavertree	0	2	0
F. M. E. and E. R. E., Kensington	0	3	0
"From the Taunton Cuckoos for London Sparrows," Chapel School, Mary Street	0	2	6
Collected by Margaret A. Hunter, Tanworth Vicarage, Hockley Heath, Birmingham: Rev. A. Hunter, 1s., Gertrude Hunter, 1s., M. A. Hunter, 3s., Mrs. Mynors, St. Patrick's, 1s., Emily Mary Mynors, 6d., Florence Annie Mynors, 6d., Miss Barnes, 6d., Miss Garrett, 1s., Rev. P. Smythe, 1s., Miss Smythe, 1s., Miss Lee, 2s., Miss E. Lee, 2s. 6d., Miss C. Lee, 2s.	0	17	0
The Misses Hegan, Luton, Essex (collected)	0	11	1
"Claire"	0	5	0
E. P. M. Charles, Tavistock	0	3	6
F. M. H.	0	5	0
C. B. E. S.	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Maud Ravenhill, 2s., Philip, 2s., Arthur, 1s., George, 1s., Edgar, 1s., Papa, 1s. 6d., Mamma, 1s. 6d., 4 Kidbrook Terrace, Blackheath	0	10	0
A little boy and girl	0	1	0
F. F. B., Lichfield	0	1	0
Miss Alice Cowie (monthly)	0	1	0
"Little birdies over the sea," with a box of toys, some clothes, and a doll	0	6	0
"The little Bells," Dulwich Wood Park	0	6	6
Marion	0	2	6
Mabel	0	1	0
Josephine and Agnes, Radford	0	4	0
Mrs. B. Scott Currey, Derby	1	1	0
"Odd pence collected at Clifton Lodge, by fatherless children"	0	6	0
Anonymous, Arundel	0	1	0
Sophia Dora Spicer, Spyre Park, Chippenham (collected)	1	2	9
Harriet and Susan (monthly)	0	1	0
M. H., Hampstead	0	3	0
C. A. Edmonstone (annual)	0	2	6
Fannie and Essie (annual)	0	2	6
Little Ida, Rothes	0	1	0
Mary and Katie, Cookham Dean (annual)	0	10	0
Ada and Maud	0	3	0
Mary A. Simpson, Dulwich	0	0	6
"Beta," Northampton	0	0	8
Little Harry, Kilburn	0	1	0
Charlotte B—	0	0	3
Gipsey, 6d., Etona, 4d., Oxford, 6d.	0	1	4
Mary, Walter, and Ruth, part proceeds of a little bazaar at Wandsworth	1	18	9
"Letty"	0	2	0
Edith and Laura, Adhurst St. Mary, a parcel of clothing, with some picture books and night-gowns, also an illuminated card "Welcome" for the Cot.			
Edith, Willhelmina, and Madeline Frances, two dresses and some clothing.			
Jane Wilkins, some pinafores, and worsted cuffs.			
Anonymous, a scrap book and vol. of "Children's Prize."			
"Two little girls," odd numbers of "Sunshine."			
A. E., four dolls, three pairs of socks, and a puzzle.			






KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XV.

BEECHEN GROVES.

 HE arrival of Geordie Graham brought fresh life into the Ramseys' quiet household. There is always a good deal of friendly visiting going on at Hamburg, the people are a most hospitable race, and Mr. Ramsey had a large circle of acquaintances among Germans generally as well as among his brother merchants. But the long illness of his wife and child had caused him to give up all evening engagements, and his days were completely occupied with business. Sometimes, however, he now accompanied his brother-in-law in visits among his neighbours, and on these occasions Kirstin spent the evening with her mistress, which was a real treat to her. She was improving under Mrs. Ramsey's instructions in every respect, and the happiest effects resulted from her round of quiet occupations, good living, and freedom from anxiety. Serenity of mind was manifest in her clear eyes and open tranquil expression of countenance, while at the same time, through constant intercourse with the graceful "Queen Esther," she unconsciously became gentle in manner and speech.

The boy Alec benefited greatly by the presence of his uncle, who could always laugh or charm him out of his wayward moods; indeed it was hardly possible to look in that sunny face or listen to that clear merry voice and keep up ill-humour.

Spring came and the whole family removed to Düsternbrook, a pretty little bathing village near Kiel, situated on the shores of the Baltic: a host of pretty little villas, each standing in its own neatly-kept garden, front the crystal-clear, tideless sea, while behind rises a background of beech-woods.

The Ramseys took up their abode in an imitation Swiss cottage, more picturesque than convenient; the rooms, however, were apparently not made to live in, for at Düsternbrook people spend their days in the open air. Bathing begins at six o'clock, after that everybody takes breakfast in his garden; the noontide repose

follows, and then away to the forests so fresh and shady; the invalids drive and others walk. There how many a pleasant party was to be seen under the trees, sketching, working, reading, talking, seated on a soft carpet of moss variegated with spring flowers. The Ramseys were usually joined by the family of Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Ramsey's partner and most intimate friend. Mr. Armstrong had been a widower for several years; his two little girls and their governess were very glad to spend the afternoons with Alec and his mother.

"How charmingly these woods are kept!" observed Mrs. Ramsey; "it is such a good plan to clear away the underwood and yet leave the wild flowers growing."

Geordie Graham was the only gentleman of the party; he and his sister were both engaged in sketching groups of beech-trees; Miss Owenson was busy with her embroidery; Grace and Mattie Armstrong were gathering wild flowers; Alec had been making a pretence at sketching, which had soon broken down, and his only occupation now was watching the operations of a squirrel in a tree overhead; Kirstin at a little distance from the rest sat knitting.

"These are capital places for sketching in," said Geordie Graham; "I don't know any tree that offers more variety than the Beech; it is the Proteus of trees, and in these woods especially the beeches are of all possible forms and dimensions. Look, there is one trunk rising, a tall straight column with the foliage only crowning it, and the very next tree throws out its branches almost down to the earth."

"Surely the Oak is equally picturesque," said Miss Owenson.

"Oh yes, perhaps more picturesque, but then he is a somewhat cross-grained, stubborn character, a regular Englishman; force and energy personified, marred by egotism and self-will. But the beech is elegant, poetical, cheerful; it has a brighter colouring than the oak, and is the loveliest of trees in the spring."

"The Pine figures oftenest in Ossianic poetry, and is your national Scotch emblem," said Miss Owenson.

"The emblems of our fortunes perhaps, not of our temperament, for that it is far too gloomy. No, the Pine is a Norwegian; a fine fellow, true to the core, but rugged and uncultivated as the soil on which it grows. Now the Beech is a thorough gentleman, refined and social."

"But I don't think the Norwegian character is gloomy," said the

governess; "did you not say, Mrs. Ramsey, that your maid"—looking at Kirstin—"is of Norwegian descent? she seems cheerful enough."

"I am sure she is silent enough, and, no doubt, well able to stand alone and front the storm; a most estimable character: thank you, Miss Owenson, for helping me out in my theory."

"But Kirstin is much more Danish than Norwegian," protested Mrs. Ramsey; "it is very fine for you to call her silent, just because you talk so much nonsense she does not know how to answer you."

"Well," resumed Miss Owenson, "I, at least, am not afraid of you, and I want you to tell me what tree is to represent the Germans."

"Surely you have heard of the German oak," was the reply; "Germans and Englishmen are much the same—prosaic, useful, strong and solid."

"And the Italians?"

"The Lime, of course, overpowering one with its sweetness like Italian music, most lovely to look at, but certainly not practically valuable like oaks and pines. Look at the leaves, too, always torn to bits by all sorts of creatures, just like Italy. As for Spain, one hears of the Olive of Spain, but as I have no knowledge of the people I can't tell why it is adopted as the national emblem, beyond its being the common growth of the country."

The little girls here ran up with their flowers; Grace offered her bouquet to Mrs. Ramsey, Mattie, hers to Alec.

"Thanks, dear Grace. Now, Geordie, you have had your fancy out, let me have my turn. My hand is tired, I want to rest, and for all the world to attend to me and my flowers. I want to make a list of the popular names of the same spring flowers in different countries; I am sure it would be interesting. Now I will begin with our old home darling—the Daisy. Do you know what that name means, Grace?"

"Oh yes, Miss Owenson told me, it is 'day's eye,'—the sun. The cluster of golden flowerets in the centre is the sun, and the disk of white flowerets round it represents the sun's rays."

"If you expect me to find a meaning for our Scotch name of 'Gowan' I am afraid you will be disappointed," quoth Geordie.

"Give us a Welsh name with a meaning, Miss Owenson."

"One of our names for the daisy is 'Sensigl,'—tremulous star. You know on our breezy Welsh hills the daisy could never be perfectly still."

"Thank you, that is a very pretty name. And the French call this

pet flower 'Marguerite,' or pearl of flowers, and its Latin name is 'Bellis,' another tribute to its beauty. But the Germans, stupid people, don't appreciate it; they call it 'Gänseblümchen,' or 'goose-flower.' Kirstin," and Mrs. Ramsey raised her voice to attract the girl's attention, "what do you call this?" holding up a daisy.

Kirstin moved a little nearer to the others. "We call it 'Tusindfryd,' or 'thousand joys,'" she replied.

"Because it is so common and so cheerful: see, Geordie, how much more sense the Danes have than the Germans. And now, here is a flower that has a variety of pretty names in English—Heartsease, Herb-trinity, Love-in-idleness, Three-faces-under-a-hood, and half a score more—it must have been a great favourite in olden time. Do you remember the French name, Grace?"

"'Pensée,' and Miss Owenson says Pansy is a corruption of it."

"And in German one name answers to our Herb-trinity, 'Dreifaltigkeitsblume:' can you guess why it is so called?"

"From the three colours in it, perhaps."

"Yes; the Latin name 'Viola tricolor' shows that was the idea. What is its Danish name, Kirstin?"

"'Stedmodersblomst,'—Stepmother-flower," she replied.

"That is the same as the most common of its German names, 'Stiefmütterchen.' Now, Grace, I will show you why. We must turn the flower upside down. Here is the stepmother, the large petal in the centre, bright gold colour; on each side of her flaunt her daughters, also in bright colours; while underneath them you see the stepdaughters in dark, dowdy, purple dresses."

"I never heard that before," said Miss Owenson; "I am afraid we have not a popular name for the flower in Welsh."

"Now here is my darling Wood-sorrel," went on Mrs. Ramsey. "Some people declare that this, and not Clover, is really St. Patrick's Shamrock, the three-leaved herb which he used to illustrate the doctrine of the mysterious 'Three in One' to the simple Irish. It is called 'Alleluia,' I am told, in some parts of England because its pretty, drooping, delicately-veined blossoms come out about Easter-time, when Alleluia is sung again after the long disuse of the joyful strain during Lent. But another popular English name for it is 'Cuckoo's Bread-and-cheese,' and in French it is sometimes called 'Pain de Cucu.' What is it in Danish, Kirstin?"

“‘Siysmud,’—Cuckoo’s meat, madam.”

“Well, this is really curious,” cried Miss Owenson, eagerly. “Why in Welsh we call it ‘Bara-can-y-gog,’—White cuckoo’s bread. Is there no naturalist among us who can tell us whether the cuckoo eats it? if so, the fact must have been observed in former times by the peasants of different countries.”

“The cuckoo is apparently an epicure,” pronounced Geordie; “those bright green trefoil leaves would make a capital salad, I have often eaten them; give me some now, Grace.”

“There might be another reason for the name,” said Mrs. Ramsey; “it might have been noticed that the little plant blossomed at the season of the cuckoo’s return. I don’t remember the German name, do you, Alec?”

Alec, who having lost sight of the squirrel, was languidly pulling Mattie’s flowers to pieces, replied: “Gretchen called it ‘Sauerkleee.’”

“Sour clover; that answers to our Wood-sorrel, or ‘Wood-sour,’ from the acid taste of the leaves. But now I remember the French call the cowslip ‘Fleur de Cucu;’ that must be from the time of its coming, for no one eats cowslip leaves, although the plant was supposed useful in medicine. But now for the Primrose, in German ‘Schlüsselblume,’—Key-flower: what do you call it, Miss Owenson?”

“‘Briallu Mair disawr,’—Mary’s scentless primrose,” was the reply. “Another of the many flowers dedicated of old to the ‘Blessed Virgin.’”

“And you, Kirstin?”

“We call it ‘Winter-lily’ sometimes, and sometimes ‘Pasque-lily.’”

“That reminds me of the English Lent-lily, otherwise known as Daffodil, or Daffodown-dilly.”

“A great favourite with the poets,” interrupted Geordie; “not to speak of their bidding

“‘Daffodillies to fill their cups with tears,’

and celebrating the bold flowers who ‘come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty.’ Then there is the never-to-be-forgotten, though nameless bard, who tells us—

“‘Daffydown-dilly is now come to town

With a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.’

I suspect the gentleman’s name is ancient British, and is derived from Taffy, who we know was a Welshman.”

"You are quite wrong, Mr. Graham; the Daffodil has no connection whatever with St. David, I assure you; our name for it is 'Cenin Pedr,'—St. Peter's leeks."

"The Daffodil does not grow in these woods, so we shall not get the Danish name to-day. But now for a most charming little flower, delicate and graceful as a fairy—the Lily of the Valley. What do you call it, Kirstin?"

"I never saw it in Jutland, madam; it is very beautiful."

"And I don't think it favours us either," said the Welsh lady. "It is a fastidious little beauty. But these woods are full of Lilies of the Valley; and the German names, 'Maiglöcklein,'—May-bells, and 'Maiblümchen,'—May-flowers, are pretty. The French name Muguet is not worthy of them."

"Here is something you know at least, Kirstin—this Hawkweed?"

"Oh yes, that is Balder's Brow."

"Balder's Brow? I am delighted to make its acquaintance," said young Graham; "now we know what was the colour of Balder's hair; a shade more yellow than yours, Queen Esther; it is the only historical fact that has been elicited throughout this learned conversation. And the flower is altogether a miniature sun. I think Balder must have been the Sun-god after all."

"I suppose," continued Mrs. Ramsey, "the hawk has a fancy for this plant, for both German and French tell the same tale with their *Herbe à l'épervier* and *Habichtskraut*. What do you Welsh say about it, Miss Owenson?"

"We call it 'Blewynog,'—hairy," she replied; "the whole plant is covered with hairs."

"I move that this learned conference be adjourned," cried Geordie; "it may be all very well for you invalids who, I suppose, have no appetite, to live upon 'cuckoo's bread and cheese,' but my coarser taste craves a stronger diet. Let us get back to supper now."

"No; I want the Iris discussed first—the queenly Lily of France—*Fleur-de-Luce*, corrupted from *Fleur de Louis*, first adopted by my dear Saint Louis. In Italian it is *Fiordaliso*; in German, *Schwertlilie*—sword-lily, from the shape of the leaves. In Danish, Kirstin?"

"Our name means the same, dear lady."

"And yours, Miss Owenson?"

"We call it *Gladwyn*."

"Now, Geordie, only one flower more, the snowdrop; 'Perce-neige' in French; in Italian 'Primterella.' What in Welsh?"

"'Clockmaban,'—Baby-bells."

"Ah, that is pretty! and in German 'Schneeglöckchen,'—snow-bells. Now, you hungry mortal, I am ready," said Mrs. Ramsey. So little Mattie was despatched to call the carriage.

"Next time your Majesty intends to hold a botanical conference in the woods," quoth Geordie, "perhaps you will deign to let me know beforehand."

"What for?"

"That I may absent myself, and go sketching somewhere else. See what a failure!" and he held out his sketch, which after all was not badly done.

"Oh, Miss Owenson, I wish you could draw!" sighed little Grace, as she looked at the sketch.

"Do you want to learn, Grace? I'll teach you, if you like. We'll elope together next time, and leave the rest to pull weeds to pieces."

"And I'll go too," said Alec, "and Kirstin too; and then Kirstin can tell us a story while we draw."

Kirstin's face of horror at this suggestion amused the young man greatly. "I must hear one of these famous stories," he said; "don't you think now you might tell us one while we are waiting for the carriage, just as a relaxation, you know, after so much hard science?"

"Oh do, Kirstin, darling!" cried Alec; "I have not had anything to amuse me this morning; they have been talking about flowers all the time."

"Now, Kirstin, you shall do as you please," said Mrs. Ramsey. "I will not have you teased by troublesome children, big or little, into doing anything you don't like."

The little governess upon this went up to Kirstin and said, "Suppose you sing us one of your old Jutland songs instead, I should so like to hear one."

"I think I would rather sing than tell a story," said Kirstin, shyly, and looking gratefully at Miss Owenson.

And Geordie Graham having the discretion to move out of her sight, she sang with her usual spirit and sweetness of tones the ballad of "Swend Felding."

"SWEND FELDING AND THE ELVES.

"Oh, pleasant shines the Ladye Moon, with silver beams so bright,
The summer night has reached its noon, the Elves are dancing light:
Lightly they dance upon the hill, to music low and sweet;
The air is soft, the breeze is still—how nimbly move their feet!

The Elves are dancing in a ring,
Lightly they dance, and sweetly sing.

"Swend Felding—then a lad was he—at Siellekov did dwell,
The Lord of Framlev's manor free, the stripling serveth well.
Swend Felding passed one night by chance, the orphan lad so bold,
Sees from afar the Elfin dance upon the grassy wold.

The Elves, &c.

"Swend Felding near the hill doth ride, he never yet knew fear,
And from his way he turns aside to see the dancing near.
'The holy sign is on my brow, they cannot work me ill,
And I will go and see them, how they dance upon the hill.'

The Elves, &c.

"Swend Felding to the hill draws nigh, when breaking from the dance
A maiden fair, with yellow hair, looks up with tender glance,
And holding forth a golden horn, cries, 'Taste our Elfin cheer,
Nor pass us with distrust and scorn, thou lad that know'st not fear.'

The Elves, &c.

"But at her wiles the stripling smiles, he from her takes the horn—
Now if thou drink, boy, better 'twere that thou hadst ne'er been born.
The Elfin wine upon the ground he poured it all away,
And on doth ride past the hillside, nor will one instant stay.

The Elves, &c.

"The horn of gold he still doth hold, he spurs his horse so fleet,
The Elfin maiden in pursuit flies on with nimble feet.
Swend Felding towards a stream rides fast, swims to the further side,
All safe! no Elf hath ever past across the flowing tide.

The Elves, &c.

"Swend Felding looks across the stream, he laughs in joy and scorn;
See how she stands with folded hands, and prays him for the horn:
'Oh give me back the horn of gold, take any gift thou will!
I'll give thee wealth, thou stripling bold; I'll give thee strength, or
skill.'

The Elves, &c.

"Swend Felding spake full earnestly, 'This, wilt thou truly give—
The strength of twelve men mine to be as long as I shall live?'
'I give the strength of twelve,' she said. The costly horn of gold
Flung o'er the water to the maid, beneath her feet it rolled.

The Elves, &c.

"Swend Felding hied him home that night, and called for meat, but lo!
With strength of twelve, the appetite of twelve was his also.
'Now bring me meat, and let me eat! 'tis worth your while I trow,
For know, Sir Knight, twelve men of might are scarce my equals now.'

The Elves, &c.

"A peerless champion in the strife, in honour lived and died
Swend Felding, praised throughout his life in Jutland far and wide:
A copper cauldron deep his dish, his sword full three yards long,
Is shown, they say, until this day, to prove how true my song.
The Elves are dancing in a ring,
Lightly they dance, and sweetly sing."

CHAPTER XVI.

ORDEAL BY FIRE.

KIRSTIN sat up late that night; little Mattie had torn her frock, and looked very grave at sight of the terrible rent, because she said their maid had left them and she should have to mend it herself, whereupon Kirstin had offered her services; but as the evening was fine, and the party remained out longer than usual, it was late before she could sit down to her work.

It was now past eleven as she continued her occupation, Mattie's frock required extensive repairs, and Kirstin, as she stitched away most carefully, indulged herself with sundry musings and thoughts of the past, present and future. "How kind every one is to me!" she said to herself; "how frightened I felt when I began that song!—it was a foolish one; I should have thought a clever lady like Miss Owenson would not have liked it, but she seemed pleased. How oddly things come into one's head! Alec asked me for a story about the elves, and Mr. Graham had been talking about having a great appetite, and so I could think of nothing but Swend Felding and his great appetite like that of twelve men." She started, for as though in answer to her thought, a musical voice below hummed the refrain to her song:

"The Elves are dancing in a ring,
Lightly they dance, and sweetly sing."

It was young Graham just returning from a supper party; he had a quick ear, and though Kirstin's song had been to him in an unknown tongue, a few words, dance, sing, and elves, which in Danish resemble their English equivalents, had remained in his memory. He seemed afflicted with restlessness, and paced up and down the gravel walk under the window, which being open, allowed the night breezes to waft the scent of his cigar into Kirstin's room. "I wish I were not so shy," her meditations continued; "I never know how to answer

that young gentleman, though he is my own dear lady's brother. One thing is, I don't quite understand what he says; however, Mrs. Ramsey told me he was very fond of that English poet, Shakespeare, and that often when he said odd things he was only repeating bits from different plays. I must read them some day; I know Hans has read them, and Morten too had read them. Oh Morten, if I had but a letter from you, how happy I could be here! How good Morten is! when I compare him with others, I see that more and more. Cousin Otto was frank and pleasant, but Morten, if he had been ever so angry, would never have spoken to his mother as Otto did on that last day. And this Mr. Graham, he is very fond of his sister and his nephew; but if Morten were a gentleman and saw he had puzzled a poor girl he would not think it an amusement, he would be vexed with himself, I am sure. Let me see, how long have I to wait?—in another year Morten will come back from Norway, and then I shall hope to hear from him, or perhaps he will come here to see me. I must not be impatient. There is Mr. Graham going upstairs at last." For just at that moment, the young man, cigar and all, sprang up to his room. He passed Kirstin's door on his way to his own quarters, then suddenly remembering his sister's objection to smoking within doors, he flung his cigar out of window and went to bed.

Kirstin, having completed her task and extinguished her candle, was about also to retire to rest, when she noticed that smoke was blowing in through her open window: she looked out; it was not smoke only but fire! flames were rising from the balcony, and running round that corner of the cottage where Mr. Graham slept. She rushed along the passage, burst open the door of his room, crying "Fire, fire!" The young man was sound asleep; Kirstin shook him without ceremony, and repeated "Fire," pointing to the window. At the sight of the flames he sprang out of bed, and hastily threw on some clothes, while Kirstin ran on to arouse her mistress and Alec, who slept in a tiny room adjoining his mother's.

The young man was not many seconds behind her; he took Alec in his arms and carried him out into the garden, but not before he had aroused the rest of the household. The cottage was built entirely of wood; there could be no chance of escape except in immediate flight. But for Kirstin's being awake all would probably have perished. Mrs. Ramsey did not lose her presence of mind, but being less inti-

mately acquainted with the ins and outs of the house than Kirstin was, and feeling that the girl's physical strength rendered her a more efficient aid to others than she could be, she followed her brother down the only staircase that was safe, to the lawn beneath, where neighbours and friends had already assembled.

Meanwhile Kirstin went back to her mistress' room to secure some clothes for Alec, and Mrs. Ramsey's dressing-case. The flames were spreading fast, and just as she was about to set her foot on the little staircase, a heavy beam falling down rendered it impossible. "Go to my sister's room, to the window; I will fetch a ladder; make haste!" cried out Geordie Graham. "First take these," said Kirstin, throwing the clothes down to him, "Alec will catch cold." She then ran back to Mrs. Ramsey's room, seized some shawls, went out upon the balcony, and to the horror of the party in the garden, mounted on the parapet. "Alec, every one, get out of the way!" she exclaimed, and understanding her signals, though not her words, all moved aside quickly while the heavy dressing-case came down upon the lawn, bursting open with the fall, and scattering its contents upon the grass. Kirstin then vanished within the room, and for a few minutes a horrible fear took possession of every one. Mrs. Ramsey wrung her hands, crying out, "Oh, Geordie, make haste!" and the young man came back with his ladder quickly, but he stopped short at seeing the girl, who had knotted the shawls together and fastened the end of one of them to the balcony, swing herself down from the parapet. The shawls did not enable her to reach the ground, and cries burst from the bystanders when they saw Kirstin swinging in the air, but she dropped herself down safely, and although rather stunned, seemed unhurt. All crowded around her, and Mrs. Ramsey threw her arms round the girl in an ecstasy of delight, but she did not respond to the caresses lavished upon her. "She must have air," said Miss Owenson, and she led Kirstin aside; the girl was very pale and breathed hard, but she exerted herself to speak, and asked anxiously where Alec had been carried. "He will take cold," she said. Miss Owenson satisfied her as to his being well cared for, and made her sit still for some time, and she soon recovered herself.

Meantime the neighbours as well as the family were watching the destruction of the frail little dwelling: it was a scene of rare confusion, and not wholly without danger, burning pieces of wood falling in all

directions. The serving girls and villagers, who now mingled with the others, gave vent to all kinds of lamentations and surmises.

"How did it happen? who saw the flames first? who set light to the house?" and a hundred other questions were asked, and asked in vain, for nobody answered.

One question, however, seriously engaged the attention of Mrs. Ramsey and her brother: where were they to take refuge? The Belle Vue lodging-house was full, so was the bathing establishment. Some acquaintances of the Ramseys offered their apartments until other arrangements could be made, and as it was by this time day-dawn, breakfast was more acceptable to them than beds. This offer was therefore accepted, and the party proceeded at once to the hotel; but Kirstin walked slowly, and feeling faint lingered behind, leaning against a tree in the garden.

Very soon Mr. Graham came back looking for her. "Kirstin," he exclaimed, "you have hurt yourself I am sure, you look so ill."

"It is only my arm," she replied; "a piece of wood fell upon it; it is sprained, I think."

"It is bruised," he said; "let me examine it; don't you know I am a medical student?" and making Kirstin sit down, he fetched water and linen, washed off the blood, and bound up the arm in a professional manner. She thanked him heartily, marvelling to find herself at ease with him; but the young man was really kind-hearted, and in this emergency had naturally laid aside the bantering style which had puzzled and annoyed her hitherto. He sat down by her side when his surgical operations were ended and said, "Do you know what we have arranged to do? The proprietor of our poor little habitation is here, not wringing his hands as might be expected, but sitting taking his coffee like a sensible man. He says all the lodgings in Düsternbrook are occupied just now, so for a few days the ladies are to go into the country to his farm-house, and make the best of the degree of civilization they can find there. I think it a capital idea. And now you are better, come and have some refreshment, or my sister will be alarmed at your absence."


(To be continued.)

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

CHAPTER IX.

"In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we stoutly waged,
 But the heavens denied success;
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend."

Strathallan's Lament.



HE left our hero an exile in a foreign land; but far from being discouraged by the failure of all his bright hopes, all his energies were now directed to the one object of saving the imprisoned king. Even after he had been compelled to lay down his arms and leave the country, he never ceased making projects to rescue him from his captivity. Before he sailed from Scotland, he sent his friend, Lord Crawford, to the queen, who was at Paris, to propose a scheme for liberating Charles, which he called the Engagement. Henrietta Maria would have nothing to say to it, and wrote to Montrose's friends in Scotland, that it was a mad scheme and quite useless. The moment soon passed away when such an attempt would have been possible. The Scots sold their sovereign to the English Parliament for 400,000*l.*, and the unfortunate Charles was immediately conveyed, under a strong guard of Fairfax's troops, to Holdenby House. Argyle received a large sum of money out of the price, 30,000*l.*, for his own share, and the same quantity was given to the Duke of Hamilton, that nobleman who had always professed so much love to the king. Hamilton, it must be remembered, had been imprisoned by the king for his treachery, but he was released after the battle of Naseby, and the king had received him kindly.

Montrose was at Hamburg meanwhile, waiting for an answer from the queen about the Engagement, when he received a letter from Charles desiring him to make the best of his way to Paris and consult with the queen personally. While he was on his journey, he was surprised by a visit from Sir John Ashburnham with a most curious proposal from Henrietta Maria. This was that he should now return

to Scotland alone, and declare war against the victorious Covenanters immediately. Montrose answered that it was perfectly impossible, and that he could not make war without regular letters or papers from the queen authorizing him to do so; that old Lord Huntly's rising had been put down; in short, that now it was too late, for the king was no longer in the hands of the Scots, but a prisoner in England. At all events, the Marquis was determined to obey his royal master's order, which he considered his first duty, and go to Paris. When he got there the queen saw him, but she would not pay attention to any of his projects for rescuing her husband, and puzzled him by giving him all sorts of contradictory orders.

Montrose was not much pleased at Henrietta's reception of him, and he kept away from court; but though her insignificant retainers alighted him he found a great admirer in the celebrated Cardinal de Retz, who compared him to the heroes of Plutarch's history. Montrose, finding the Court would have nothing to say to him, did not choose to stay long in France, and he was just about to leave it when news arrived of a plan concocted by Hamilton for rescuing the king from the English Parliament. The queen, who had refused to listen to the proposals of the loyal hero who had done and suffered so much for the royal cause, immediately threw herself into the arms of the man who had always betrayed it. The expedition ended, as all wise men foresaw, by the defeat of Hamilton at the battle of Preston, for though he thought himself a great general, he was no more a soldier than Argyle. He was taken prisoner by Cromwell, and died on the scaffold with a much better man than himself, a distinguished and gallant Cavalier, Arthur Lord Capel.

People have pitied Hamilton, and thought that because he was executed for the royal cause he was a devoted loyalist, but there never was a greater mistake. Hamilton was weak, selfish, and changeable; he thought and cared for little but his own interests, and his advice did the greatest possible mischief to Charles's cause.

During these events, Montrose was travelling over Europe. Before he went away he gave his picture to his nephew, Napier: it was so small that it could be contained in the breadth of a sixpence. Napier got one of his wife, Lady Elizabeth, of the same size, and he wore these miniatures of the two beings he loved best on earth as long as he lived. In a postscript to a long letter to his wife the loving boy writes:—

“Be pleased, dear heart, to let me have one thing which I did almost

forget, your picture, in the breadth of a sixpence, without a case, for they may be had better and handsomer here, and I will wear it upon a ribbon under my doublet, so long as it (or I) lasts." And then he adds: "Montrose at his way-going gave me his picture, which I caused put in a gold case of the same bigness as I desire yours?"

The Marquis went to Geneva, passed through Switzerland and the Tyrol, where he probably stopped to admire the beauty of Innsprück and to gaze upon the tomb of one in whose romantic and imaginative character he might well recognise a kindred spirit, the chivalrous Maximilian I. He journeyed through Munich, that city through which, not many years before, Gustavus Adolphus, one of the greatest men of his age, had ridden, a conqueror. He passed by the majestic mountains that surround Salzburg, and perhaps sailed down the broad Danube, where then, as now, the old grey ruins of Dürrenstein, the prison of Cœur de Lion, under whose walls Blondel sang, frowned upon him from the heights, and at last on a summer evening he rode into Vienna. But the emperor whom Montrose wished to see was not there, and our hero followed him to Prague. Ferdinand III. received him most graciously, and made him a field-marshal of the empire. But it was not to receive compliments and honours from foreign princes that Montrose travelled into Germany; he asked permission from Ferdinand to raise levies of troops with which he might form an expedition for the service of his own unfortunate sovereign. Ferdinand granted him leave willingly, gave him orders to raise levies in Flanders, and recommended him to the kindness of his brother, the Archduke Leopold, governor of the Spanish Netherlands. Montrose having obtained what he wanted, delayed no longer in Austria, and set off for Flanders. But unfortunately all the direct roads were blocked up by Swedish and Saxon armies, for the Thirty Years' War was hardly over, and the Marquis was obliged to go a long way round by Hungary, Prussia, and Denmark, before he could reach Brussels. He arrived there about the end of the year 1648. But in January, 1649, took place an event which destroyed all the Marquis's hopes. A small body of men headed by Cromwell, and calling itself the English people, murdered their sovereign. The news of this national crime was a terrible shock to Montrose; when he heard it he vowed that he would avenge his royal master's death, and make every effort to place his son, the young Prince of Wales, upon the

throne. He then shut himself up in his room, and for two days refused to see any one.

I may as well here say a few words upon the state of Scotland at this moment. Argyle had all this time been great friends with Cromwell, and was allowed to remain dictator, as he called himself, or governor of Scotland. His great object was to persecute as much as possible the Malignants, as he called the faithful Royalists. The Marquis of Huntly, who, as I told you, tried to effect a rising for the king, was taken prisoner, and died on the scaffold. The aged nobleman met his death with a calm fortitude and courage which half atoned for the lukewarmness of his loyalty in life. Lord Aboyne succeeded him, but he did not long survive him; Aboyne seems to have been rather a weak and amiable youth, who was entirely led by his father. He is said to have died of grief for the murder of Charles I. That wild and fickle boy, Lord Ludovic, then became Marquis of Huntly; but Ludovic also died without children: two young brothers, Lord Charles and Lord Harry, remained; to Charles, the youngest but one of five brothers, the marquissate at length descended.

Montrose was now at the court of the young king, Charles II., and had already received from him a commission making him lieutenant-general of all the troops that might be levied in Scotland. But the Presbyterian party there had again declared for the monarchy, and, to say the truth, when the Presbyterians sold the king to the Parliament, they had no desire to see him put to death. But it is a true saying that "the Presbyterians held him down while the Independents cut his throat;" meaning that the Presbyterians first rebelled against the king, and then let him fall into the hands of the Independents, who murdered him. At all events, Argyle did not like the thoughts of having a despotic master, such as Cromwell promised to be, and he consequently thought proper to proclaim Charles II. in Scotland. He sent to offer the crown to the young king, on condition that he would establish the Presbyterian form of worship, that he would entirely renounce all his royalist friends, and that he would sign the Solemn League and Covenant. The bearers of this offer were two noblemen, the new Duke of Hamilton, brother of the last, and the Earl of Lauderdale, one of the most immoral and unscrupulous men in Scotland; and who, though now a rigid Covenanter and Presbyterian, was twenty years later hated as the bitterest enemy and most cruel per-

secutor that the Covenanters ever had. They brought over the offer of their chief in a letter which contained great abuse of "James Graham, sometime Earl of Montrose," and begged Charles to send away the "excommunicated Montrose," as they politely called him. These insolent nobles even refused to remain in the presence-chamber with "that excommunicated traitor, James Graham," and indeed in one sense they were quite right to stay away, they were not worthy to kiss the ground he trod on. Charles, who was always exceedingly high-bred and courteous in his manners, was disgusted at the brutal and ungentlemanlike conduct of Lauderdale and Hamilton, and treated the Marquis with all the greater consideration.

Charles wished that Montrose and his opponents should talk over the question in his presence at the council, whether he should accept the offer of Argyle, but Lauderdale and his friends would not hear of this proposal. They had too small an amount of courage to encounter the searching look of those keen eyes or the unanswerable arguments that would flow from those eloquent lips. The king at length suggested to both parties to put down what they had to say in writing. Montrose then wrote his opinion on the subject to Charles, in which he earnestly renewed his entreaties to him not to accept the crown upon such conditions—conditions dishonourable not only to himself but also to his royal father's memory. Charles finally decided not to return a direct answer to the Covenanters yet, and meanwhile he gave Montrose secret orders to pursue any method he should think most advisable for promoting his interests.

CHAPTER X.

"A traitor sold him to his foes.
 O deed of deathless shame!
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
 With one of Assynt's name—
 Be it upon the mountain's side
 'Or yet within the glen,
 Stand he in martial gear alone
 Or backed by armed men—
 Face him as thou would'st face the man
 Who wronged thy sire's renown,
 Remember of what blood thou art
 And strike the caitiff down." AYTOUN.

THE king went to Paris, and Montrose, still according to secret instructions from him, travelled to foreign courts to apply for assistance

to carry out the expedition he was planning. He kept writing, at the same time, to his friends in Scotland, and received from them constant assurances of devotion, and earnest invitations to hasten to Scotland himself.

So far the conduct of Charles was straightforward; but when he got to Paris he began to listen to the bad advice of the queen mother, and he consented to see the commissioners of Argyle and come to terms with them. Had he told the Marquis that he had taken this resolution, had he ordered him to lay down his arms, and informed him that he had made peace with the Presbyterian government, then at least he would have acted openly. Montrose would, of course, have been mortified, and would probably have opposed this course of conduct very strongly, but he would not have hesitated to obey.

But Charles did not do this: he allowed Montrose to carry on his preparations for leading an army against the Covenanters whilst he was keeping up an underhand correspondence with them. The young king's intention evidently was, to wait and see whether Montrose's expedition succeeded. In that case he would stand by him, but if he was defeated, then Charles intended to disown him, to proclaim that he had given him no orders, and to sacrifice him to his bitter enemies. Thus, even at nineteen, Charles began to show himself the selfish, careless prince who had no scruple in sacrificing the lives of his adherents if it was to promote his own interests. We shall see how the event turned out.

Charles meanwhile was writing to Montrose begging him to use all diligence in his proceedings, and approving strongly of all that he was doing. He also presented him with the Order of the Garter. Lord Napier was assisting his uncle during this time in collecting troops.

But Archibald was not quite ready, and Montrose, urged on by the repeated letters of Charles, thought it best not to wait for him, and early in the spring of 1651 he set sail for Scotland. He landed in the Orkneys, where his Scotch friends had assured him that he would find numbers ready to join him. His banner was black, and the motto was "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!"

Montrose soon discovered that he had been deceived by the foreign princes who had made him such magnificent promises and also by his too sanguine friends in Scotland. The people were too much afraid of the Dictator Argyle to join him. The result is, unhappily, but too

quickly told ; near Corbiesdale, on the borders of Ross-shire, he was attacked by an overwhelming force, led by General Strachan, David Leslie, the cruel conqueror of Philiphaugh, and the Earl of Sutherland. The day was only another Philiphaugh ; the Marquis fought, as he over did, with desperate courage, but his small army was cut to pieces, he himself was soon severely wounded, and his horse killed under him. At this moment the young Viscount Frendraught, a youth devotedly attached to Montrose, though wounded himself, generously compelled his chief to mount upon his own charger, and make his escape.

Frendraught was the nephew of the Earl of Sutherland, and his life, therefore, was not in much danger ; in fact, the gallant boy was taken by his uncle to Dunrobin Castle ; where he was nursed of his wounds, and soon recovered.

It was five o'clock in the evening when Montrose left the field with a heavy heart. But in no part of Sutherlandshire could he hope to be safe from his merciless pursuers ; he took off his George and Garter and hid them under a tree ; they were found afterwards by the Covenanters, together with some of his letters. He was soon obliged to leave his horse, and for some days he wandered among the hills of Assynt, not daring to enter any of the hovels to ask for food. His friend the young Earl of Kinnoul, who had escaped with him, at length sank under these hardships, the poor youth declared he could go no further, and he lay down to die amidst the solitudes of those bleak mountains. At length the Marquis could no longer endure the sufferings of hunger : he had changed clothes with a peasant some days before, and he thought now that this disguise might allow him to venture into a herdsman's cottage near Assynt and ask for a little food. The man brought him some oatmeal and a bowl of milk ; but he looked curiously at the famished and weary Marquis, for by accident his coat blew open slightly, and discovered for a moment the embroidered waistcoat he wore under it.

Rumours of his flight, and of the vast rewards that had been offered for him had already reached the Highlands, and while Montrose was resting himself, the herdsman went down to the Castle of Assynt, an old, half-ruined building, where lived Macleod of Assynt, a man who had formerly served under Montrose. The herdsman told his suspicions to Macleod, who immediately went with him to his hut. Montrose had left it, but they easily tracked him, and soon came up

with him. Sorely wounded, worn out with fatigue and famine, the hunted nobleman had now no course left but to give himself up to Macleod, which he did with great mistrust, for he knew Macleod to be mean and avaricious, and other reports said he was savage and cruel also. But Macleod made all sorts of promises to Montrose, and the unfortunate hero followed him to that old castle which still looks over the quiet lake of Assynt, though the betrayed and betrayer have long since passed away for ever.

As soon as Macleod had got Montrose into his power, he threw him into one of the dungeons of the castle and sent information of his capture to the Scottish Estates. The exultation of the Parliament is not to be described. Macleod was immediately rewarded with four hundred bolls of meal for his base treachery, and a detachment of troops was sent up to fetch the Marquis to Edinburgh. From that moment Montrose knew that his fate was certain ; but he showed no agitation at the prospect, nor did he appear discomposed at the insults with which his guards treated him. An incident occurred, however, which has been remembered in the local traditions of Sutherlandshire, slight in itself, but which helped to lighten the sufferings of this most melancholy and painful journey, by showing him that there were yet some who dared to compassionate him in his fallen fortunes.

One evening his guards chose to stop at Skibo, a house belonging to a lady of Sutherlandshire, and pass the night there. She received them graciously and ordered supper to be prepared for them and their noble prisoner. As they were about to seat themselves at the board, Colonel Houghton, who commanded the soldiers, sat down in the seat of honour next to the lady of the house, putting Montrose below him. The lady of Skibo grew extremely angry at this insult to her guest, whom she was determined to treat with more respect, if possible, than if he had been at the height of his glory. She desired the colonel, in lofty tones, instantly to leave that place and give it up to the Marquis. The colonel flatly refused, and the lady, her wrath having now risen very high, without further ado seized upon the leg of mutton which had been placed before her on the table, and commenced belabouring the insolent Roundhead with all her strength. The attack was so unexpected that down-came the colonel on his back on the floor, while the gravy ran into his eyes and stained his uniform, and the other soldiers flew about the room in great commotion, thinking

the loyal lady of Skibo intended to get up a rescue. But the lady gained her point, Colonel Houghton cried for mercy, and was at length allowed to get up from the floor bedabbled with gravy, when he sulkily betook himself to the lower seat. The hostess then replaced the leg of mutton in the dish, and gracefully led Montrose to the seat of honour which she had won for him, and the party proceeded to dine off the very joint that had proved such a useful weapon.

Once, too, the Marquis had nearly made his escape ; when they passed the night at the laird of Grange's house, the lady of the house dressed him in some of her own clothes, and he tried to slip past the guards. But a drunken soldier found them out and the scheme failed.

He was allowed to stop a few hours at Kinnaird, the dwelling of his father-in-law, the Earl of Southesk, and here, for the last time, he clasped in his arms his two sons, the young Lord Graham and Lord Robert. Two-and-twenty years ago he had entered the same house, a high-spirited boy of sixteen, to fetch his child-bride, Lady Magdalen ; everything he saw around him there must have reminded him sadly of past days of happiness and of friends whom he had lost, but now, as he pressed the weeping boys to his breast, he betrayed no signs of emotion before the guards who stood by, but calmly took leave of them. On the 18th of May, a warm spring afternoon, the Great Marquis and his captors arrived at the gate of Edinburgh. The Scottish Covenanters prepared for his reception in a manner which covers them with infamy, and only brings out in a brighter and stronger light the virtues of him whom they treated with such shameful indignity.

But Argyle now had his rival in his power, and he was resolved to gratify his revenge to the very utmost.

(To be continued.)



THE CHINA BOWL.

A REMINISCENCE FROM GRANDMAMMA'S POTPOURRI.



EXT morning I was up before it was well light, for I was determined not to lose a moment of this my first day at Kildrummie; and, moreover, I had a project in my head for exploring those wide moors, which had looked so mysterious in the moonlight last night. Accordingly, I jumped out of bed, and rushed to the window, to see what sort of day it was; and you may imagine my consternation on seeing that the brown moors had wholly disappeared under a great white winding-sheet of snow, stretching far, far away to the cold blue horizon, like big white waves rolling over every inequality of hill and dale. All the trees round the house seemed dressed as for a bridal; snow was piled up high upon my window-sill, and the air was thick and dark with falling flakes. I shivered as I stood there in my 'short night-gown, with bare, slipperless feet, looking out on that wilderness of white; but spite of the cold and my disappointment, I did not go to bed again, but began the process of washing and dressing, which I managed very well, till it came to hooking my frock; this, however, I could not accomplish without help, for in those days little girls' frocks were always made to fasten behind; so after a length of time spent in turning and twisting before the glass, in which my arms became stiff, and my fingers numb with cold, I was fain to go to my mother's room, into which mine opened, and beg for her assistance. My frock fastened, I set off to try and find my way to the breakfast-room, but should certainly have lost myself among a labyrinth of passages had it not been for my friend the tall footman, whom I met at the bottom of a spiral staircase, with a tray of hot scones and muffins in his hand, and pioneered by him I reached my destination without further trouble. My grandfather and grandmother were already down, and they greeted me with the proverb about 'the early bird,' a compliment which I certainly did not deserve, for at home no one was so fond of their bed as my idle self. Presently my father and mother made their appearance, and Sandy last of all; he was saluted as 'a lazy tyke,' a term which he seemed

to understand perfectly well, and took quite as a matter of course, but which set me cogitating all breakfast-time to discover what sort of a beast a 'tyke' could be; later in our acquaintance, I asked him, and found out, to my great horror, that it meant a dog; to be called a *dog*, how dreadful! in my story-books the poor people who were so unfortunate as to be born in the land of Israel were always called individually, 'a dog of a Jew,' consequently I thought the term the height of opprobrium. After breakfast, Sandy and I were left alone to make each other's acquaintance—(I had by this time discovered that he also was a grandchild of the house of Kildrummie)—which he began by asking what I was called. Now I was very proud of my name, which was the joint property of my paternal grandparents, and, as I thought, an exceedingly fine one; it was therefore in a voice which I intended should impress Master Sandy with a high idea of my own importance, that I informed him I was named 'Alexandrina Juliana Sabina.' Sandy burst out laughing. 'Eh, lass, what a name!' (he could speak English well enough, but much preferred the Scotch). 'Why, it's as long as the day and the morrow! Pray what clippin' o' that braw name do they call ye by?' Now at home it was usually contracted into Bena; *Bena*, such a name to be called by! I hated it, particularly as my brothers were fond of transforming it into 'Jack and the Bean Stalk.' However, I wasn't going to let Sandy into this family secret, and I accordingly told him he might call me Sabina. '*Sabina*?' (how impertinent the boy was!) 'Bena, Bee, Bean, Jack and the Bean Stalk, *Jack*!' (Oh, horror! he had gone through the derivations, and had actually reached the same conclusion as my brothers!) 'Hurray! I'll call you Jack!' It was not to be borne; direfully offended, I got up and walked to the window; but it was dull work watching those everlasting flakes; and when presently Sandy came up, saying, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Sabina, come along and I'll show you over the house,' I was fain to accept the olive branch, and consent. We spent the whole morning in visiting the various parts of that rambling old mansion, and I found that in one respect, at least, I had not been mistaken, for it *was* 'china here, china there, china everywhere.' The walls of all the downstairs rooms were garnished with carved brackets, on each one of which stood some splendid vase, or fragile cup; up and down the staircases, and along every gallery were niches for my grandfather's

precious relics; in fact, one could go nowhere without coming in contact with what might well be termed the *lares* and *penates* of Kildrummie. Sandy and I had by this time become such friends that when, after luncheon, he proposed a game at ball, I consented with the greatest alacrity. With this intent, we adjourned to a gallery adjoining the dining-room, which had the advantage of being more free from china than any other available place in the house. However, we were not safe even here, for before we had played many minutes a terrible crash behind the place where I was standing informed us that, in spite of all precautions, our doom had overtaken us. Whether it were Sandy's fault in having thrown the ball too high, or mine in failing to catch it, I cannot say, but the terrible consequences were all too plain: the ball had struck a splendid bowl of Dresden china which stood on a bracket at the end of the gallery, and had broken it to pieces. For full two minutes after hearing the fatal crash we stood staring at each other, our eyes round with horror and dismay; then Sandy broke the awful silence with these two impressive words—'Heart alive!' That was all he seemed capable of uttering, and we stood staring at each other for another two minutes, at the end of which my companion in misfortune recovered his power of speech. 'Eh, lass, we've been and gone and done it!'—a very self-evident fact, but which, unfortunately, suggested no way out of the dilemma. 'Oh, Sandy! what *shall* we do?' I whispered in a broken voice; 'who *is* to tell grandpapa?' 'Not I,' returned Sandy, with a shrug of the shoulders; 'I wouldn't tell him for a whole golden guinea—no, not if you were to give me a real Shetland pony and a double-barrelled gun!' 'But, Sandy, I daren't; oh, he would be so—so——' Here my voice failed me, and I began to cry; the vision which my imagination conjured up, of those terrible eyes flaming with anger, was too dreadful to contemplate. Presently Sandy seemed to be struck with an idea,— 'I say, Bena, I don't see that we need tell him at all; let him find it out for himself.' I remonstrated feebly, 'But, Sandy, would that be right?' 'Bother!' returned he, 'I can't say; all I know is, that I daren't tell him for the life of me, nor you either, so what else can we do?' This seemed to me unanswerable, so I gave in, and together we picked up the broken fragments and replaced them, as well as we could, in their former position on the bracket, trembling, like guilty things as we were, the whole time. This done, we

separated, Sandy betaking himself to some unknown haunt, while I stationed myself at the drawing-room window, and began watching the snowflakes once more. Presently I saw my mother rise from her chair by the fire, and come towards me; I turned hot and then cold, but she had only come to warn me that it was dressing-time, for this Christmas Eve was to be celebrated by a children's party, got up expressly in my honour, as grandmamma informed me. Oh, how I wished they hadn't planned any such thing! It was no happiness to me, indeed I never spent a more wretched evening in my life. Crowds of children arrived, to whom Sandy and I were expected to act as host and hostess. I do not know how he felt, but as for me, I wished them all at Timbuctoo. I am afraid they thought me very dull and disagreeable, but that unlucky china bowl came between me and every possibility of pleasure. We had games in plenty, but I could enjoy none of them; and when the bullet-pudding was brought in, and I was called upon to cut the first slice, my hand trembled so much that the leaden bullet on the top of the pyramid fell down directly. I could have cried with vexation at the burst of merriment which greeted this mishap; and I suppose it was owing to my woebegone looks that I was excused from searching for the bullet among the heap of flour and bringing it out with my teeth, as the rules of the game enjoin. Then there was snap-dragon, a sport for which I was wont to have a particular relish; but this evening, though there was a bountiful supply of almonds and raisins, and the blue fire blazed away in splendid style, I had not the heart to make one dash at the bowl, and could not even get up a smile, when one little fellow, thinking I was frightened, offered to divide his spoils with me. Well, it came to an end at last; the children departed, and I was free to go to bed. My grandmother's maid undressed me, for my mother was obliged to stay downstairs with the company, which I was rather glad of, for I did not wish to be alone with her. I did not say my prayers that night; I could not, for, uncomfortable as I was, I had no thoughts of confessing my fault, and to come before God in such a frame of mind was a mockery I dared not commit. So I went to bed, as I had never done before, without commending myself to His Almighty keeping, unforgiven and unblessed. Oh, it was a wretched night! I could not go to sleep for long and long; and when I heard my mother

coming upstairs I shut my eyes and hid my head under the clothes, so that she might not speak to me; she thought I was asleep, and went away, shutting the door gently after her. For long after that I lay awake, tossing restlessly from side to side; and when at last I did fall asleep, my torments still continued worse than ever. In one of my dreams I realised with terrible vividness the saying about 'a bull in a china shop.' I was the unlucky animal, so heavy and awkward that every movement brought down a shower of broken crockery upon my devoted head. I awoke from that nightmare, only to be transformed, a short time afterwards, into the identical china bowl which haunted my waking thoughts. I dreamed that I was standing on the bracket at the end of the gallery, feeling—oh, so brittle! while my grandfather and Sandy were pelting me with balls, every one of which I felt must put an end to my existence. It came at last: I felt the blow, heard a crash, and awoke with a scream—to find myself lying on the floor, with the pale Christmas dawn stealing in at the window. What a Christmas Day that was! There was a bright hard frost, so we went to church in the morning, driving six miles through the deep snow, and did not get back till quite late in the afternoon. Sandy and I avoided each other by tacit consent, the guilty secret between us making us little desirous of each other's company; so after our return, he went out to help the gardener to sweep the paths, and I whiled away the time with a book till the dressing-bell rang. My mother saw that there was something amiss, but set down my white cheeks and listless movements to fatigue, consequent on last night's gaiety, and suggested that I should not come down that evening; but there was going to be a grand dinner-party, and my grandmother would not hear of my being left out, particularly as I declared that I was not ill at all. Accordingly I was dressed in my best, and took my place in the long row of guests seated on each side of the Kildrummie dining-table, who had met together to devour my grandfather's roast beef and plum-pudding off the most delicately beautiful set of Sèvres china, that (as I heard a formal old gentleman remark to his delighted host) 'greatly enhanced the flavour of viands, which, when served in such exquisite vessels, might well be termed the ambrosia of the gods.' As for me, the mere sight of the china took away my appetite. During the whole of dinner I sat like one in a

dream, mechanically playing with my food, and saying yes and no, by turns, to an old lady, who, with the benevolent intention of trying, as she thought, to amuse a shy little girl, succeeded in tormenting me to such a degree that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevent myself from telling her to hold her tongue. At length when dessert was placed on the table, and the servants had left the room, I was suddenly aroused from my dream by hearing my grandfather say to the above-mentioned old gentleman, 'Well, Howburn, you called my roast beef and plum-pudding ambrosia a short time ago, now we'll have the nectar, and that in such a bowl as I dare wager anything you've never drunk punch from before. Why, man, it has been in our family for more years than I can tell you: it's of real old Dresden china, and was brought by one of my ancestors from Germany—a present from some Emperor or other—they tell me there's not such another to be had for love or money.' Then turning to me, 'My little lass, do you think you could manage to fetch the bowl? It's on a bracket at the end of the red gallery. Sandy here'll go with you to hold the light, but I'd rather trust you than him with my bowl: he's such a feckless laddie that he might break it, and I wouldn't have that happen for all Dumfries. There's a cannie little lass, take time, and don't let it fall.' If a thunderbolt had fallen in the middle of that dinner-table I could not have been more dumfounded; my heart seemed to stop, and all the blood in my body to rush tingling to my face. It was a horrible moment; I glanced imploringly at Sandy, but he seemed as much at his wits' end as myself. I tried to speak, but not a word would come; finally, *faute de mieux*, I slipped from my place, and walked towards the door leading to the gallery, Sandy following with an unlighted candle in his hand. 'Sandy, Sandy, you're going without a light!' shouted my grandfather. 'Why, what ails the lad, is he daft?' Sandy walked straight back, lighted the candle without a word, and followed me into the gallery. Slowly we walked down the long corridor, spinning out the time as much as we could, for we knew there was no escape from the terrible punishment we had brought upon ourselves; the door at the other end was locked, so there was nothing for it but to meet our doom in the best way we could. We stood before the bracket for a moment, looking at each other in silence with pale faces and trembling limbs; then Sandy whispered, 'Come,

lass, there's no help for it; let's get it over; it's horrid, but it'll be all the same a hundred 'years hence.' He meant this to be consolatory, but it was cold comfort; however, as he said, there was no help for it, so with a shudder I took the fragments of broken china from their resting-place, and slowly we set forth on our return to the dining-room, feeling as though we were on our way to execution, Sandy going before with the lighted candle, and I following after with the broken bowl. Oh, the awful business of entering the dining-room! We did it though—somehow, I cannot tell you how, and found ourselves standing before my grandfather. I looked up for one moment—saw my grandmother's pitying countenance, my mother's grieved, nervous look, my father's annoyance, and the two long rows of curious eyes bent upon us—then I dropped mine, covered with shame, and in an agony of terror, for, dreadful as it was to feel all those eyes upon one, I had seen something worse—my grandfather's face! never shall I forget it as long as I live! For several moments perfect silence reigned through the room: I could hear the clock ticking, with awful distinctness, and my heart beat as though it would choke me; then my grandfather spoke. 'Did you children break that bowl?' 'Yes,' answered Sandy in a low voice.—'It was not done now, or we should have heard the crash; when did it happen?' I tried to speak, but could not, and it was again Sandy who answered, 'Yesterday.'—'And you wished to hide it from me: you broke the bowl and then put the pieces together, hoping I should not find it out till you were gone. Is this so?' 'Yes.'—'Am I to understand that only you were concerned in it, Alexander?' I felt I *must* speak now; with a desperate effort I faltered out, 'Oh, no, grandfather! it was as much my fault; we—we——' I broke down sobbing. Again there was silence: my grandfather's eyes actually blazed with wrath; I felt as though they were burning me. 'Poor lambs!' interposed the old lady; 'come, Kildrummie, you mustn't be hard on them, accidents will happen.' 'Deceit is no accident,' said my grandfather so sternly that the well-meaning but injudicious old lady was silenced. For a minute longer we stood like trembling criminals under the terrible eyes of our judge; then my grandfather spoke again, 'Go out of my sight, and don't come into my presence again till I send for you; I little thought that ever grandchild of mine would act a lie.' How we got out of the

room, I don't know to this day; but when my mother came upstairs about an hour after (my grandfather would not allow her to go sooner), she found me crouching on the floor of my room, in a perfect agony of sobbing. Gently she took me in her arms, sat down on a low chair by the fire, and rocked me to and fro till my passionate grief had spent itself. Then she talked to me gently and kindly of my fault, showed me how great it was in the sight of God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and pointed out to me into what sin one may fall by the want of a little moral courage. Then she undressed me, and I knelt down by her and said my prayers, or rather she said them, and I repeated them after her as well as I could, for I was still breathless with sobbing. Oh! what new meaning was there in the words of the collect which I was accustomed to say every night with my evening prayers—

“‘O Lord, we beseech Thee, absolve Thy people from their offences; that through Thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins which by our frailty we have committed; Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.’

“My grandfather did not send for us till the eve of our leaving Kildrummie, two days after. Sandy and I obeyed the summons with beating hearts. On the table lay the fragments of the broken bowl; but even in presence of these witnesses of our fault, my grandfather was much kinder than we had dared to expect. ‘Bairns,’ he said, ‘I hope you have had a lesson never to conceal anything you have done wrong. Be brave, speak out, and never try to hide a fault by mean, cowardly deceit. You see the fragments of this bowl; I mean to leave them between you in my will:’ (which he did; how they all came into my possession and were cemented together, as you now see them, I have not at present time to tell)—‘my intention in so purposing,’ continued my grandfather, ‘is, that you may always bear in mind this maxim: When you have a disagreeable thing to do, do it *at once*, never put it off; unpleasant as it may be, delay will not make the doing easier. It is a true proverb which says, ‘Better a finger off than aye waggin’.’”

AUSTIN CLARE.

LITTLE MAY.

By Ellen Craik.

NCE a sunbeam came to earth,
 Made of heaven's own light:
 Given to a humble hearth,
 Making it so bright
 That the trembling hearts *would* say,
 "Is it not too fair to stay?"

But the sunbeam stayed and grew
 Clearer day by day,
 With an ever-changing hue
 Flashing colours gay;
 Wonderful at work or play
 Was thy brightness, little May!

For the child-life had child-work;
 Little busy schemes,
 Wherein wondrous love did lurk;
 Many earnest dreams
 Of great things to do some day,—
 All so soon quenched, little May!
 What a strange sweet light she shed
 O'er that poor plain home;
 Winter dreariness all fled,
 Sunlight filled the room.
 For she came one glad May-day,
 So they called her "little May."


And her life was one short May,
 Brief, and bright, and fair,
 With its child-work and child-play
 And some childish care,
 Till there came a hush one day—
 Lo! that life was stilled for aye.
 Stilled the little busy hands
 Folded on her breast;
 Stilled the beating heart that stands
 In its silent rest;
 Stilled the sweet voice, young and gay,
 That we loved so, little May!

Little May has gone, we know,
 But she could not die;
 So she must now live, we trow,
 Some new life,—so high;
 Higher than the noblest way
 That you dreamed of, little May!
 But if she be living there,
 We are left alone;
 Can we wait on lonely here
 Now our bird has flown?
 Is she gone—and quite away?
 Gone, our child, our little May?
 Little May! oh, little May!
 Art thou here or there?
 “There,” the mothers point and say;
 When child-lips cry “Where?”
 “Up there, in the sky,” they say,
 “That’s where God took little May.”
 “There,” the children whisper low,
 Pointing to the sky;
 “May lives with the angels now,
 She has wings to fly.”
 Yet, oh, surely, little May,
 Thou art here and long wilt stay.
 Here, without a stain of sin,
 Here, as thou art there,
 Childish faults that may have been
 (Marring one so fair)
 Buried with thy buried clay,
 All forgotten, little May.
 Folded close in many a heart,
 Shadowing many a life,
 Soothing sorrow’s keenest smart,
 Calming fiercest strife,
 Teaching in a better way
 Than thy life taught, little May.
 Some who seemed through days and hours
 Bound to earth’s hard soil—
 Not by garlands of her flowers,
 But by chains of toil—
 Look at God’s blue sky and say
 “Heaven is there,—and little May.”

When a baby died last week,
 One she used to love,
 Little May's sweet voice could speak
 Comfort from above.
 "Baby isn't dead," they say;
 "Only gone to little May."

So we thank God every day
 For His precious gift,
 Never taken quite away,
 All its fragrance left,
 And to be restored one day,
 Ours for ever, little May!

RED SNOW.

 SOME people will laugh at the idea of the roseate hues observed on the snowy Alps of Switzerland, on the Apennines, Pyrenees, &c., being due to anything but sunrise or sunset effects. Do not travellers know these well? Nay, have not some even travelled to see them? Have not artists tried to make them, fleeting as they are, enduring, by painting? Have not poets striven to describe them in verse?

True enough, but not the whole truth. There are times when the flush upon mountain snows, instead of being a passing effect, remains stationary, with no condition of the sky to account for it, and the cause of this phenomenon was for a length of time a puzzle.

That the sky occasionally rained blood, indeed, was an old notion of what may be called the fabulous ages of natural history; but, as men's minds awoke further and further to the necessity of strict investigation, this delusion among others passed away. It is on record that in 1601 some red patches left (as it was said) by a shower that fell at Aix, in France, were examined by a naturalist (Pierese by name), and discovered to be caused by insects; and the same result followed the examination of another supposed shower at Schonen in 1711.

People were pretty well cured, in fact, of talking of "showers of blood" when, in 1760, one M. de Saussure first noticed the appearance of red snow on Mount Brenner, in Switzerland; but it was still con-

sidered as a *fall*, though a fall of red snow instead of blood, its coming down red from the skies being a fact taken for granted.

There are numerous records consequently of red snow showers. One is spoken of as having occurred *between the 5th and 6th of March*, 1803, at Tolmezzo, in Friuli; another more remarkable one *in the night between the 14th and 15th of March*, 1813, in Calabria, Abruzzo, Tuscany, and Bologna (therefore along the whole chain of the Apennines). Same year, on the *15th of April*, there was one on *the mountain Toreal in Italy*.

The Italian "Giornale di Fisica" for November and December, 1818, describes red snow which fell on the Italian Alps and on the Apennines *in March*, 1808, when the whole country round Cadore, Belluno, and Feltri was covered *in one night* to a depth of several inches with a rose-coloured snow, and at the same time (*night in March*) another fall was noticed on the mountains of Veltelin, Brescia, Krain, and Tyrol. These particulars are mentioned in Professor C. A. Agardh's "Memoir on the Red Snow brought from the Polar Regions," and Dr. Greville supplies some other instances. In one where the red snow was found on the Alp Bobonas, three hours' journey from Bêx, at a place called "Les Planurds," the red colour lay in distinct stripes from one to twenty feet long, and from three inches to four feet broad, or formed roundish spots from five inches to three feet in diameter. We wonder has any observing reader observed the words we have put in italics in the accounts of falls of red snow taken from Agardh's "Memoir"? They were so printed to attract attention to two noticeable facts. One that these showers always took place early in the year—viz., in March and April; the other, that they always fell in the night—in other words, that *nobody ever saw them fall*.

The last circumstance is easily accounted for, the truth being that *no such falls ever took place!* Whence, then, came the appearances, and why at one time of the year only—viz., in March and April?

The explanation is as follows:—

Red snow is caused by a microscopic freshwater alga, which vegetates just below the surface of the snow. This tiny organism—only one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, a globule smaller than those of homœopaths—is a transparent, colourless cell or sac filled with red colouring matter (endochrome), which of course shines through. When the endochrome is at maturity (what one may call *ripe*) it separates into four or eight portions, each of which grows a transparent

cell for itself like the first. These are young plants, and they go on growing until the parent cell can no longer hold them, but bursts, and lets them out, each to begin a similar process of life for itself, the endochrome in each subdividing as before, and the young cells outgrowing and bursting from their old home. Thus the multiplication of this mite of a plant goes on at an enormous rate, and its powers of reproduction are so prodigious that it constantly spreads over miles of snow in masses sufficiently thick to be visible at great distances, colouring even far-off mountain sides "celestial rosy red."

In his Arctic expedition Sir James Ross, sailing along the coast, saw the distant cliffs of snow painted red for miles, landed to discover the cause, and found the snow full of *Protococcus*. He says, too, that he saw a mountain eight English miles long and six hundred feet in height covered by it, adding that it was found to penetrate in some places to a depth of ten or twelve feet. This last fact is, however, disputed. Another traveller affirms it never extends beyond one or two inches downwards. At any rate it is very plainly and extensively to be seen in the polar regions, and now the question arises, why, as the plant vegetates on the snows of Switzerland, &c., it is not more plainly and more extensively seen there than it certainly is, for probably not one in a thousand of Swiss travellers ever observed or heard of it?

The truth is, it is only visible anywhere under certain favourable conditions of atmosphere. The plant lies upon a colourless jelly just below the surface of the snow, and how much of it is seen depends a good deal upon how much of the surface snow gives way under sunshine or relaxation in the atmosphere. Too little warmth will not uncover it, too much will carry it away. This opinion is confirmed by the dates of the supposed red snow falls to which we called attention before, namely, in March and April, just when the first yielding of the snow begins, and before it has melted sufficiently to carry the layer of *Protococcus* also away.

With regard to its colour, it varies with circumstances (Agardh says *light* affects it and deepens the tint); and surely the *depth* of the layer must affect it. Dr. Harvey visited Switzerland (Monte Rosa) in the autumn, and found the plant tinging the snow no deeper a hue than French grey. Was not this the result of a small sprinkling of red among large masses of white? One thing is certain, viz., that all who

have seen it under the microscope know it is unmistakably bright red, like tiny garnet balls. A young tourist two years ago saw what he considered to be it in patches as if blood had been spilt. Unluckily, not having a bottle in his pocket, he failed to bring some home, which he might easily have done had he used a leaf, or bit of paper, or even a handkerchief, as when the snow melts it leaves the protococcus as a deposit. And the plant has this peculiarity, that with it to dry up is not to die. Dr. Greville thinks it may possibly revive after having been preserved (torpid) for an unlimited period; an opinion which we are prepared to confirm by personal experience. But this brings us to the red snow plant in its domesticated state, of which more hereafter.

We conclude this part of the subject with the last paragraphs of Professor Agardh's "Memoir:"—

"If my views of this body, which may be denominated the *Flower of the Snow*, be correct, our admiration will only receive a new direction. If we cease to believe that Algæ or Infusoria descend in showers, we must admit that the snow of a whole mountain may be covered in the course of a few days by a red vegetation, strongly contrasted with its own white hue. We must admire the activity of that Power which is so universally diffused, filling the bosom of even the winter snow with life and vegetation.

"It is generally known that the colours of plants become duller and paler in proportion as they are withdrawn from the influence of light, and that the fields of the north boast of few bright hues, while the tropics abound with all the splendour of colour. Yet the north in its alps approaches the source of light, and by means of its snows condenses the power of its beams, so as to produce the same effect as the warmest summer.

"Nature, in all her forms, ever different, ever changing, is in one thing only the same, ever new and equally wonderful."

EDITOR.



Brave Robin.

Words by GREVILLE I. CHESTER.

Music by CHARLES TINDAL GATTY.

A Rob - in sat perch'd on a fro - zen spray,

The first system of the musical score for 'Brave Robin.' It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 8/8. The lyrics 'A Rob - in sat perch'd on a fro - zen spray,' are written below the vocal line.

Cold was the wind, and dark was the day, When colder it blew he 'gan

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Cold was the wind, and dark was the day, When colder it blew he 'gan' are written below the vocal line.

mer - ri - ly sing, With his qui - ver - ing throat, and his

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'mer - ri - ly sing, With his qui - ver - ing throat, and his' are written below the vocal line.



2

And under the eaves of a cot hard by
 Sat his little mate with her quick black eye,
 Who turned her little brown head to hear
 What her redbreast Robin should sing in her ear.

3

He merrily sang, and for her alone,
 True love thrill'd in his every tone;
 He sang till the icicles dropt from the tree;
 Sure ne'er so warm-hearted a bird as he.

4

O Robin! brave Robin! tell why do you sing,
 With quivering throat and shivering wing?
 "I love my little brown mate so well,
 My voice like my heart for her must swell.

5

For songs of true love I cannot choose,
 The soft warm days when the cushat coos,
 But to joy my love's heart I sing her love's lay,
 When the days are cold, from my frozen spray."



AMONG THE LAMBS.



WHEN I had stayed about three months on the scene of my last adventure, the lambing season began ; so I was sent down with Jem and another man to take charge of two thousand ewes, at a place on the coast where there was plenty of grass and water.

We were to have thirty shillings a week and our rations, or "tucker," and a shilling a head for all the lambs over eighty per cent. that grew up to a certain age ; so that supposing there were ninety lambs for every hundred ewes, we should get, each of us, ten pounds extra for the whole flock. However we got more than that, as you will see.

The reason of paying men in this way is that it becomes their interest to look after the lambs ; otherwise, many shepherds would be careless, and lose a great many.

There is sometimes great temptation to be careless, too. For example : supposing that I come home tired and dirty in the evening (for lambing is hard work), I get a good wash, have my supper, and then lie down luxuriously on my blankets ; suddenly, there floats out of the bush a plaintive bleating, which I know too well—two or three lambs have been left behind in the long grass.

Now, if I am a conscientious shepherd, I shall get up and go out, tired as I am, and try to fetch those lambs in ; and if they are like the ordinary run of Australian lambs, this means perhaps an hour's hard work.

I have first to find them ; this may take a quarter of an hour. Suppose there are two of them ; now, if I can steal cautiously up and grab them, one in each hand, well and good ; but the chances are that I fail in this design, and they are off like deer, most likely running different ways. I know very little about English lambs, but I know that it is impossible to drive an Australian lamb ; it would be far easier to drive an elephant, and as to catching one, I have never seen the man who could do it, when the little creature meant running.

I must, therefore, either tire these two out, until by chance they run into a corner, or I must take out about a dozen ewes from the yard, and drive all back together.

I have seen strong men reduced to a ridiculous state of exhaustion and vexation by the vagaries of half a dozen lambs, which set them at defiance. I used to have a beautiful Scotch collie once, which was very

clever at catching lambs, and would carry them any distance without hurting them, but she was poisoned, poor thing !

Now, I say that there would be a great temptation to leave those two lambs to their fate ; but, supposing this to happen every night, which it usually does, there would be a clear loss of at least two shillings.

I have said that lambing is hard work, and will now explain what I mean when I say so. There were about seventy or eighty new lambs every day, and about the same number every night. The first thing in the morning we had to collect all the lambs of the night before, find their mothers among the rest in the yard, and put them all in a place by themselves. Very often we found lambs whose mothers had deserted them. We had to provide mothers for these by penning a ewe and a lamb up together between three hurdles until they took to one another.

In doing all this there is of course no end of running about and pulling and hauling in the yard. As soon as this work was finished, two of us went out with the main flock, while the third remained to look after the young lambs which could not follow. The grass was long, and in great tangled bunches, and as soon as the sun began to get hot, the lambs of two or three days old would creep under these tufts and go to sleep there, and there was great danger of missing some of them on the way home. Every new and then we came to a new lamb, with the mother standing over it, usually. Sometimes, if the mother seemed inclined to leave her lamb, we would tie her up to a tree. If the mother had left it altogether, we had to find a mother for it ; so this was much harder work than mere shepherding, because we had to be always on the look out or doing something. The evening's work was the worst, though. We had first to find and wake up all the lambs which had been asleep in the long grass. We used to take green boughs and beat the ground carefully. Then some of the lambs were quite strong, and would keep galloping and racing about, and ewes would lose their lambs and run back into the bush after them. Besides all that, we had to collect all the new lambs and bring them back. As we found them during the day we used to mark each of them with ruddle, so that we might know them again. It was very hard work getting them home as we generally had to carry them, and the stupid old mothers would keep running back into the bush to look for them. Sometimes we had to trail them along the ground before their mothers to make them follow.

I often carried as many as eight or nine lambs at one time, and had to make about as many journeys backwards and forwards. Our work was seldom over before nine or ten o'clock in the evening—long after dark. This kind of work lasted about three weeks, and by great care and hard work we managed to make our lambs come up to ninety-seven per cent., so that we had a pretty good "cheque" to receive.

One of my companions now went away, as three men were not required any longer. Jem remained with me, as it was not considered safe for one man to remain, on account of the blacks, who were very numerous. It is not always that the employers, or "squatters," as they are called, think it worth while to pay an extra man, and I had once or twice been alone in more dangerous places than this.

The black fellows on the coast are generally stronger and more dangerous than those in the interior, because they get better food, and plenty of it. They get plenty of fish, rock-oysters, and sea-birds, while some tribes have to live chiefly on snakes, with an occasional emu, opossum, or kangaroo. When these fail, they have to eat ants and grubs.

The country on which we fed our sheep consisted of downs sloping towards the sea, with plenty of grass growing on them. These downs were frequently intersected by beautiful tropical creeks with sweet running water, and their banks lined with palms and tree-ferns. I was very near losing my life in one of these creeks one day. I had gone down to gather wild bananas, which grew in great plenty, while Jem stood on the bank above with his carbine.

I was stooping to pick a fine bunch of fruit, when something whizzed by my ear so close that it stirred my hair, which was rather long at the time. At the same moment I heard a shot above, and a shout from Jem. I ran up, and Jem told me that he had just caught sight of a black fellow and had fired at him, but he plunged down among the bushes. On examining them we found traces of blood; he had evidently been hit.

There was no more fear of Mr. Black for the present, so I went back to the place where the bananas were, and on searching found, not many feet from where I had stood, one of the black fellow's heavy mallets or clubs. It was beautifully carved; the handle was thin, and the head was the shape of a very large pear, scalloped all over so as to form projections like teeth. It was a murderous weapon. "Three inches to the right," I thought to myself, "and there would have been an end

of me." I suppose the 'rascal had been flurried at the sight of Jem, for a black fellow seldom misses his aim at thirty or forty yards.



You may be sure that we kept a pretty good look out on that day, and in the evening by the fire we naturally had some "black-fellow yarns" together. Jem began :

JEM'S TALE.

"I and my mate were shepherding at a station on the Lower Burdekin, where the blacks are very 'notorious' (colonial word for troublesome; I have often heard an old hand say to his sheep, 'Oh,

you notorious wretches'). We were in a double hut, and had a flock of sheep apiece. There was a great deal of scrub on the run, and the darkies used to lurk in this, and sometimes they used to send out a gin, who would walk up quite quiet and ask for a sheep—'Sheepie, sheepie.' Well, whenever they came to me I used to give them one, for I knew that if I didn't they would kill me the first chance they got; and old Tomkins, the squatter I was with, had told me that I had better. Now my mate was a 'contaminated' sort of chap (contaminated is used to mean stubborn or wrong-headed), and he declared that he would never give in to a set of niggers. So one day an old gin came out to him, saying, 'Sheepie, sheepie,' and he shot her with his revolver. There was no great harm in that, for the gins are far worse than all the rest of the niggers put together, and cause most of the murders. I was very angry with him for being such a fool, and we had some words in the hut, and in the morning he went off in the sulks. His last words were, 'Now then, Mr. Skulker, we'll see whether a white man is not better than a lot of niggers.'

"I went out in the opposite direction, and everything went on right till the evening; as I was coming home with the monkeys (sheep), I fancied that my flock was getting larger, and presently, sure enough, there were sheep pouring in from all sides. I guessed what had happened directly, but I got home with the sheep as fast I could, scarcely hoping to see my mate any more. He did not come back, and I knew that I could do nothing that night.

"Early the next morning I left the sheep in the yard, and went into the head-station. All the men volunteered to turn out at once, of course; and at first old Tomkins wouldn't let them, but at last they struck work and went out in spite of him.

"When we got out we soon got on to his tracks of the day before, and followed them till we came to the crossing of a sandy creek, and here we found him, with a spear stuck through his neck on to the ground; his loaded revolver was lying by his side—they had not given him time to fire it.

"Well, I knew a broken-down swell, a college chap, like yourself, down in the township, and I got him to take my account of this and put it into the right words for the newspaper; but the publisher said he couldn't put it in—it would prevent men from going up the country, and make him unpopular with the squatters. That is how my mate was killed by the blacks."

With talk of this description the evening passed, until Jem said it was "a fair thing," meaning that it was about time to go to sleep.

It was rather a strange thing that, though Jem and I got on so well together generally, we always used to have differences of opinion, ending in what Jem called a "civil growl," when we were out together with the sheep. Somehow we could not help it; sometimes we wanted to go different ways—each blamed the other for bad management. In short, we "couldn't exactly hit it together," so we determined at last, like the two Roman consuls of old, to take command on alternate days.

But we soon found that this did not prevent us from being together; for, usually, where one of us happened to be the other used to stroll, only now there was no quarrelling; the responsibility was no longer divided—one of us each day was a gentleman at large. If we had only learnt that lesson which is so hard for us all to learn, how to give way to others in matters of little import, we might just as well have gone on without any change; as it was, we had done exactly the same thing by a sort of compromise. Every day, as the lambs grew older, they grew more mischievous and troublesome, and I am afraid I very often used to lose my temper sadly; for, supposing that I wished to drive the sheep in one direction, two or three hundred lambs would be sure to go in the other; or they would go racing round at ten miles an hour, galloping and kicking up their heels, and then off they would dart into the bush; and if once they lost sight of the flock, it was impossible to drive them back—the only thing was to drive the flock to them. I have sometimes been more than half an hour trying to get twenty or thirty lambs in at the yard-gate, they all the time jumping and capering just as if it were the greatest fun in the world. Oh, with what fervent disgust and annoyance have I watched the playful movements of those innocent animals, and have finally gone to my long delayed supper with a positive feeling of hatred towards them! It seems funny now that I should have ever allowed myself to be annoyed or disturbed by such trifles. Trifles call I them? The most severe though transient troubles I have ever experienced have been in connection with lambs. Meantime, the limit of this paper is almost reached; but hereafter I doubt not you will hear from me again on this and other subjects.

GEORGE CARRINGTON.

GABRIEL AND HIS ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCESS HILDA SAPHRONARA DELECTANA.



AM now going to let my young reader have a peep at the beautiful Princess Hilda Saphronara Delectana, daughter of the great Magician who ruled over Sugar Loaf Town, and the admired of all admirers. Let us pass through these shining silver gates, straight up from the yellow sands of the shore, into the garden, where the palace of the Princess stands. It is built of ivory; and high above the rest of the building rises one tall, white, polished tower, standing cool and glistening against the green foliage of the trees and the deep blue of the sky. The gardens slope down in terraces to a large sheet of water, where numbers of snow-white swans swim gracefully amongst the water-lilies. Day and night, with melancholy drooping heads, these swans keep up a never-ending song, dreamy, soft, and melodious, like the murmuring of a distant waterfall. They are singing out their wrongs and the sorrows of their hearts. I must tell you what you would never guess: these swans are the disappointed lovers of the Princess, transformed into this unnatural shape by the enchanted waters of the lake. Poor gentlemen! they had come from all parts of the world, attracted by the fame of the Princess's beauty: each had entered the palace full of hope that he should find favour in her eyes, but she was hard to please; and, indeed, how could she give her heart away at a moment's notice?

Maddened by the magical glance of her flashing eyes, the disappointed suitor would rush wildly from her presence, and casting himself into the broad, smooth lake, attempt to drown himself and his sorrows together. But that was not so easy as he imagined; the waters refused to swallow him up, and the lilies stretched out their long arms, and wrapping them round his body, made it impossible to sink.

"How dare you stop me from drowning?" he would cry in his rage; "I seek oblivion in these waters."

"Oblivion?" sighed the lilies, taking no notice of his passion, "there

is no such thing as oblivion : that is a dream of the mad and the foolish."

After a while the unhappy man began to feel a change passing over him ; his toes were growing tight together, his arms began to feel bunchy, his neck stretched out like an elastic band, his chin grew in and his nose grew out, till he squinted horribly to find the end of it. Really, it was very strange ! he paddled his feet, and found they were webbed ; he stretched out his arms, and, lo ! they were wings ; he arched and curved his elastic neck, and, behold ! he was a swan !

There was no help for it now, and the new swan began to feel a little bit proud of his beauty, which he saw reflected in the water, and to make the best of his situation. Slowly swimming down the lake he joined his companions in misfortune, and helped to swell the mournful chorus that rose up without ceasing.

The transformation of her lovers caused the mischief-loving Princess the greatest amusement ; and as her father had no desire to see her married, she was allowed to say and do to her suitors exactly what she pleased. The Magician's love for his daughter was the one bright spot in his heart ; he delighted in her youth, her beauty, and her merriment, and though he taught her some of his magical arts, he did not wholly pervert her mind to evil.

The Princess came out one sunny morning to take her usual walk, followed at a respectful distance by her attendants. She was dressed in white, and the long silver veil, which was fastened in her hair, shone like a stream of running water. A basket was on her arm, for the Princess was going to feed the swans. They hailed her coming with a shriek of joy, and flying to the bank settled themselves in a long row, from one end of the lake to the other.

"How do you do, dears ?" cried the Princess, affably ; "I wish you all a very good-morning."

"Schrake ! schrake !" replied the swans, which stands for any polite salutation that you please.

It was a funny sight to see them sitting there with folded wings and outstretched necks ; such a long, long row of black beady eyes and yellow beaks, craning anxiously forward to catch a glance from the Princess. With perfect impartiality she gave a nod and a smile to each as she tossed a small cake into his open mouth. All were treated alike, and none could be jealous of the others. At one time the

Princess used to make a few kindly remarks, such as, "Well, Jem, you look uncommonly fresh and spruce this morning. Tippoo, I am afraid you have caught cold; I have heard you sneeze twice. Why, Alonso, you turn out your toes as if you had stood in the stocks all your life."

But she soon found that it would not do; like some children I have met, the swans would rather be scolded and ridiculed, than be passed by unnoticed. The quarrels were frightful after the Princess was gone; the swans that had not been spoken to nearly tore in pieces the swans that had been spoken to; so the Princess wisely gave up speaking to any, and contented them all with a nod and a smile. Her arm used to feel quite tired before she threw the last cake down the throat of the last swan; but she persevered to the end, as she was not sufficiently hardhearted to disappoint them so cruelly.

"Good-bye, dears; farewell, my pretty pets," she said, waving and kissing her hand to her flock of admirers.

The swans gazed after the Princess for several minutes; then throwing up their heads, and stretching out their wings with a gesture of despair, they shrieked out that old and mournful ditty, "Not for Joseph, not for Joe!" then taking a somersault backwards, fell with a heavy splash into the water.

"What shall we do now?" said the Princess; "I am tired of all my amusements."

"It is a long time since your highness has played at croquet," said one of the attendants.

"Oh, nonsense," cried the Princess impatiently; "I tried that one day last summer; you cannot expect me to play at the same game two years running. I know—we will make cheese-cakes; I used to make beauties when I was a child."

The Princess tossed her empty basket in the air, which was cleverly caught by one of the maidens, as a dog would catch a lump of sugar. Then they all stood in a circle, the Princess in the centre. It was a pretty sight to watch them spinning cheese-cakes on the lawn. The Princess held out her dress on each side, spun round for several seconds on her toes, and then sank gracefully to the ground, whilst her dress, swelled out by the air, rose in a white cloud above her head. The maidens followed her example, and she clapped her hands with delight. She seemed as if she never would get tired. The Princess

spun round, and the maidens spun round, till one after the other dropped exhausted on the ground, and the Princess was left alone spinning in the midst.

"Dear me, how soon they get tired!" said the Princess; but after a while she stopped too, and thought that it *was* a little hot and fatiguing.

As the maidens showed no signs of rising, the Princess clapped her hands, and twenty more young girls came running out.

"They are all so lazy," she said, pointing to the cheese-cakes, who were lying limp and flabby on the grass. "I want to have some more fun; let us see who can hop the longest."

Away they went all along the terraces, first on one leg, then on the other; the Princess taking the lead. It was impossible to catch her. At last, turning round to look behind, the Princess saw the hapless maidens lying on the ground like nine-pins, one after the other.

"They are a poor race," said the Princess, contemptuously; "I shall have to buy them some new legs. Happy thought! when they hang up their stockings on New-year's Eve, I'll put a new leg into each."

Finding herself almost breathless with her exertions, the Princess sauntered down to the silver gates of the palace garden: the yellow sands stretched beyond, and the long, low waves came hurrying up with soft laughter in the distance. A group of girls went chattering by, driving a string of patient and much-belaboured donkeys, laden with the cockles they had been picking up on the shore. The Princess rested her round white chin on the bar of the silver-gate, and thought in the following fashion:

"Those girls look merry and happy with their bare feet and blown-about hair. It must be very nice to paddle about on the shore, and poke out all kinds of queer monsters. I'm tired of being a Princess, I'm tired of my fine clothes, I'm tired of all my amusements, I'm tired of everything—but cockling, which I have never tried; but I'll begin to-morrow. I will buy some common, coarse clothes, and a good brown basket; and when the sun is up I will run off to the shore and back again, before those lazy ladies of mine have unbuttoned their sleepy eyelids. What is the use of being a Princess if I cannot be a fishing-girl when I like?"

Full of this strange new fancy, the Princess returned to the palace,

laughing in her sleeve; and after making a hearty luncheon off stewed nightingale tongues, cream cheese, and ices, she ordered her carriage to the door, and started for an afternoon's shopping.

CHAPTER V.

THE RESCUE.

GABRIEL had no desire to return to the busy world; but he lived for many months, as the old Hermit had done, in his mountain solitude, cultivating his garden, lighting his watch-fire at night, and poring over the musty old books he had collected in his travels. It was his custom to rise early in the morning, and take his books to a mossy ledge of rock, where he could watch the sun rise and the great ocean cast off his nightcap of mist, and throw from his wavy locks his curl-papers of foam upon the sand.

One day he noticed the graceful figure of a young girl standing upon the shore; she remained about an hour, and appeared to be collecting shells, which she carried in a basket. Gabriel watched her with interest, and felt quite lonely when she walked away and disappeared round a jutting piece of rock. The next morning Gabriel looked anxiously for his new friend, and he had not to look long, for she soon came tripping gaily round the corner. Gabriel did not read much that morning, nor many other mornings either; he could do nothing but watch this young girl, who came as regularly as the rising sun, and took a wonderful hold on his fancy. Now one morning, when the tide was low, the young girl seemed to find some great treasures on a piece of rock that rose some height above the level of the shore, not far from the water's edge. Gabriel watched her, bending on her knees, poking her fingers into the holes of the rock, very intent upon her work, and never noticing that the water was creeping, creeping round the rock on which she knelt. The tide was running in swift and strong, but she did not seem to think about it. Gabriel became very uneasy when he saw the water surrounding her: he rose and shouted, but the wind tossed his voice scornfully back; and the waves were roaring so close to her ears that she could not possibly catch a sound beyond the deep bass notes of old Neptune's song. Gabriel did not hesitate a moment longer, but scrambled down the mountain as fast as the steepness of the path would allow. At last he reached the

shore, and it was not till then that the girl became aware of her danger: she rose to her feet, and when she saw that the tide had flowed in and closed around her, she threw up her arms with a gesture of despair, then sank down and covered her face with her hands.

Gabriel ran to the water's edge, and first wading, then swimming, reached the rock, and taking the fainting girl in his arms, swam back to the shore, and laying her gently on the ground had soon the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. After feeling assured of her perfect safety, the girl thanked Gabriel with tears of gratitude for saving her life; and before they parted she begged to know his name, that she might ever keep him in grateful remembrance.

"My name is Gabriel," he replied, "and I live on the mountain."

It was only fair that he should ask for her name in return; but Gabriel was shy, and quite unaccustomed to ladies' society, and before he had made up his mind to speak, his beautiful companion said farewell, and whisked off, leaving him standing like one in a dream.

Gabriel could do nothing but think of this girl, who was certainly the most lovely creature he had ever seen. He could not forget how sweetly she had smiled at him through her tears, and he loved her on the spot.

I daresay my reader has guessed already that the girl whom Gabriel saved from drowning was no other than the Princess, who had successfully carried out her strange whim of disguising herself as a fishing-girl, and taking a daily walk at sunrise, unknown to her ladies and attendants, who would have been greatly shocked at their young mistress's undignified behaviour. Gabriel looked anxiously for her return the following day, nor was he disappointed. The Princess made her appearance every day as regularly as clockwork; and the society of Gabriel grew so pleasant to her, that she learned to look upon that hour spent in his company as the happiest in the day.

One thing annoyed Gabriel: he could not learn the name and history of his fair companion, and her reserve was all the more trying because he was so open himself, and ready to answer all her questions. As he spoke of his early life with the Hermit, his subsequent adventures and sad return, she listened with eager interest; but when he dwelt upon the great power of the Magician, and his influence for evil upon the unhappy inhabitants of the town, little knowing that he was addressing that Magician's daughter, the face of the Princess became

grave and troubled. She had not learned till now that there was wickedness in magic, and she had delighted in learning such arts as her father would teach her.

"Is there no safety but on the mountain?" she asked, anxiously.

"None," replied Gabriel.

"But is it not dull, lonely, dreary up there?" and the Princess looked up with a sigh, as if she were sure that she should find it so.

"Dull!" cried Gabriel, and a blaze of light lit up his face that filled the Princess with awe, and made her wonder what strange companionship he found above.

Slowly and gradually, she knew not how, her present life grew loathsome to her, and she longed to fly up the mountain too, and taste the pure pleasures that had brought that light into Gabriel's face; but how could she tell him that she was the daughter of the wicked Magician whom he dreaded so much!

At length, after a few weeks of pleasant intercourse, Gabriel told the Princess plainly that he dare not come down from his mountain any more; he had done so at peril to himself, to save her from drowning, and afterwards to show her the way to a higher and more perfect life: then he went on to speak of his true love for her, and entreated her to become his wife, and fly with him up the mountain.

"Gabriel," cried the Princess, with passionate bitterness, "you do not know to whom you are speaking. I am the Princess Hilda, the Magician's daughter."

Gabriel started, crying, "The Magician's daughter? alas! alas! what hope is there that she will leave her beautiful palace and luxurious life to share my narrow cave?"

Overcome with grief, Gabriel turned away and hid his face; a soft voice whispered in his ear, "Gabriel, dear Gabriel, I love you better than anything else in the world."

With a joyful cry, Gabriel grasped her hand, and they two fled up the mountain, as a righteous man once fled from the burning cities of the plain.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAGICIAN.

FEAR, sorrow, and confusion reigned in the palace when they found that the Princess was missing; and the wrath of the Magician was

terrible to behold. The garden, the park, and the lake were searched, but all in vain. The town crier was sent round the town. "Oh yes! Oh yes!" cried the veteran, as he dangled his bell on the iron hook that served him for a hand. "Lost, a young and beautiful princess; disappeared last night at an early hour in the morning," &c., &c., &c. "Whoever will bring back the same shall be rewarded beyond his deserts."

People stopped and stared, but no one produced the Princess, which, knowing what we do, was not surprising. When the Magician found that he could not recover his daughter, and that his magic failed him in this emergency, his heart was filled with grief and rage, and he called in a voice of thunder for the Princess's attendants. Young and old they stood before him, waiting for their sentence; from the mistress of the robes to the sweeper of the back-stairs they all alike trembled in their shoes. A terrible silence followed the hasty scuffle of the women's feet, and during that brief five minutes the jet-black hair of the mistress of the robes turned white with anguish.

Then up rose the Magician in his wrath, and cried, "Cast them, one and all, into the enchanted lake!"

Vain were the struggles and the screams of these miserable women; but, strange to relate, as they sank into the water, out of the whirlpool and the bubbles there rose up a flock of ducks, black, grey, and white, according to their varying ages.

"Quack! quack! quack!" cried the attendants, as they stared at one another with breathless astonishment.

"Ah, mademoiselle," quacked a pert little maid of sixteen to the ex-French governess, "we see you for the first time in your true colours; allow me to admire the soft, silvery grey of your hair."

Yes, indeed, where were the rouge, the paint, and the dye, and the various devices for concealing the ravages of time? The white and grey ducks diligently dived under the water, and pretended to be seeking for food.

"Madam," cried the ex-French governess, with asperity, as she turned upon a snow-white duck, the late dancing-mistress, "I always felt assured that your girlish airs were affectation, and now I am convinced. Pardon me, if I ever failed to respect your superior years."

"Sisters," quacked the stately mistress of the robes, "cease this foolish bickering. Why should we add to our troubles? let us live in peace."

"Pax, pax," repeated the ducks, as they swam after their leader to meet the swans, who were advancing to greet them.

The Magician, having thus given vent to his anger, cast himself upon the ground and bemoaned his daughter for three days and nights: he would take no food, and refused wholly to be comforted. When the fourth day dawned, out of the dim twilight the form of a venerable old man, attired as a hermit, seemed slowly to grow before the hot, weary eyes of the Magician. The figure raised its hand as if to command attention, and when the lips moved a soft voice fell upon his ear, like an echo from a distant land.

"My son," said the old man, "I am sent in compassion to your love, your tears, and your sorrow. Your daughter's eyes have been opened, and she has fled up the mountain to escape from your evil influence. If you would find balm for your broken heart, go seek her there."

The vision slowly faded, and straightway the Magician rose, and in the strength of his love went weeping up the mountainside, crying "My daughter, my daughter!"

Oh, wonderful power of love! that led him up to that pure atmosphere, where the chains that bound him to the evil art of magic fell off and left him free; where the veil dropped from before his eyes, and he saw as he had never seen before. Shorn of his strength like a mighty man of old, the Magician stood on the summit of the mountain, a humbled and repentant man. Soft, tender joy filled the father's heart as his daughter tenderly embraced him, and gladly welcomed him to the home where she had found so much happiness.

"You love me, father," whispered Hilda; "you must love Gabriel, my husband, too."

The father looked at Gabriel searchingly, and his eye rested on the glittering diamond that was suspended from his neck. Stretching out his hands to heaven, he cried, "Justice must be done." Turning to Gabriel, he asked him if he knew who his parents were. Gabriel was obliged to confess his ignorance, and related the story of his mysterious appearance at the Hermit's cave.

"It is fortunate that I have met you," said the Magician, "for I alone can tell you the secret of your parentage. When I usurped the throne of the good King Adrian, I stole away his infant son, and had him carried up the mountain and placed at the Hermit's door. I would have killed the child but for the talisman which his father

had fastened round his neck, and which I had no power to touch. I see you wear it still; guard it for ever; it was your father's dying gift."

Gabriel stood silent with surprise; was he really the son of that great and good King Adrian? It was almost too good to be true. Ah, it is joy indeed for a child to learn that his parents have been loved and honoured in their generation!

"Waste not the precious time," cried the Magician; "return to your people, who have now no ruler; as for me, I intend to retire into the Hermit's cave, and seek to undo the evil I have done."

Gabriel sighed. "Must I indeed leave my mountain life? I would rather spend my days here than reign over a nation."

"Gabriel," replied the Magician, solemnly, "you must not shrink from the duties that are awaiting you, and which henceforth lie in the city below. Magic is crushed: win your people's hearts to the truth, and emulate the virtues of your father."

Gabriel hesitated no more; he returned to the city, and the people hailed him joyfully as the long-lost heir of the king they had adored.

Great was the joy of Hilda, not princess now, but queen, when, on entering the silver gates of the palace, by her husband's side, she saw two long rows of familiar faces waiting to receive her. On one side stood the lovers, and on the other the ladies and attendants, restored to their proper form, whilst the path was strewn with the feathers and soft white down of the ducks and swans, now delivered from bondage for ever. The waters of the lake were no longer enchanted, the reign of magic was over; and amidst the blessings of a grateful and happy people let us bid good-bye to Gabriel and his bride. G. P.

BURIED CITIES DISINTERRED BY ADVENTUROUS TOURISTS.



WHO stays at home in the summer? Certainly John Bull does not; and already before June was over this year the English migration to the Continent began. Then like a thunderclap came the proclamation of war, and the stream turned, and the peace-loving visitors rushed back in horror and indignation to their native shore. "It is an ill wind," says the proverb, "that blows nobody any good;" and if the continental innkeepers are ruined there are great rejoicings among their English brethren, keeping

lodgings and hotels in places that might as well have been buried for all the notice they have attracted of late years. How they advertise ! Let us read some of their puffs. BANGOR. Midsummer holiday tour ! The celebrated melody *Slap Bang* ordered to be played nightly during the season. TENBY. Visited often by the Siamese twins, who hold their levée twice a day. KINGSTON. Unrivalled for economy ; the celebrated manufactories for making stones into cheeses. For DUNSE not much can be said ; it is unsettled ; they report that no town would *unseat* its representatives more quickly on a dissolution of Parliament. Now see VENTNOR. What a recommendation ! this town was the first to *invent* Normandy pippins. ELY boasts to have sheltered successively the seven kings of Rome. What ! even in the holidays must we be plagued with ancient history ? STOURPORT might be a lost luggage office ; we hear it would be the place to apply to if we lost our *portmanteaus*. Here is a novelty ! Let us start at once for ASHBY, and take tickets for crossing the *Wash* by an air-balloon. Why advertise ALSTON ? it is sending coals to Newcastle ; the beauty of the place is its best advertisement. RIPON is not quite spoilt as yet ; we think it must be the only town in England where the fairies still *trip on* the lawns by moonlight. If you go to AVR you may soon make your fortune ; they pay rat-catchers a guinea a head for every rat killed. In WORTHING poultry is plentiful, for they are obliged to pay ninety pounds' worth in geese of annual tribute to the Queen. PERTH has only just come into fashion since the Pied Piper throttled a brood of rattlesnakes there. In FORFAR candles are so scarce that the visitors play quoits for farthing rushlights. SROKE has some odd customs ; it is the fashion there for ladies to keep tame snakes. If you are touring in Tweeddale, and happen to visit MANOR, near Peebles, mind you go early ; it is illegal for child, woman or man to enter after nightfall. Names are scarce in DORKING ; every first-born child is named after Roland or King Arthur. Pity the girls ! STRATFORD is not quite desirable ; since the days of King John the people eat roast rat for dinner. EPSOM is noted for hurry, for the inhabitants fall asleep somewhere between nine and ten every morning, and then race after the lost hour all through the day. From PORTRUSH every hasty report rushes like wildfire over the kingdom ; it is the city of the mischief-makers. Well ! we have finished our list ; if English cities can offer no better attractions, they may as well be buried again, and we will hope that the Continent may soon be open.

EADGYTH.

OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES.

VIII.—THE MAGIC JAR.



NCE upon a time there was a young fellow whom fortune had blessed with a good mother, a clever head, and a strong body. But beyond this she had not much favoured him; and though able and willing to work, he had often little to do, and less to eat. But his mother had taught him to be contented with his own lot, and to feel for others. Moreover, from her he inherited a great love for flowers.

Now one day, when his pockets were emptiest, a fair was held in the neighbouring town, and he must needs go as well as others, though he had nothing to spend. But he stuck a dandelion in his buttonhole, for which he had nothing to pay, and strode along as merrily as the most.

Towards evening some of the merrymakers became riotous; and a party of them fell upon an old Jew who was keeping a stall of glass and china, and would smash his stock. Now as the Jew stood before his booth beseeching them to spare his property, up came the strong young man, with the dandelion still unwithered in his buttonhole, and he took the old Jew's part and defended him. For from childhood his mother had taught him to feel for others.

So those who would have ill-treated the old Jew now moved off, and the young man stayed with him till he had packed up his wares. Then the Jew turned towards him and said, "My son, he who delivers the oppressed, and has respect unto the aged, has need of no reward, for the blessing of Him that blesseth is about him. Nevertheless, that I may not seem ungrateful, choose, I pray thee, one of these china jars; and take it to thee for thine own. If thou choosest well, it may be of more use to thee than thou wouldest suppose."

Then the young man examined the jars, which were highly ornamented with many figures and devices; but he chose one that was comparatively plain; only it had a bunch of flowers painted on the front, round which was a pretty device in spots or circles of gold.

Then said the Jew, "My son, why have you chosen this jar, when there are others so much finer?" and the young man said, "Because

the flowers please me, and I have a love for flowers." Then said the Jew, "Happy is he whose tastes are simple! Moreover, herein is a rare wisdom, and thou hast gained that which is the most valuable of my possessions. This jar has properties which I will further explain to thee. It was given to me by a wise woman, subject to this condition, that I must expose it for sale from sunrise to sunset at the yearly fair. When I understood this I took counsel with myself how I should preserve it; and I bought other china jars of more apparent value, and I marked them all with the same price. For I said within myself, 'There is no man who does not desire to get as much as he can for his money, therefore from its contrast with these others, my jar is safe.' And it was even so; for truly, many have desired to buy the jar because of the delicate beauty of the flowers, if I would have sold it for less than others which seemed so much more valuable. Many times it has been almost gone, but when I have shown the others at the same price, my customers have reviled me, saying, 'Dog of a Jew, dost thou ask as much for this as for these others which are manifestly worth double?' and they have either departed, cursing me, and taking nothing; or they have bought one of the more elaborate jars at the same price. For verily in most men the spirit of covetousness is stronger than the love of beauty, and they rather desire to get much for their money, than to obtain that which is suitable and convenient. But in thee, oh, young man! I have beheld a rare wisdom. To choose that which is good in thine eyes, and suitable to thy needs, rather than that which satisfieth the lust of over-reaching; and lo! what I have so long kept from thousands, has become thine!"

Then the young man wished to restore to the Jew the jar he valued so highly, and to choose another; but the Jew refused, saying, "A gift cannot be recalled. Moreover I will now explain to thee its uses. Within the jar lies a toad, whose spit is poison. But it will never spit at its master. Every evening thou must feed it with bread and milk, when it will fall asleep; and at sunrise in the morning it will awake and breathe heavily against the side of the jar, which will thus become warm. As it warms the flowers will blossom out, and become real, and full of perfume, and thou wilt be able to pluck them without diminishing their number. Moreover, these twelve round spots of gold will drop off and become twelve gold pieces, which will be thine. And thus it will be every day. Only thou must thyself

rise with the sun, and gather the flowers and the gold with thine own hands. Furthermore, when the jar cools, the flowers and gilding will be as before. Fare thee well."

And even as he spoke the Jew lifted the huge crate of china on to his back, and disappeared among the crowd.

All came about as the Jew had promised. As he had twelve gold pieces a-day, the young man now wanted for nothing, besides which he had fresh flowers on his table all the year round.

Now it is well said, "Thy business is my business, and the business of all beside;" for every man's affairs are his neighbours' property. Thus it came about that all those who lived near the young man were perplexed that he had such beautiful flowers in all seasons; and esteemed it as an injury to themselves that he should have them and give no explanation as to whence they came. And it came to the ears of the king, and he also was disturbed. For he was curious, and fond of prying into small matters; a taste which ill becomes those of high position. But the king had no child to succeed him; and he was always suspecting those about him of plotting to obtain the crown, and thus he came to be for ever prying into the affairs of his subjects.

Now when he heard of the young man who had flowers on his table all the year round, he desired one of his officers to go and question him as to how he obtained them. But the young man contrived to evade his question, and the matter was at rest for a while.

Then the king sent another messenger, with orders to press the young man more closely; and because the young man disdained to tell a lie, he said, "I get the flowers from yon china jar."

Then the messenger returned, and said to the king, "The young man says that he gets the flowers from a certain china jar which stands in his room." Then said the king, "Bring the contents of the jar hither to me." And the messenger returned and brought the toad.

But when the king laid hold upon the toad, it spat in his face; and he was poisoned and died. Then the toad sat upon the king's mouth, and would not be enticed away. And every one feared to touch it because it spat poison. And they called the wise men of the council; and they performed certain rites to charm away the toad, and yet it would not come.

But after three days, the master of the toad came to the palace, and

without saying who he was, he desired to be permitted to try and get the toad from the corpse of the king. And when he was taken into the king's chamber, he stood and beckoned to the toad, saying, "The person of the king, and the bodies of the dead are sacred, wherefore come away." And the toad crawled from the king's face and came to him, and did not spit at him; and he put it back into the jar.



Then said the wise men, "There is no one so fit to succeed to the kingdom as this man is; both for wisdom of speech and for the power of command." And what they said pleased the people; and the young man was made king. And in due time he married an amiable and talented princess, and had children. And he ruled the kingdom well and wisely, and was beloved till his death.

Now when, after the lapse of many years, he died, there was great grief among the people, and his body was laid out in his own room, and the people were permitted to come and look upon his face for the last time. And among the crowd there appeared an aged Jew. And he did not weep as did the others; but he came and stood by the bier, and gazed upon the face of the dead king in silence. And after a while he exclaimed, and said—

“Oh, wonderful spectacle! A man, and not covetous. A ruler, and not oppressive. Contented in poverty, and moderate in wealth. Elect of the people, and beloved to the end!” And when he had said this, he again became silent, and stood as one astonished.

And no one knew when he came in, nor perceived when he departed.

But when they came to search for the china jar, it was gone, and could never afterwards be found.

THANKFULNESS.



F, when some quiet day has closed,
The murmuring wish should rise
That brighter flowers had crowned my path,
And brighter gleams my skies;—

Let me but think these peaceful hours
From pain and tears were free;
And oh, while some must bear so much,
How God is sparing me!

M. M. M

BOOK NOTICES.



SEA-SIDE Walks of a Naturalist with his Children,” by Rev. W. Houghton, M.A., F.L.S. (London, Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.)

This companion volume to the “Country Walks of a Naturalist,” which we recommended so warmly in January last, is to the full as interesting and attractive as its predecessor, if not more so. There are eight beautifully-coloured illustrations, of which two are landscapes with figures; the second of which, “The

Fishing Weir,” opposite page 42, is charming. Some of the others are sea-birds, copied (reduced) from Mr. Gould’s fine books; and there are two of brilliant monsters of the deep, besides numberless illustrative woodcuts, and many lovely vignettes. The “reading” is, as before, full of instruction, and gives information from the beginning upwards, so that young people need not be afraid of being expected to know the rudiments beforehand, when opening these pages. How Messrs. Groombridge and Sons are able

to offer such volumes (154 foolscap 8vo. pages), with gold landscape-covers and leaves, to the public at 3s. 6d. is astonishing. We hope an extensive sale will reward the spirited speculation.

"The Civil Service Orthography," a handy book of English spelling, by E. S. H. B. (London, Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.)

The man deserves crowning with laurel, or something better than laurel, who can make spelling amusing, and infuse a practical knowledge of it into any young head without agonies of dry labour, which are, unhappily, by no means always successful. And this E. S. H. B. has tried to do, and we think he has accomplished his task. Let the young folk see to it. He has built up a set of very clear rules on the model of that for remembering the number of days in each month—"Thirty days hath September," &c.; and these are followed by exercises. But the bulk of the volume is occupied by a catalogue of "words pronounced alike, or nearly alike, but having a different orthography and meaning," and this part is, we have no scruple in declaring, as entertaining as it is instructive. One instance will do better than any description:—

Be, v.	Bee, z.
To exist, to have being.	An insect.

B—e, be, you will please to observe,
Has but b and one e, when it stands for the verb ;
But bee, the insect, that buzzes and stings,
Has two e's to its name, like its two little wings.

EXERCISE.

I hope you will learn to be cautious and conciliatory after this catastrophe and less captious when you are cautioned; the casualty might have been more serious, but I fear it may be necessary to cauterize the wound :

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me"

"Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee,
What is the end of thy toil."

And now we cannot refrain from adding that this useful little volume may be employed in a manner the author little intended. By virtue of the catalogue above described it is a complete *rade mecum* for punsters, or guide to punning. True the author concludes with Hood's "Cautionary Verses to Youth of both Sexes," to avoid punning by learning to spell, but E. S. H. B. must not be surprised if his pupils are tempted by one proficiency into the other. Well, it is one more merit in the book that it will assist the dinner-party wit to a joke as well as enable his sons to defy the Civil Service Examiners.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



LICE. In spite of a clearly-written copy the cruel printers have added a comma, which has made very nearly as great nonsense of the lines from "Aurora Leigh" as they were before. They should be:—

"and when
I saw his soul saw, 'Jasper first,' I said,
And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
The rest in order—last an amethyst."

The lines occur after the meeting between the cousins when the blind Romney in

spirit sees the new-born day, whose splendours typify those of the New Jerusalem. We are indebted to "Elaine" for this explanation.

"H. A. B." assures "Annie" that the best mode of drying flowers is to strew fine sand over them. She has seen it used in Switzerland with great success; alike for plants with thick stalks, as for the most delicate: and "Eadgyth" bears witness to having seen some beautiful pressed flowers with the colours preserved in all their natural brilliancy

which were said to have been dried in sand. ("H. A. B." would do us a favour by sending particulars of the process.)

"Minnie" says the Germans dry flowers in cotton wool so as to keep their colour, and she herself has found it answer. (Here again we should be glad to know the process.) Others recommend drying flowers in blotting-paper between the leaves of a heavy book. "A Butterfly" avers that blotting-paper sucks the colour from them, and says they should be put between folds of *writing* paper.

"Connie." Aunt Judy would not be justified in giving the name of an author who writes anonymously.

"Charley" is assured that it is a needless barbarity to cut a jackdaw's tongue.

"E. M. S." Aunt Judy does not know. You must apply to a bookseller.

"Old Bird, Child Grild, Feu Follet, and Cerf Agile." Aunt Judy cannot answer the first question. In reply to the second, how is it the inquirers have not seen that there have been several stories by the author of "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances?" 3. No. "Kirstin's Adventures" is not by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori," but by the translator of "Andalucian Tales."

"Fatima" sends so long a list of nice German books for "Peggarotta Joan" that we cannot insert it, but shall be happy to forward it if applied for.

"Enid" (and some others) recommend "Amy Carlton, or First Days at School," to "Mayflower." Also "Laneton Parsonage," as a very nice Sunday book. (Of another character as a really good jolly book she advises "The Dodd Family Abroad," by Charles Lever.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

When the account of George T—

was written last month, it was feared that he would not be able to be removed from his bed for many weeks; happily, this has proved erroneous, and he is no longer a prisoner, having progressed so favourably as to be permitted to be taken out into the garden attached to the hospital, where he spends some hours daily in the open air: for this purpose an invalid carriage of sufficient length to enable the patient to recline is used. The first day that George was carried out was celebrated by his having tea carried to him in the garden, always considered a treat by the children at the hospital. George has made an attempt to walk with crutches, but has not yet succeeded in doing much with them: it is hoped, however, that, after a little practice, he will gain confidence, and be able to move about the wards with the support thus obtained. Johnny S— still continues at Cromwell House, and is rapidly improving: his looks testify to the beneficial effect of the Highgate air, his round rosy face eliciting remarks from some of the visitors, "Surely this merry boy has not much the matter with him!" Like little George T—, he, too, is about to try to walk with the help of crutches, the leg being supported by splints, to protect it from possible injury. It is expected that in a few days he will be placed in the convalescent ward, where he will have the benefit of a little teaching. He is also to have a high boot made for him, to supply the shortening of the limb consequent on the operation, and when he is able to walk again, return to his home, benefited in mind and body by his stay at the Children's Hospital.

All of Johnny's companions at Cromwell House likewise derive benefit from their sojourn there. One poor little boy, who has been a patient more than a year, with disease of the thigh-bone, has for the first time been wheeled round the garden in the invalid carriage that Johnny no longer requires, and it is

probable that he, too, will be able to walk out of Cromwell House in full possession of the use of both his legs.

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to August 15th, 1870.

	£.	s.	d.
"Little Bill and the Duchess".	0	2	0
Josie, Edwin, Edith, Jessie, and Elsie Hollis, the Ash, Steadham, Sussex	0	2	8
Susa, Laura, Kathleen, Ellen, Corfe Vicarage	0	4	0
"Ethelred, the unready," Leeds	0	1	0
Annie (collected)	1	6	0
"Helen, Dot, My Lord, and Alice, savings, from North Devon," also a musical box for Johnny and a parcel of clothes	0	6	0
M. E. B.	0	2	1
Sophia Dora Spicer, Spye Park (collected)	1	6	6
The schoolroom at Codlington, Horndean, Hants.	0	7	0
Sissie and Gertie at home, 2s. 9d., Bee, 2d., Georgie, savings at school, 12s. 6d.	0	15	5
"Mosquito"	0	1	0
Miss Amy Walter	0	0	4
"The little box in the hall," Windsor.	0	4	0
The Highdown Sisters	0	5	0
Maude and Florence Randall, 14 Portman Street	0	4	6
Ida, Streatham Hill (collected).	0	2	6
Jessie, Norwich	0	2	3
Miss Alice Cowie, 21 Stanley Crescent, Notting Hill (monthly).	0	1	0
Artie, Sevenoaks.	0	1	0
Livertie, The Green, Bromyard, Worcester	0	3	0
"In memory of a young officer, early cut off and deeply lamented, whose sympathies went out to children and sufferers."	1	0	0

£ s. d.

Mrs. B. Mason, 1s., Mrs. J. Heanley, 6d., collected by L. M. Heanley, Ruckland House, Louth, Lincolnshire	0	1	6
Beatrice and Florence, Leicester	0	5	0
Alice T. Trevor, for poor little George	0	3	0
"In memory of C. E. L."	0	10	0
Patty Dearing, Chelmsford	0	0	6
Arthur, 2d., Robert, 1d., Jane, 1d., Bow	0	0	4
John Francis and Mary Bara Murdock, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent	0	10	0
Poor women at a mothers' meeting, Ch. Ch. Westminster	0	5	0
Mary, Susan, and Alice, Green Hill, Cheadle	0	2	0
Christine and Undine Manners, Holmby House	0	0	6
"Part one," St. Austell	0	0	6
Miss Ellen Eve, Ryhall Vicarage, near Stamford (collected)	0	7	0
Susan and Harriet (monthly)	0	1	0
Miss Judy Potter, 13 Princes Terrace, S.W.	0	1	0
Minnie, Daisy, and Mary, with some toys, clothes, books, &c.	0	4	0
Tally	0	0	6
"Lily," Taibach, a scrap book and a doll.			
"Mermaid," a scrap book.			
Car, Carrie, and Lillie, per Miss D—, Bedale, a parcel of clothing, a top for Johnny, &c.			
Mary A. Barton, a coloured scrap book.			
Anonymous, a parcel of clothing for "the Cot."			
Lily and Janie, Taibach, a box of shells and other gifts.			
Pauline, Lucy, and Maud Banks, Cottenham Rectory, a scrap book.			
A. Wall, some pictures.			

A DOLL-HOUSE OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.



HAT would everybody say if one day, not in Fairy-land or Wonder-land, but somewhere over the hills and far-away, on lonely moor or wild mountain-side, should be found a dingy old house—a lonely, dreary, deserted house, for it should have been forgotten and never heard of for nearly two hundred years—when one day somebody should find it, open the rusty old locks, and push back the creaking doors, and look once more into the rooms, which should look as they looked the day when the last person left them, and that should have been before all the people that are alive now, or their fathers, or even their grandfathers were born?

Fancy, if *we* were the people who found the house, and looked into the dingy old rooms, one by one, and saw curious, ancient furniture, standing just as the old people who were all dead and gone had left it long ago! Brocaded beds, and quaint mirrors, and high-backed chairs in the bed-rooms, the cradle in the nursery waiting for the baby; in the dining-room the dinner table laid out ready for dinner, downstairs the very plates warming before the old fire-place in the kitchen, just as they were left when the last cook was getting ready the last dinner. After that, the waking-up from one of those famous long sleeps, which they used to have in Fairy-land, of a hundred years or so, would be the nearest thing to what we should feel; for by the time we had examined all the old rooms and seen exactly how our great-great-grandmothers placed their furniture, and how they and our great-great-grandfathers ate their dinners, we should certainly feel as if we had been dreaming and sleeping and dreaming again, and at last not be quite sure whether we were not alive and well in the reign of Queen Anne instead of Queen Victoria.

And there really is such a house; and just so you would feel if you could open a great cupboard-looking door and see into its nine rooms at once; for it is a doll-house, a real baby-house of the reign of Good Queen Anne, left as the children left it, who played with it more than a century and a half ago. An heir-loom, it has been handed down with its own traditions, and every chair and table is said to be in the same position where its first owner placed it. Even the names of the lords and ladies, the inhabitants of the house, dolls about six inches

high, dressed in gorgeous array, stand where they stood one hundred and sixty years ago; and by the feet of each doll, upon the floor, is put a little slip of paper, upon which their names are written in faded ink and curious old writing; the names which probably were given them by the little girl for whom this grand baby-house was furnished in the reign of Queen Anne.

She was an Archbishop's daughter, in the days when Archbishops still kept the state of Princes. All that is known of her story now, how she lived, and loved, and died, is very little indeed; but upon paper yellow with age there is a MS. memoir of her husband's, written when he was seventy years old, which gives some idea of her story. She was born in 1692, and probably in the palace of Bishopthorpe; for in that year her husband that was to be, tells how he came down on the third of May to Bishopthorpe, to be her father's secretary. He must have seen his future wife in her cradle, and watched her in her nursery playing with that very doll-house many a time. She was twenty years old when her father, the Archbishop, married her in the Palace chapel to his secretary, then Archdeacon Dering. (He must have been twenty-seven years older than his bride, for he was forty-seven years of age.) Then he tells how they went up to Bloomsbury for the wedding tour, and how his young wife caught the "meazles" (for the first time, for she had them again), and how when they came back, he took her over from Harrogate to see the deanery at Ripon, for he was now the Dean, and how in October they set up house-keeping there. And that is all he tells us about her, and we shall never know any more now; but still it is pleasant to think and dream how, in her child days, in that old palace of Bishopthorpe, with windows looking out to the sleepy river with its white-sailed barges gliding up and down, where the rooks are cawing in the tall limes, and throats singing in the giant larches all the summer long, she looked from her nursery windows and listened to the birds singing, late and early, on many a spring and summer day; saw the great larches tasselled in their green glory in the spring, or solemn and grey in winter with the white snow-drifts on their branches. Many a pageant she might have watched from her window, upon the river, when the Lord Mayor of York sailed by in state in his painted barge, or her father the Lord Archbishop sailed up to York. Sometimes too she would see him going out under the great gateway in a coach and six horses, and on

each side of the gate, a trumpeter blowing a trumpet, to tell all good folks and liege subjects whom it might concern, that the Lord Archbishop of York went out that day for a drive.* Plenty of state and much of courtly ways must the little girl have seen in her Palace home. Ladies in powder, and patches, and brocades, and hoops; and gentlemen in wigs, and ruffles, and velvet coats, and high-heeled shoes, who are now to be seen only on the walls of the dining-room or staircase, or, alas, on the floor of the old curiosity shops, leaning helplessly against the wall, were the people who were living then, the people who passed in and out of these old rooms, and listened to the songs of the birds, and saw the sweet sky and were glad when summer came again; and could never believe, as we never can, that summer would come some day and they not be there to see! These stately people in the pictures were the little Palace-lady's grown-up lords and ladies, and if good children in those days came down after dinner, as I dare say they did, and as good little children *and* naughty little children do now, I can fancy I see her coming into the great dining-room with the oriel to the river and the pictures round the walls, as she makes her fine little curtsy to the company, in a stiff hoop and pretty brocade, and frilled cap with a rosette on the side of her head—a quaint little copy of the stately ladies sitting bolt upright round the table. There you may be sure she sat still as a mouse. In those days, and long, long afterwards, a good little girl did *not* speak till she was spoken to; for, as the nurses say, children were then “taught to behave;” and I think one glance at one of those stiff-stayed ladies, or at one of those be-wigged gentlemen, must have been enough to stop any little girl talking too much, and make her “mind her manners.” And when too she saw how polite they were to each other she would “learn manners,” and I don't think it would ever come into her little head that any one of those tight-laced ladies and grave gentlemen *could* be disobeyed. I am not at all sure that a little of that stiffness and stateliness, if we could somehow get it back out of the olden time amongst us grown-up people again, would not do more to make good children than all the good little books that ever were written.

* Amongst the toys found in the doll-house, though not belonging to it, is the most curious little model of a carriage, with horses and postilions—a tall yellow carriage, with four strong Flanders horses, the sort of equipage to which we see highwaymen ride up with pistols to the windows, in old pictures of their feasts.

I wonder whether in those nurseries of old days they used to play at being lords and ladies, just as children like to do now; or whether Anne Sharpe, seeing so much of the great world downstairs, peopled her little world upstairs with great people—for all her dolls who are not servants are evidently grantees. They are dressed in the fashion of that day, in brocades, and satins, and silks, and their names, in curious old writing on a slip of paper at their feet, tell us who they all are. There is Lord Rochette, and Lady Jemima Johnson, and two more ladies equally splendid and no doubt distinguished, but anonymous now for evermore; for, alas! their bits of paper with their names have been lost from their feet, and so we shall never, never, know what part they played in the story. For a story there was, I am quite sure.

Their little lady placed her lords and ladies, no doubt, according to a drama in her own little head, and she knew well enough what they were all doing and saying, and what relation everybody was to everybody, and why the monkey sat upstairs in a broad-brimmed hat in his mistress's dressing-room, and a few more puzzling and very unusual domestic arrangements. It is quite tantalising to see her little people all standing there as she is said to have placed them nearly two hundred years ago, and never to know what she meant by it all. Each generation of her descendants have carefully kept the family tradition as to the contents of every room, and the place of each doll. The dolls are not fastened in any way, but they stand remarkably well; that is, the ladies of the family do, their hooped skirts and stiff brocades helping them to keep on their feet like steady and dignified dolls as they are; but the gentlemen are decidedly shaky, and the men-servants lamentably so, "Roger ye butler" having actually to prop himself up against the cellar door as he waits at dinner.

The dinner is just served, and Roger having probably announced it, and feeling unsteady, has gone to his place at the cellar door, leaving my Lord to hold open the door himself for the ladies to pass into the hall. Perhaps it was the fashion of those days for the gentlemen, and not the servants, to do so; and another fashion we know was to dine always in the hall, as the dolls are going to do. There is a staircase coming down into the hall, and some belated lady (perhaps Lady Rochette herself) is coming downstairs, as she has been coming, according to the family tradition, these two hundred years. She has always been known as the "lady upon the stairs," nobody knowing

her name; but as the staircase evidently leads to the dressing-room of the lady of the house, there can be little doubt, taking all things into consideration, that in the procrastinating doll, too late for dinner, we have the lady of the mansion, the Lady Rochette herself.

The house contains nine rooms and consists of two storeys. By that convenient arrangement for seeing a house thoroughly, which has not yet got beyond doll-houses, you can see all over the house at once, when, by opening the front door, you take the front of the house off. It is like opening a cupboard door, and, in fact, the wonderful doll-house, until the door is opened, is not unlike a great cupboard, of perhaps six feet high by four feet wide. The nine rooms are arranged one above another, three rooms on each floor. At the top of the house, on the left hand, is my Lady's bed-room.* Here is a very splendid four-post bed with rose-coloured satin hangings. The bedding and blankets are all beautifully made; the blankets worked with red and yellow worsted clocks in the corners, as old blankets used to be. High-backed oak chairs are placed round the room, and in the middle of it stands "Fanny Long" the "chambermaid." She wears a flowered chintz gown, an immense apron reaching to the floor, one white muslin handkerchief over her shoulders, and another tied over her head and under her chin, and bound round her head with a broad pink ribbon. This room opens into the dressing-room, the principal ornament of which is a curious old wax portrait in relief of the famous Yorkshire witch, Mother Shipton, in a Puritan hat, with a pipe in her mouth. An exquisitely carved, very tiny wooden chandelier hangs from the ceiling. There is a toilet table and glass set out, and draped with white muslin over blue, and the prettiest little bed-room candlestick in silver.

A little boy, dressed in short sky-blue satin trousers and jacket, stands more or less unsteadily in this room. He has always been here, and the tradition is, that he is the little boy of the house, and that he has always been seen in his mother's dressing-room. He wears a flapping hat of bright blue satin, and a white feather in the hat, and his jacket is fastened with pearls. Perhaps he was dressed for dessert, but why he has always been upstairs in that room by himself I don't think anybody knows. His little bit of paper with his name ("William Rochette") is under his feet. He is, however, not quite alone, for here on a high-backed oak chair sits the monkey (there was always a monkey

* The rooms are reversed in the photograph.

in those days); but why the monkey is up here in the dressing-room, sitting very upright in a huge brown hat, is not so clear. There is a parrot too in her cage in the corner.

The next room is the nursery, and here is a still more magnificent four-post bed with hangings of the richest brocaded green satin. Near it is the baby's cradle, the prettiest little cradle, made of dark oak and ivory. It rocks upon little ivory rockers, and the baby is in it, tucked in cosily under the little counterpane. The baby is one of the most curious revelations of the doll-house, for it is dressed in the swaddling-clothes one hears of but never sees now, unless, perhaps, on an old tomb, where the sons and daughters kneel all in a row behind their father and mother, getting smaller and smaller till they slope off into a baby or two swathed in swaddling-clothes, at the end of the story. The doll-house baby is sewn up, arms and all, in its long roll of fine linen, which is turned up and overlapped by a bib; it wears a rosette of crimson satin on the side of a cambric cap trimmed with real point lace. There are all kinds of old-fashioned things in the nursery we never see now. There is a silver posset-pan, for boiling the baby's food and the caudle, when the visitors came to taste the caudle and see the new baby; then there are tiny models of old toys, and actually a doll-house in miniature, not unlike the real doll-house itself.

Did the children, or those who made the doll-house for them, I wonder, try to make the nursery as like their real own nursery as they could? It is very likely, and if so, here perhaps we have that old nursery in Bishopthorpe Palace as it looked two hundred years ago; and if so, then the quaint little doll who stands by her nurse's side in the middle of the room may be little Anne Sharpe herself.

She is a funny little thing, a dwarfed copy in hoop and brocade of the grown-up ladies in the drawing-room. It was before the days of pin-flores, and the poor little children of those days seem to have been laced up in whalebone, and to have worn not only stiff hoops and rich silks like their lady mothers, but even the tiniest child as soon as it could walk, seemed to have been obliged to toddle about in high-heeled shoes and a high-crowned cap, under which their baby faces must have looked rather like the pink and white face of a nice little Dutch doll.

This little doll's dress is white and yellow satin spread over an immense hoop; she has an apron and sleeve ruffles and high cap of white

blonde net. By her side stands her nurse, evidently young and pretty, in a most bewitching yellow silk gown, over which she wears a clear net apron, and handkerchief, and high cap, with knots of blue ribbon upon her neck and arms and head. Her name is at her feet, so we know "Sarah Gill, child's maid," was the nurse doll's name, and not improbably a real name of a real nurse in the old nursery at Bishopthorpe. The baby's bassinet is on the floor, of white satin and silver lace—with a pincushion in it to match.

The next storey below consists of drawing-room (or the withdrawing-room, as I think Lord Rochette would have called it), the room into which the ladies "withdrew," and the hall into which it opened and where they dined, and beyond it the kitchen. Dining-rooms were not in existence in those days.

In this curious tableau of the olden time, we see exactly how people looked, and walked, and dressed. It is a most distinguished company we see assembled, and just on the point of going in to dinner.

Lord Rochette, as has been mentioned, stands in a rather rickety way, holding open the drawing-room door. Lord Rochette is superb. He wears a long waistcoat with lappets, and a coat with wide sleeves, and short breeches of rose-satin embroidered in silver. He has white silk stockings, black shoes and huge buckles; he wears a powdered wig, with a pig-tail tied in a black silk bag at the back of his head—the bag-wig we have all heard of all our lives. Round his neck is a broad black ribbon tied in a knot behind. Once upon a time he must have had a sword, as no gentleman was without one in full dress in those days, but perhaps he lost it, and his cocked hat too, for he certainly would have had it under his arm if he had not.

His name is at his feet, and so is Lady Jemima Johnson's, who, as the lady of highest rank, leads the way—"takes the *pas*," as she would have called it. Her ladyship does not look pleasant. From her Roman nose to her tipped-up pointed toes, she is stiff and cross and disagreeable. I think Lady Jemima must have been a portrait; her eyebrows meet across her nose, and her hair is pulled back from a preternaturally high forehead, and her whole aspect looks as if she was "meant for somebody," as the children say. Her dress is of the richest white silk, embroidered with large flowers in coloured floss silks. The skirt is short, with a flounce, and over it is the *sacque*, a train of the same silk, falling from the back of the neck, and looped up on each

side over the skirt. Her head is crowned with a high head-dress of lace and pink silk; she has lace ruffles at her elbows, and in her waist-band a bouquet of roses and jessamine in tiny artificial flowers, which reaches up to the shoulder. Her hoop is very large, and she stands in the most dignified way in consequence. Her ladyship evidently wore rouge.

Following Lady Jemima are two ladies, one of whom, from her name on the floor, we see was "Mrs. Lemon." She is in rose-coloured silk, with a cap and apron, and elbow ruffles of net. Her dress is what the milliners call "gored" into a train, and two very curious lappets of the silk sweep down from her shoulders to the end of her train.

Another and much shorter lady has no name, and is not so splendid as the others. Her head is muffled in what I think was called a "wimple" of black blonde. The ladies go first in to dinner, the gentlemen following, for nobody walked arm and arm for a hundred years after that. The peace of 1811 flooded England with foreign fashions, and this Darby and Joan fashion of walking arm-in-arm came in amongst them.

Before then a lady placed three fingers on the wrist of her escort, or he *might* hand her into her carriage holding those three fingers in his own with the lappet of his own satin coat-tail.

Another gentleman, a "Sir William Johnson," probably belonged to the drawing-room party, but only his name remains on a slip of paper: Sir William himself being lost to posterity, having totally disappeared at some unknown date.

The drawing-room is very scantily furnished. No easy chairs, for it was everybody's duty to sit upright in those days; no sofas—they had not been invented; only stiff, high-backed oak chairs, which it must have been a penance to sit upon, laced up to the last gasp, and cased in hoop-armour of whalebone. Ladies were probably too tight and much too stiff in those days, when well dressed, to move their hands and arms; and one of the most curious relics of old ways, preserved in the doll-house though not belonging to it, is a full-grown apparatus known to those old ladies as a "scratch-back." It is a small carved ivory hand, with curved fingers and sharp nails, at the end of an ivory handle. A lady carried her scratch-back and her fan, and I suppose scratched her pretty shoulders, just as she now and then fanned

her pretty face. It is all fashion ; scratching is gone out of fashion and fanning is not.*

Just about this time, drinking tea was the last and best discovery of the age. Our great-grandmothers were drinking the new foreign mixture out of the priceless porcelain cups which had followed the tea from China, daintily balancing the tiny cups on the tips of three ivory fingers and a thumb ; for fashion was all-imperative, even to the turn of head or a finger in those days, and tea-cups with handles, as yet, were not.

Was it a libel, I wonder, that the tea leaves, served with butter and sugar, had to be eaten after tea ? The tea-table is set out in a corner of the doll-house drawing-room, with pretty tiny tea-things of real china, and a tea and coffee service in real silver. There are old Indian jars about the room, and the grate comes out, as old grates did, and there is a small carpet (the only one in the house) before the fire-place.

The dinner-service, on the dining-table laid out in the hall, is of a rare old white perforated china, made long ago at Leeds, the art of making which is lost. The plates are in a pile at the end of the table—a fashion which lingers on in lodging-houses and schools.

It is a notable point in the table arrangements that no glasses of any kind appear. One large silver flagon, out of which probably lords and ladies drank by turns, is placed on the table, and of course was intended for beer ; but how did they drink their wine ?

There is a substantial and most comfortable dinner on the table—in wax ; a couple of chickens, and half a ham, a tongue, and soup, besides more dubious things, but I daresay all very good in their day. And we know from strong presumptive evidence that the second course was sucking-pig, for there is one at the kitchen fire ; and it was not for the servants, for there is another sucking-pig at the back kitchen fire.

A curious sort of tub-shaped case for spare knives and forks is on the floor near the table, on which I had nearly forgotten to mention two tall silver candlesticks with wax candles ; for though dinner in those days might be at twelve o'clock, the gentlemen sat there perhaps till twelve o'clock at night, or perhaps twelve o'clock the next day. A pair of wonderful old sconces for lights hang on the walls, and some

* The upper shelf of the doll-house is crowded with toys of the period—amongst them is a high-heeled shoe, and a muff-box with crown and cipher, which till lately contained a sable muff presented by Queen Anne to Mrs. Sharpe, the little doll-house lady's mother.

pictures. A wine-cooler full of bottles stands near the table, and "Roger ye butler" supports himself against the cellar door.* He *must* be a portrait. I am sure there was a real Roger, who had wildly fuzzed hair, and that peaked beard and woebegone face, and who went about in that strange old livery coat of bright blue serge. I wonder if his feet were as big in proportion as the imitation Roger. I hope he stood steadier upon them. This is a most rickety old Roger, with more character in his quaint wooden face than any of the other people, and they are *all* very superior in that respect to dolls of our day.

There is a corner cupboard high up in the hall; and it is a curious fact to find it there, because it shows corner cupboards once belonged to civilised society, whereas now they have disappeared and are only found in farm kitchens and cottage parlours. Perhaps Roger kept his china in it.

The kitchen, which opens into the hall, is full of every imaginable thing; a most delightful kitchen for any little people with a turn for doll's cookery. Pots and pans of all sorts and sizes, scales to weigh things, and a mortar to pound them, a bellows to blow the fire, and a whole pewter service ranged round the walls, with a pile of the plates belonging to it, warming before the fire in a very curious old brass stand. There is a sucking-pig roasting, but the jack is out of order. It must, I think, have been one of those roasting-jacks worked by dogs.

In every kitchen, in old days, there were two little dogs, who had been taught to run upon a wheel, like a squirrel in a cage. One little dog worked while the other little dog rested, and the cook had a short, thick whip for her turnspits, with which she led them a sorry life. The poor turnspits get their work done by bottle-jacks, I suppose, now; at all events they are all dead and gone; but I think all the many bandy-legged dogs we see still, with turned-out toes, must be the great-great-great-grandsons of those unhappy little dogs who cooked our great-grandfathers' dinners.

Below the kitchen is the scullery, and before the fire is that other sucking-pig I mentioned before, and upon the fire a plum-pudding boiling in a copper pot.

* A door into a small upper cellar, into which, tradition says, the gentlemen retired "to finish their wine," is a very common arrangement to be seen still in the halls of some old English country houses. The door against which Roger supports himself opens into a recess formed by the staircase, which might very well represent one of these too-convenient cellars.

The servants' hall comes next. There are plenty of oak chairs and an oak table, upon which is a pewter pot and candlesticks, and a pack of tiny cards, evidently ready for the servants to play a game with. A servant, a most curious creature, in a grenadier cap and scarlet coat, stands in the hall. He has come down by tradition as "The Footman," but he must have been, not the footman in our sense of the term, but the footman of old times—the man who ran on foot before the old lumbering coach-and-six, to clear the road and fill up the ruts, lest the carriage should stick fast or be upset, as it generally was once or twice on a long day's journey.

The next room is "Mrs. Hannah, the housekeeper's;" and here we have Mrs. Hannah herself; a sensible, comfortable body, in a green silk short gown, tucked up over a scarlet baize petticoat, a tidy, but huge cap, and a white kerchief to match, crossed over her chest.

She looks as if she might be meant for a real Mrs. Hannah, who I think very probably lived and reigned at Bishopthorpe once upon a time, to whom perhaps little Anne Sharpe looked up for "goodies," and from whom I dare say she had many a kind welcome in that enchanted realm of preserves and sweets, the housekeeper's room.

Poor Mrs. Hannah had not much furniture; a small, common, four-post bed, two chairs, and a chest of drawers, and a looking-glass, and that was all. With her and her room the doll-house comes to an end.

It is rather sad, and very strange, to be spelling out by the way they placed their dolls and toys what the children meant who played with this curious old doll-house; they are dead and gone so long, long ago, and this toy has outlived them so long. And little thought the children in the old palace nursery, when they placed the dolls for the last time after their last day's play, Lord Rochette in the drawing-room, Roger in the hall, and my Lady on the stairs, that there they would be when their children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, were all dead and buried, and that nearly two hundred years afterwards their dolls and toys would show the people of these days, how the people of their days dined, and dressed, and lived.

And so, with one more long look into the ways and doings of the days of good Queen Anne, we shut up the cupboard door, and were not at all sorry to find we were alive and well in the reign of Queen Victoria.

GWYNFRYN.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.



OME close to the fire, my Minnie,
 With your stool beside me so;
 And I'll tell you a tale, my darling,
 Of my childhood years ago.

The logs on the hearth are blazing
 Till the pictures glisten and shine,
 And your little face in the twilight
 Looks pleadingly up into mine.

The wind with the clouds is battling,
 Till the pine-trees shriek with fear:
 Is it the storm or the darkness
 Which has made the past so clear?

I see a room in the firelight,
 And a sailor bearded and browned,
 And a woman in tears beside him,
 And the children clinging around.

I see the moment of parting,
 With its struggle, and passionate sighs—
 With its kisses, and broken blessings,
 And the sobbing of choking replies.

But the good ship weighs her anchor,
 The captain must do his part,
 And the wife must be left to her anguish,
 With her children clasped close to her heart.

He sailed, but he wrote so often,
 Such wonderful things he had seen!
 Blue birds of paradise flashing,
 And the dolphins leaping between;

And fairy green isles on the ocean,
 And flowers afloat from the shore;
 Oh! how we lived in his letters,
 Till at last they came no more.

We heard of gales to the southward,
And of wrecks and sinking ships,
And my mother's cheeks grew whiter,
And the smile died away from her lips.

She pined and drooped like a flower,
As the terrible weeks went round;
But she neither wept, nor fainted,
When they told her he was drowned.

She took us all to her bosom,
The sobbing, fatherless things!
So a dove when her mate is stricken
Still shelters her young with her wings.

She led us out from the cottage,
To seek a home in the west;
She fasted, for bread to feed us,
She toiled that we might have rest.

And years went on, and the children
Grew merry of heart, and light;
All day the mother was cheerful,
But she cried through half the night.

One evening late in the autumn,
We sat by the fireside so,
My sisters and I were spinning,
And Willie was whistling low.

My mother sat in the shadow,
Her hand was over her eyes,
And our whispers had dropp'd to silence,
As the flame there sinks and dies.

Little Lucy had crept beside me,
Her golden head on my knees;
Hush! was it a cry in the darkness,
Or only the wind in the trees?

My mother had stirred for a moment,
Then shrunk in the shadow once more;
And hark! through the wind and the tempest
There came a knock at the door.

"Some traveller who seeks for shelter,"
 My mother said, "from the storm;
 Go, Janet, and bid him enter,
 And heap the logs up warm."

A hasty voice at the threshold,
 A hasty foot on the stair,
 And a form at the open doorway,
 And a cry, and a sob, and a prayer.

My mother knelt in the firelight,
 Her arms round the stranger's neck;
 'Twas my father, my own dear father,
 Whom God had saved from the wreck.

This is the tale of my childhood,
 Which I read when the fire gets low;
 Don't cry; it was years ago, dear,
 Years upon years ago.

PAN.

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now by my faith as belted knight;
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the bright St. Andrew's Cross
 That waves above us there—
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
 And, oh, that such should be!
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies 'twixt you and me—
 I have not sought in battle-field
 A wreath of such renown;
 Nor dared I hope on my dying day,
 To win the martyr's crown!"

ATTOUN: *Execution of Montrose.*



the Marquis entered the Watergate, he met the magistrates of Edinburgh, the Burgher guard, and a rude cart drawn by a wretched-looking horse, and the common hangman driving it. The magistrates immediately put into his hand a copy of his sentence, which had been drawn up the day before. They had determined to give him no trial, declaring that he had already been

condemned five years before. The savage sentence which these usurpers and rebels had pronounced was as follows: That "James Graham" (they would not allow him any of his titles) was to be brought from the Watergate, bare-headed, on the hangman's cart, to the Tolbooth, the common prison of Edinburgh. That he was then to be taken to the Parliament House to receive his sentence, viz., to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, with his book and declaration hung round his neck; and other particulars too disgusting to tell. Montrose read it through with perfect composure, and as he gave it back to the magistrates, told them that he was ready to submit to his fate, "while he regretted that his sovereign whom he represented in Scotland should be thus dishonoured." He then stepped into the cart; a high chair had been placed upon it, to which he was bound by ropes, with his hands behind him. The hangman then rudely pulled off his noble prisoner's hat, and mounting the horse, the sad procession moved through the city. The Covenanters had tied him down in this way, hoping in their vindictive cruelty that the people would throw stones at him, but they were disappointed. The inhabitants of Edinburgh pressed forward to gaze upon the man whom they had been taught to hold in such terror and hatred, but drew back, awed by the calm majesty of his bearing, by his expression of patient courage and dignity. Pity filled every breast; many even wept and blessed him, and the others preserved a reverential silence as he passed. But as they passed by the house of Argyle the procession stopped, that the spectators there might gaze longer at their illustrious victim and gloat over his sufferings. Leaning over the balcony were the Marquis of Argyle, his son Lord Lorne and his new bride, the Chancellor Loudon, and Johnstone of Warristoun. In that moment of exultation over a fallen enemy how little did they guess that the two Argyles, father and son, would both die by the axe, and that Warristoun was destined to undergo the same sentence to which he had condemned Montrose. But another was sitting beside these personages—the Countess of Haddington, the sister of the hero of Alderne and Alford, of that gallant youth who had loved Montrose so devotedly, the brave Lord Gordon. But she was most unworthy to be his sister: she, and she alone, insulted Montrose, and even spat upon him; so that a gentleman in the street shouted to her in return that it was she who deserved to sit on that cart for her vices, which were indeed notorious. When the cart stopped

the Marquis guessed at once the reason of the delay, and he looked up. His calm piercing eye met that of Argyle: the guilty nobleman quailed under his glance, and turned suddenly away. An English sailor in the street thereupon called out, "No wonder you start at his look; it is seven years since you have dared to look him in the face."

It was not till seven o'clock in the evening that they reached the Tolbooth, when the magistrates condescended to release their prisoner from his cramped position. But they had not done tormenting him. They sent to tell him that he must immediately come to the Parliament House, and hear his sentence. Montrose begged to know, first, whether they were acknowledged as a Parliament by the young king; and as they were not quite prepared to answer that question, they resolved, as it was Saturday, and late, to put off their further proceedings till Monday. They comforted themselves, however, for this delay by sending a deputation of ministers to lecture him about his sins and offences. The Marquis, who was suffering from fatigue, as well as from the wounds he had received in his last battle, now begged for a little peace; "for," he said, "the compliment you put on me to-day was a little tedious and fatiguing." At last they left him with the guards, for they would not let him remain alone for a moment, and went away much provoked at his apparent indifference to all their studied and persevering insults.

They continued to worry him during Sunday, accusing him of all sorts of crimes, and telling him that if he would confess that he had been wrong in fighting for his sovereign, the Kirk would take off his sentence of excommunication. Montrose firmly refused to do this, and he at last told them plainly that he considered their exhibition of the day before as a triumphal progress, and that his Heavenly Father had supported and comforted him throughout.

On Monday morning his persecutions began again; a deputation of the ministers came to him about eight o'clock, in order to point out to him all the various offences of which he was supposed to be guilty. Montrose answered each separate accusation calmly and temperately. When they told him that his natural temper was lofty and aspiring, he replied that God had not made all men alike; some were grave and slow, others eager and high-spirited, and he candidly confessed "that he was one of those who loved praise for virtuous actions." After defending himself on other points, he came to their last and chief accusation, his having broken the Covenant. Montrose asserted that

the Covenant *he* had taken he had always kept; but when they took up arms in rebellion against the king, he thought it his duty to oppose them.

At last they went away, finding themselves baffled at all points; but before leaving their prisoner, they told him that they had come with the intention of releasing him from his sentence of excommunication if he had been penitent, but as it was, *that* was impossible, and they also hinted to him that his eternal as well as his temporal interests were in a very bad state.

The Marquis, with his usual courteous manner, replied that "he was very sorry if any actions of his had been offensive to the Church of Scotland, and he would heartily have wished to be reconciled to her, but since that could not be, without his acting against his conscience, there was no help for it."

A short time was allowed him to snatch a scanty breakfast, and he was then summoned to the bar of the Parliament House to hear his sentence. Not having been allowed the means of shaving since his capture, his moustaches and beard had grown long and straggling, and it was observed that, though serene and calm as usual, he looked pale and worn. As the Parliament professed to have the king's sanction, Montrose took off his hat at the bar and stood patiently to listen to a long and tedious speech by the Chancellor Loudon, chiefly in abuse of the prisoner. When he had done the Marquis asked whether he might say anything in defence of himself, and leave having been given him, he made an admirable reply to Loudon's charges in a speech which is deeply touching and interesting, but too long to be repeated here. But he ended by the following solemn appeal: "And be not too rash, but let me be judged by the laws of God, the laws of nature and nations, and the laws of this land. If otherwise, I do here appeal from you to the righteous Judge of the world, who one day must be your judge and mine, and who always gives out righteous judgment."

But they were too much blinded by their passions and their cold, hard bigotry to understand what righteous judgment meant.

Loudon made another speech, much like the first, and the Marquis was then commanded to kneel and hear his sentence. He obeyed with a calm and untroubled brow, while Johnstone of Warristoun read his doom: he sighed once or twice; the only signs of emotion he gave. One of his great enemies, Sir James Balfour, who was present, could not

refrain from saying, "He behaved himself all this time in the House with great courage and modesty, unmoved and undaunted; at the reading of the sentence he lifted up his face without speaking a word." He was now led back to prison, when the Presbyterian ministers followed him and renewed the old attack. Montrose was now thoroughly tired out with their importunities, and longed for a little rest. He turned away from them, saying, "Gentlemen, I pray you let me die in peace." But they were too much lost to every feeling of consideration to leave him alone, and began to talk over his sentence, adding to the horrors of it by their remarks. The Marquis then declared that he considered it an honour having his head placed over the gate of the city; a greater honour than having his picture hung in his royal master's bed-chamber. They quitted him at last, but none of his friends were allowed to come near him, and guards were placed in his room, so that he had not an instant of privacy. He seemed not to care for their presence, and having passed a great part of the night in prayer, he lay down and slept quietly and calmly till morning.

That morning broke at last, a bright May morning; the Canongate was early disturbed by the sound of drums and trumpets, which roused the hero from his last sleep on earth. Being thus startled from his slumbers he called to the captain of the guard and asked what the noise was. "The city-guards were being called out," they told him, "lest the malignants, his friends, should try and rescue him." He smiled at the explanation, and said, "What! do I who have been such a terror to these worthies during my life still continue so formidable to them now that I am going to die?"

The tender care of Lady Napier and Lady Stirling of Keir had provided him with carefully chosen garments for this mournful day. It was the last office of affection from those loving hearts, from the wife and the sister of his dearest friend, for the Lady of Keir was the niece, not the sister of Montrose, as I erroneously stated at the beginning of this history.

As the Marquis was dressing himself, Johnstone of Warristoun impertinently walked in. The former happened to be combing his long hair at the moment, and Johnstone, with his usual insolence, asked him what he was about. Our hero smiled at the question and said, "While my head is my own I will dress and adorn it; when it is yours you can do what you please with it."

But the hour had arrived, and now their victim was brought out to die. He was richly, even magnificently dressed :

“Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye;
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.”

Not one friend was allowed to be with him, but, though cut off from all earthly comfort, a mightier help was nigh, and he mounted the scaffold with a firm step and a calm and noble bearing. He stood on the high platform and looked round the Grass-market, crowded with the pitying multitude, but he was not allowed to speak to them. He then turned to the ministers and other officials, and said some parting words to them, which they listened to impatiently. He said that he was ready to die, and that he willingly forgave those who had murdered him. He never repented his services to the king, for his conscience told him that he had done right. He knew well he had sinned, but he cast himself on the mercy of his Heavenly Father, and in humble faith and earnest hope he trusted himself to his Redeemer, for that He had given him strength against the fear of death, and “had furnished him with courage and confidence to embrace it even in its most ugly shape.” They told him to pray apart. “I have already done so,” he replied; “I have already poured out my soul before the Lord who knows my heart; into His hands I commend my spirit, and He hath been graciously pleased to return to me a full assurance of peace in Jesus Christ my Redeemer.”

Dr. Wishart, his friend and chaplain, who had followed him through most of his campaigns, and shared his hardships, had written a short account of his first enterprise; this composition, together with a declaration he had published at Breda, were now brought, and fastened round his neck as another insult. He helped to tie them himself, and remarked, “I did not feel more honoured when his Majesty gave me the Garter.”

This was the last indignity with which his enemies tried to wound his high spirit. But they little knew the power of that grace which could make that impetuous and sensitive heart gentle and firm to bear

all indignity and insult, and could enable him to meet a disgraceful and painful death like a Christian and a hero.

The last moment had come, but it was soon over, and the noble and fearless spirit of the great loyalist passed to its long home.

CHAPTER XII.

“But the morn breaks—a morning without clouds,
A clear calm shining, when the rain is o’er;
He lieth where no mist of earth enshrouds,
In God’s great sunlight wrapped for evermore.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

So died the Great Marquis of Montrose, and long years have passed away since his murderers have been also laid in the grave; but even now his memory is loved by those who have studied well his character. It was not for his victories, for his great actions alone, that he was so adored by those who knew him; it was his kindness, his gentleness, his courtesy, his piety and real goodness that endeared him to all who were brought into close contact with him. There is an account of him existing, which was written by a friend of his, Patrick Gordon of Cluny. Patrick says that he was “an accomplished gentleman, of many excellent parts;” also, that he was grave and quiet-looking, with very bright sparkling eyes, which used to kindle up when he was speaking, or was animated about anything. His manner, adds Patrick, was so winning, that he fascinated everybody, and “he made a conquest of the hearts of all his followers, so that he could have led them in a chain.”

You know how fondly Lord Gordon and young Napier loved him, and it is recorded of Gordon that he was heard to declare, that if Montrose were defeated and obliged to fly alone to the mountains, he would leave everything to follow him. But Gordon died, and Montrose was left to weep his loss.

His martial accomplishments were not the only ones he possessed; he was devoted to literature and corresponded with literary men. He amused himself now and then by writing poetry himself, and during the busy time which followed the battle of Kilsyth he found leisure to write to an author-friend of his, Drummond of Hawthornden, about “Irene,” a play which that gentleman had written.

Vandyck, the great painter of the Cavaliers—of Richmond with his

pensive melancholy expression, Strafford with his stern lofty look, Newcastle with his delicate, almost effeminate beauty—painted Montrose's picture more than once. The Great Marquis and Vandyck were friends, and in earlier days the former used to take delight in visiting the painter's studio, and watching him at his easel.

No Christian burial was afforded to the hero's corpse; it was taken down from the gallows, dismembered, and his limbs, like those of William Wallace, scattered among the chief towns of Scotland. Argyle had kept away during the whole of these proceedings, and had even shed tears on hearing of the execution—tears that not even his own friends could possibly have believed to be genuine. But Lorne, his son, shed no tears; he was standing by rejoicing over the horrid spectacle, and allowing his young wife to be present also. Montrose's mangled body was hastily interred in the Borough muir, the place where malefactors were buried, and night closed over the melancholy scene.

But not far from that spot stood the old castle of Merchistoun, from which the Lords Napier of Merchistoun take their name. Lady Napier and her children were there that night. At her command some of her domestics stole to the spot, opened the grave, and carefully took out the heart from the mutilated remains. She then caused it to be embalmed, and placed in a gold case, and sent it as a sacred relic of his murdered father to the youthful Marquis, who had made his escape and joined his cousin Lord Napier in Flanders.

We can well imagine how deeply our friend Archibald must have felt his beloved uncle's death. He recovered, indeed, from the shock, but his spirits were broken, and he died in the prime of manhood, before he was six and thirty, an exile in a foreign land.

And now my history is nearly concluded, one more scene relating to our hero I must describe before taking a reluctant leave of him.

You will have learnt from history that soon after the execution of the Great Marquis, Charles II. landed in Scotland, and the crown was placed on his head by Argyle.

He soon found he was more a prisoner than a king, and was not sorry when the battle of Dunbar, in which his Presbyterian generals were "smitten hip and thigh" by Cromwell, delivered him from his tyrants the Covenanters. A second defeat at Worcester obliged him to escape to France, and he became once more a wandering exile. It was

not till the 29th of May, 1660, that Charles was recalled to the throne of his ancestors, when he rode into London between his royal brothers, James and Henry, amidst the acclamations of his people. This event caused great changes in Scotland: the chiefs of the Covenant were imprisoned; Argyle and Johnstone of Warristoun tried and executed (the former beheaded, the latter hanged), and orders were sent to Edinburgh that the remains of the Marquis of Montrose should be honourably buried.

It was a bright and frosty day in January, 1661, that Edinburgh was again roused by the sound of trumpets and military music. That day the city-guard again marched out, not, as ten years before, to lead to execution the great and brave, but to do honour to his mouldering remains, by giving them Christian burial in holy ground.

Friends and relatives stood by an open grave in the churchyard of old St. Giles's, and amongst them might be seen the second Marquis and his brother, and a bright and handsome boy of eighteen, the young Lord Napier, son of Lord Archibald. Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie was there also; you will remember that he was the first to welcome Montrose and give him hospitality when he arrived alone in the Highlands, without power, without troops and with few friends. Inchbrakie had stood by his side on that glad and hopeful day when he was received with such enthusiastic delight by the Highland chiefs, and now he saw him laid in an honourable tomb. And as the remains were lowered into the vault, the cannon thundered from the castle, shaking the picturesque old town with "the reverberations of their splendid roar." It was a fitting military salvo over a soldier's dust.


And of the other actors in my story I think I have nothing left to tell, except that in all the gentle parts of his character the young Marquis much resembled his father; he would not meddle with any of the politics of the disturbed and stormy times that followed the Restoration, but lived chiefly on his estates in the country. He was indeed wanted there, for everything was in utter disorder; but gladly the tenants welcomed back the son of their ancient chiefs, and Montrose, the son of the Great Marquis, became so universally beloved and respected that he is known as the Good Marquis of Montrose.

(Concluded.)

KIRSTIN'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XVI.—*continued.*

ORDEAL BY FIRE.

 HE proposal of Herr Falk, the landlord, was duly carried into effect, and a few hours later Kirstin accompanied Mrs. Ramsey to a farmstead about five miles distant. Alec was delighted at the change, and the unwonted aspect of the place. The entire range of farm-buildings was covered by one roof, pitched very high so as to throw off the snow in winter. The buildings were partly of brick, partly of timber, and the effect was very good, the bricks being arranged in geometrical patterns, and the wood blackened and varnished. The carriage drove under a lofty archway, and they entered, through folding gates, into an oblong hall which ran through the midst of the buildings; the stables, cow-house, and coach-house ranged on one side; on the other, the dwelling-rooms of the human inhabitants. At the farthest end of the hall was the kitchen, with its large open fire-place, and brilliant array of pewter plates, and copper pots and kettles, as bright as bright could be. The parlours and bed-chambers were also bright and cheerful-looking, with their spotlessly white muslin curtains; and Mrs. Ramsey and Alec proved, as of old, their capability of making themselves at once comfortable and at home in a new dwelling. Kirstin, too, enjoyed the new scene: her arm gave her very little pain, but Mrs. Ramsey insisted on treating her as an invalid and keeping her quietly by her side, which was a great comfort to her, for she found it rather a difficult matter to make herself understood by the farm-servants. She sat down to supper with Alec and his mother, and it was not till Mr. Graham joined them that she felt a little out of her element, for he, with his incorrigible love of banter, seeing her seated close to his sister, addressed her with

“Soft you now.

The fair Christine! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.”

It was like Greek to her, and she felt abashed and annoyed; but Mrs. Ramsey made her brother give an account of the way in which he

had spent the day, and Kirstin soon forgot her annoyance in the pleasure of listening.

"By-the-by," he said, "have you yet arrived at any reasonable solution of the mystery?"

"What mystery?" asked his sister.

"Why the grand conflagration of that poor little toy-house. What do you think the people at Düsternbrook have discovered? They opine that the girl from Copenhagen—I beg your pardon, Miss Ericksen!—set the house on fire, and then in her remorse flung herself down from the parapet in hopes of breaking her neck."

Kirstin laughed heartily, but Mrs. Ramsey exclaimed, "What a shame! I hope you silenced them, Geordie."

"Well, unfortunately I had no counter theory to propose, and all I could say in my fair patient's defence was that she certainly saved my life, and by implication that of everybody else. But I thought of course you would have found out who did the deed by this time."

"No one but Kirstin could know anything about the matter, and she and all of us saw the flames beginning from your corner of the house; so I am sadly afraid you are not free from suspicion. Are you sure you did not read in bed last night?"

"Read in bed, Queen Esther! why I had not even a candle to light me upstairs. I am as innocent as the babe unborn; I groped my way up in the dark."

"I heard you go upstairs, Mr. Graham," said Kirstin, shyly.

"There! is not that a first-rate evidence in my favour? Now as a reward, I have been getting some ointment, which I will rub into my patient's arm when the rest of the company have retired—not before, for they might find the smell unpleasant. It is used to cure sprains in horses, but is none the worse for that."

While the young surgeon was bathing her arm and rubbing in his ointment, Kirstin could not refrain from saying, "Do you remember what you did with your cigar last night, Mr. Graham?"

"Did with my cigar?—really I don't know."

"When you went upstairs you were smoking, for I noticed the scent as you passed my room."

"To be sure, and I flung it out of the window. Oh, I see what you are driving at."

"I thought if it fell on the balcony, where I recollect some loose

pieces of paper and straw were scattered, that would account for the fire."

"It did fall on the balcony, I remember now. So I am really the culprit!" And his face expressed such consternation that Kirstin felt really sorry for him; he had always taken everything so lightly that it had not occurred to her that it was possible for him to feel vexation. So she said, "Perhaps it was not your cigar, Mr. Graham; we cannot be sure."

"But do you think it was?" he asked.

"I do think so; but as I cannot be sure I will say no more about it." Kirstin thought how grieved she would feel, and how unwilling to face so good a friend as Mr. Ramsey, if she had caused such risk, confusion, and damage.

"It will give the people a lesson: they ought to build in stone," said Geordie Graham, and to Kirstin's surprise he began to whistle.

The next day proved wet and passed rather heavily, for the children had not their usual amusements or lessons, nor the bathing that occupied the mornings at Düsternbrook. In the evening Mr. Ramsey appeared, to the great surprise of every one; he had arrived some hours before at Düsternbrook, and found he had to travel farther ere he could see his wife. After the first greetings Kirstin, disregarding the rain, borrowed a cloak and went out for a walk. "If we stay here many days," thought she, "I must find some way of amusing Alec; he knows all my stories." Then she tried to recall some that she had not heard for years and years, and also sundry old songs that had once been favourites.

At the end of an hour she returned, and on entering the sitting-room Mr. Ramsey bade her sit down by him. "I have been wanting to tell you, Kirstin," he said, "that I have been to Copenhagen, and have seen your brother. My news you will find good on the whole; Hans is in perfect health, and in good repute. His tutors think highly of his abilities, and he has made many friends among them. Moreover, he has passed a difficult examination with great success."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Kirstin.

"Yes, it is very satisfactory to us all. I undertook to defray his schooling expenses for three years; that time is now expired, but the Danish Government is willing to provide for the further education of lads who are likely to profit by their help. And Hans is to be one of

these. He says he wishes to be a law student, and he is considered well-fitted for the profession. It will be very advantageous to him to feel himself dependent upon his own exertions rather than on my patronage, for you know, Kirstin, your brother is not perfect."

She drooped her head, and said, "He is so young."

"True, we want him to grow older, to become more of a man, more self-reliant, and less vain, for vanity is a very childish fault. He will work desperately hard to prepare for an examination, but his interest flags when the stimulus is removed, and then he grows lazy. He is very clever, but lacks steadiness and perseverance. And after all, steady plodding does most work in this world; we cannot have examinations, and prizes, and all eyes upon us, every day of our lives. He is uncommonly anxious to be the gentleman," added Mr. Ramsey, smiling.

"I know he is ashamed of my being a servant," said Kirstin, colouring, her eyes cast down. "But," looking up with a bright smile, "I am not ashamed."

"I should think not; I told Hans how much we loved and prized you, and he seemed pleased. But I was thinking rather of a little foppery in dress; however, that is a trifling matter; he will probably outgrow it. School is a sharp ordeal; it brings out faults and virtues into stronger relief than home life, and we may well be thankful that your brother has passed through it comparatively free from blame. No serious fault, no breach of discipline is charged upon him; he is neither rebellious nor quarrelsome—only a little over-sensitive when reproved, and indolent when no reward is to be gained by diligence. There, that was what I had to tell you; I thought it best to speak of his deficiencies as well as of his success—was it not so, Kirstin?"

"Yes, thank you for telling me; truth is always best."

"And now," added Mr. Ramsey, "see, I have got some books for you; I bought them in Copenhagen. I think it right you should read some of your own authors as well as ours."

"Oh, how kind of you to remember me!" cried Kirstin, as she took the books from his hand.

"They come just at the right time, to amuse you now that you have been hurt in our service."

"Do you mean my arm? that is better to-day, and the hurt is not worth mentioning."

"Well, at any rate you must rest it awhile; so take your books and enjoy them while you have the time."

Kirstin did thoroughly enjoy both rest and her books; the rain had ceased, and she sat in the open air to read. She was delighted to find some stories among them, one especially that seemed an enlarged version of an old tale she had heard in her childhood.

Supper was laid out in a little arbour in the garden. The whole party were assembled, Alec on his father's knee; but when Mr. Graham joined them he greeted Mr. Ramsey with, "I heard you had come, Angus—but I have no time to stay, I am going away."

Mrs. Ramsey exclaimed at his want of civility and her husband rising and holding out his hand, said, "At least, Geordie, give me time to shake hands and express my sense of how much we owe to your presence of mind and exertions the night of the fire."

What was it made Kirstin suddenly raise her eyes to the young man's face? He too looked at her, not at his brother-in-law: those large hazel eyes of hers were eloquent enough; he read their meaning: they said plainly, "Now I shall despise you if you receive thanks and do not confess." He coloured furiously and stammered out in reply, "Pray leave my presence of mind alone, Angus!"

Mrs. Ramsey was about to call her brother to account for his discourteous speech, but he went on, rather defiantly:

"It was I set the house on fire, Angus, with my confounded cigar, which I threw out into the balcony when I went to bed, just remembering Esther did not like smoking in the house. I am sorry I have given her such a fright, and as to the damages, why, the only plan will be for you to stop my allowance and make me live on bread and cheese a while."

A general consternation followed this announcement. "Oh! Mr. Graham!" cried out the little girls, apparently horrified; Alec more phlegmatically saying, "So it was your doing, Uncle Geordie!" and Mrs. Ramsey exclaiming, "You must be out of your senses—did you not say yesterday you knew nothing about it?"

"No more I did, but Kirstin knew, and she made me recollect the cigar."

"But, Kirstin, you never said a word about it to me!"

"Was I wrong, madam? it was not my affair, it was Mr. Graham's."

"Kirstin is a capital girl, and I will never again call her 'the fair Christine,' or Miss Ericksen, since she dislikes it."

"Indeed, it was silly of me to be vexed, and I do not mind now," said Kirstin; but at the same moment little Mattie's voice was heard, "But, Mr. Graham, it was very naughty of you to set the house on fire."

"Mind your own business, Mattie; you were not hurt," cried Alec, indignantly; "only Kirstin was hurt, and she does not care," and he flung his arms round his uncle's neck. "I was not frightened, I liked to see the fire, it was very pretty, and I like being here, and, uncle dear, I am sure papa won't make you live on bread and water."

Mr. Graham laughed, put his nephew down, and still adhered to his purpose of going; but Mr. Ramsey would not suffer it, and a few minutes later all were at supper together. Mrs. Ramsey, however, had been very much vexed at the discovery of her brother's carelessness, and thus the two liveliest of the party being silent, the rest felt constrained and uncomfortable. Alec, finding his uncle made no effort to amuse him, changed his place; he discovered that he must sit by Kirstin, and help her, and then turning to his papa, he said, "Kirstin has sung us such a pretty song about a man called Swend Felding who ate as much as twelve men."

"I should like to hear it," said Mr. Ramsey.

And Kirstin, glad to do anything to restore the general hilarity, felt no repugnance to comply.

When she had finished her song, Alec said, "Did Swend Felding's being as strong as twelve men mean anything?"

"Yes, Alec," answered his mother, "I think so; I think a hero's being supernaturally strong, and possessing a marvellous sword, really meant that he had courage and spirit that never quailed. A man who could dare approach the Elves, and yet have self-control to resist their wiles, need never fear anything."

"Scandinavian antiquaries, I know," said Mr. Ramsey, "consider that the strife between the Gods and the Giants symbolizes the struggle of strong, unusually resolute men against the powers of nature. How terrible was often such a struggle in a wild, desolate country, where man found himself, as it were, face to face with the elements, and learned to regard them as malignant enemies bent upon thwarting him in every way, and destroying his work! For instance, a man builds a house most carefully—the very day he enters it to dwell, the sea bursts upon the land with fury, and his habitation is destroyed. Or lightning strikes upon the thatched roof, and it is burnt. It seems like personal

hatred in the elements—he fancies an evil spirit has directed the blow. Again, a boy, passing over a moor, such as one of your Jutland districts, Kirstin, empties his wallet on the hillside; the cry of an eagle may be distracts his attention for a moment; he looks back, his dinner is gone, a tricky gust of wind has carried it away—he believes the hill-men have been making sport of him.”

“I can see that many wild stories might arise in this way,” said Miss Owenson; “and that would account for the inveterate dislike to the fairy race that usually breathes in popular tales—to the peasantry they were unpleasant realities, personifications of natural forces. In later times, when no longer believed in, fairies might be regarded as amiable beings.”

“But, Esther,” said Mr. Ramsey, “what have you to say about the elfin-wine which caused madness or death, or kept the victim enthralled for ever after?”

“It always seemed to me to symbolize sensual pleasure,” she replied; “but Alec is tired of this discussion—will you sing us another song, Kirstin?”

“I think you will like ‘The Nightingale,’” she replied; “I believe I can sing that.”

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A castle I know tow’ring high and bold
Among the woods alone,
Adorned with silver, and good red gold,
And built of well-hewn stone.

In the castle-yard doth a lime-tree spring,
And ’mid its leaves so green
The sweetest of Nightingales wont to sing
Her sorrowful notes, unseen.

There came a Knight, as he rode that way
He heard the bird in her bower,
He marvelled much at her plaintive lay,
It was near the midnight hour.

“Now, little Nightingale, listen to me!
That song once more to me sing,
And with pearls I will deck that tiny neck,
And cover with gold each wing.”

"Oh, I care naught for feathers of gold,
I'll turn me away from thee,
For I am a wild bird fearless and bold,
No mate may be found for me."

"Art thou a wild bird, Nightingale bold?
No mate in the world for thee?
Yet may hunger compel thee, the snow and the cold,
From the forest away to flee."

"Oh, I care not for hunger, nor yet for the snow
That lies on the barren way;
I care not for these, but a secret woe
A weight on my heart doth lay.

"I once had a friend, he gave me his troth,
'Twas a Knight of renown and power;
But my stepmother heard, and hated us both—
We were parted in that hour.

"To a Nightingale she witched me that day,
I fly o'er the heath, unblest;
And ever I trill my sorrowful lay,
And build my lonely nest.

"And I sing and I mourn while others sleep,
Sitting here on the lonely spray,
And a quiet home for myself I keep
Among the lime-leaves so gay."

"Now, little Nightingale, fleet of wing,
I pray thee hearken to me,
In winter with me in my bow'r do thou sing,
In summer again fly free."

"Oh, thanks, fair Knight, but it may not be,
Alone my fate must I bear;
My stepmother, she so enjoined it on me,
So long as I feathers wear."

On the tree sate the Nightingale, pensive and shy,
The Knight had a sudden thought;
Not so to be answered, not so put by,
By her foot the bird he caught.

Thro' the garden bowers with its fragrant flowers
He carried the bird that night,
Tho' her form did change into shapes so strange
As to fill his soul with affright.

She turned to a lion, she turned to a bear,
A snake in his arms then lay,
Then a terrible dragon she struggled there,
But the Knight felt no dismay.

With his dagger he pricked her, the crimson blood
Fell on the floor of the bower—
The dragon was gone, and there she stood
A maiden fair as a flower.

There is joy in the hall when the tale is heard,
There is joy o'er forest and lea,
For the Knight has caught the bonnie bird
That sang in the fair lime-tree.

When Kirstin had finished Mr. Ramsey translated it into English for the benefit of his wife and Alec. "But," said Mrs. Ramsey, "what became of the first knight, who plighted his troth to the young lady before she was turned into a nightingale?"

"How funny it is that you should ask that question!" exclaimed Kirstin; "I have often wanted to know, because, you see, she seemed to like him; but there's no more about him."

"Of course, the first love was forgotten, and she married the second knight; no uncommon case," said Geordie.

"Really I think the first knight had no right to complain," said Mrs. Ramsey, smiling; "he left the poor girl to her fate, and number two had the trouble of disenchanting her; surely his courage merited a reward. Do you remember the Scotch ballad of 'Jamlane,' Geordie? there, it is the knight who has to be disenchanted, and he suffers transformation in the arms of his lady-love.

" 'They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,' &c.

I suppose the moral was that true love would hold fast by its object through every change, every trial, however strange and terrible."

"Very pretty sentiment indeed!" said Geordie Graham, who was gradually recovering his spirits. "It was certainly taking your partner 'for better, for worse,' with a vengeance, when he or she might turn into a lion or dragon upon your hands. Figuratively true, no doubt. I think your explanation very ingenious, Queen Esther, only I doubt the minstrel having intended anything else besides a marvellous tale."

"Did you ever read a description of the old castles of Denmark, Miss Owenson?" asked Mr. Ramsey.

"Never; I should like to hear something about them."

"In the first place, there was a bench at the outer gate; you will recollect that the ballads often describe the inmates of the castle as waiting for each other at the gate. The little hedged inclosure beyond, a sort of park, was called the 'rose grove.' Then, within the gates there was a fruit garden, called the apple house, and also an herb house, or garden for flowers and vegetables. Immediately surrounding the castle were the moats, crossed by a drawbridge, by which you entered. The castle portal was surmounted by tooth-shaped battlements; a warder guarded it. Beneath the watch-tower were the dungeons. Then there was the castle-yard, an open space with often a lime-tree in the centre, round which the young people were wont to dance. Well, still the castle itself, the chief building, or high-loft, as it was called, lay beyond. One of its wings was the women's room, or 'maidens' bower;' the other was the dining-hall, used by servants and retainers as well as by the lords of the castle, and these wings or side buildings were lower than the high-loft, and usually built of wood. Thus the ballads and old writings continually refer to the store-room or high-loft in the centre, as distinguished from the dwellings of timber on each side. There was a balcony to the central building for the enjoyment of fresh air, and also an ante-chamber with a floor of boards. It was in such an ante-chamber apparently that the nightingale stood on the floor, 'a maiden fair as a flower.' So now you have my lecture in return for Kirstin's song."

"And now, Angus, you must drink Kirstin's health, and Geordie's too," said Mrs. Ramsey, "since we all owe our lives to their united exertions. Kirstin has rescued Alec, once from water, and once from fire; only, the first time that young Morten Somebodyson was her assistant."

"She ought to marry one of us then," said Mr. Graham. Kirstin coloured crimson. The young man noticed it, and for a moment his vanity disposed him to appropriate the blush to himself; but he suddenly remembered something he had noticed that day in the beech-woods, and changed his mind. He was on the point of demanding that the health of Morten Somebodyson should be drunk, but checked himself, resolving to keep Kirstin's secret as she had kept his.

"Esther," he said, the day before he left Düsternbrook to return to Edinburgh, "do you know I am quite converted to your admiration of this pearl of nursery-maids? she puts me in mind of those verses in 'Harold the Dauntless' we were so fond of when we were children," and he went off singing:

"A Danish maid for me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE evening later in the autumn Kirstin sat alone under the verandah of another of the pretty cottages at Düsternbrook, to which place the family had returned. Her knitting was in her hands, but—an unusual thing with her—she had let it sink down upon her lap, and sat motionless, while she gazed upon the dim grey sea which lay calm before her beneath the gathering twilight. So absorbed was she, indeed, in her own musings that she scarcely heard a step approaching on the turf.

"Kirstin," said a voice close beside her, and Kirstin started and turned to see through the fading light a well-known form. It was the same on which her thoughts had been dwelling, and for an instant she half fancied that this was but the continuation of her dream. But there was reality enough in the deep earnest tones which repeated her name, and in the warm clasp of the hand which had possessed itself of hers.

Kirstin drew a deep breath. "It is you, Morten!"

"Yes, at last! and it is sooner than I had dared to hope, but our vessel had to run into harbour for repairs—I will tell you about that another time—and I thought I would go straight home; I can stay there now if—" He checked himself, then gently replacing Kirstin on the bench from which she had risen, he sat down beside her. Kirstin did not say much while, during the next few minutes, he spoke of his different voyages, and how they had prospered.

"And have you been happy here, Kirstin?" he asked at length.

"Oh yes," was the answer; "Mrs. Ramsey is so kind, and her husband and Alec, I could not have found truer friends anywhere."

"Then perhaps you do not care to come back to Jutland? you have found another home here." He turned an anxious questioning glance upon her as he spoke, but Kirstin gently shook her head.

"Not quite that, Morten," she said in a low tone; "I love Mrs. Ramsey dearly, and would go anywhere with her, but this cannot be quite like home to me." She paused for an instant, then went on:



"Just before you came I was looking at the sea, so grey and still, and almost longing for the sight and sound of our own waves that come rolling up near the Nisum-fiord. No, I can never love any place as I do Jutland—till I left it I did not know how much."

"Will you then come back there with me now?" he asked, bending towards her; "it is very lonely at home; will you come, Kirstin?"

She raised her eyes for an instant to his face, then laid her hand in his with quiet trustfulness: "If you will," she said.

* * * * *

"Esther," said Mr. Ramsey, when a few hours later he entered his wife's room, "do you know I fear there is a chance of you and Alec losing your friend and nurse before very long?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Only that as I passed through the garden this evening I saw *two* figures sitting under the verandah, and one appeared uncommonly like our old acquaintance the young fisherman, Morten."

Mrs. Ramsey gave an exclamation of surprise not unmixed with vexation.

"Surely not! He will be wanting to take her away with him to Jutland."

"Most probably; but after all, Esther, we can spare her better now than we could have done even a few months ago. Alec is quite strong, and you know we were talking of returning to Scotland next month for the winter. Who can tell what plans may be formed before our stay there is over?"

"I was not thinking so much of how we could spare her as of the loss I should feel in any case. And she has been learning so much lately, and takes such pleasure in all our own pursuits. What a pity it seems that so much cultivation and refinement of mind should be thrown away in a Jutland fisherman's cottage!"

"Really, Esther," exclaimed her husband, "you are the last person I should have expected to hear assert that true cultivation and refinement of mind can be thrown away in any station in life."

"Well, I dare say I am unreasonable," she replied. "Of course I know that none of Kirstin's gifts can really be wasted, and that the next generation of dwellers by the Nissum-fiord will be all the better for the influence that her mind must have over theirs. As for Morten, he is as worthy of her as any one can be. But it vexes me so to lose her. I suppose," she added, with a sigh, "she will tell me about this visit before night."

When Kirstin came that evening to assist her mistress in dressing, it was with the full intention of telling what had passed between

Morten and herself; but she did not find it easy to begin upon the subject. Mrs. Ramsey watched her flushed cheek and downcast eyes, and the lips that parted more than once as if to speak; at length, turning towards her, she took both her hands in her own.

"Have you anything to say to me, Kirstin?" she asked.

Kirstin raised her eyes, clear and frank as ever, to her questioner, though the flush deepened as she answered,

"Morten Ranildsen is here; he has come home from his last voyage, and—"

"And he wishes to take you away with him," said Mrs. Ramsey, with a smile.

Kirstin knelt down and pressed her mistress's hand to her lips.

"Oh, dear lady," she said, earnestly, "do not think me ungrateful; I could never wish to leave you. But Morten and I were troth-plighted long ago; and it is very lonely for him now in his own home; his sister is dead, and he has no other kin."

"So I ought not to grudge his having you. But, Kirstin, you must not speak of gratitude; we owe quite as much to you as you to us."

"To *me*?" said Kirstin, in surprise. "You gave me a home when I was homeless. And I could never repay all your kindness."

"And do you think you have done nothing for us?" replied Mrs. Ramsey. "A year ago, Kirstin, I was weary both in body and mind, Alec was sickly and restless, and I had little strength to meet the difficulties of our daily life. You came and brought peace and strength into the household. I will not speak of what you have done for me, but look at Alec, he is scarcely like the same child. He must learn to do without his nurse now," she added, in a lighter tone.

"But we can wait," said Kirstin, eagerly; "Morten need not return to Jutland just yet. Indeed I could not go away till you could quite spare me."

"That would hardly be fair to Morten; besides," added Mrs. Ramsey, "my husband intends that we should pay a visit to Scotland and stay there during the winter, so it is best that we should part now. But I must see your wedding first, Kirstin, and Alec will be Morten's best man."

So it was settled; and one calm autumn day, in a quiet little church in Hamburg, Kirstin Ericksen became a wife.

Mr. Ramsey gave her away. Alec was divided in mind between

grief at losing his playfellow and the pleasurable excitement of a wedding; but happily he had taken a great fancy to Morten, and thus graciously condescended to approve Kirstin's acceptance of him. Moreover, he was already looking forward to a visit which was to be paid her in her Jutland home, as Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey talked of crossing over to Denmark in the following year, and of spending as much time as possible among their old haunts. This idea helped to soften the pain of parting to all concerned when at length the time of parting came, and Kirstin and Morten entered the Copenhagen steamer which was to convey them the first stage of their journey home.

Many heartfelt good wishes and prayers accompanied them; and as the vessel glided slowly through the harbour, Kirstin's eyes did not leave the shore while that one group of friends remained in sight. When the shore lay far behind, and only the open sea was around them, she looked up at Morten, who had been standing at her side, silently watching her.

"Kirstin," said he, "do you remember that evening, some years ago, when you brought Karen home and sang her to sleep with the ballad of Maid Thorailil?"

"And you were with us," she answered. "Yes, I remember—but I was almost a child then," she added, with a half smile and a blush.

"It may be so," he replied. "But do you know, Kirstin, that ever since that evening the idea of you, and that of Maid Thorailil, seem to have been woven together in my mind? Often when I was pacing the deck I half fancied that I saw Maid Thorailil standing near me in the moonlight; but she had your eyes, Kirstin, and it was your voice which chanted the old rhymes in my ears. I looked upon her as a sort of guardian angel—an angel of peace," he ended, in a lower tone.

Kirstin did not seem to hear his last words, her eyes were fixed upon the dim horizon, a look of grave hope and calm trustfulness upon her sweet face. The old home and the new life lay before her, and as she bent her head she murmured, half to herself, the last words of Maid Thorailil's prayer:

"God help us our wilderness journey along,
And bring us to Paradise all!"

(*Concluded.*)

EVENING HYMN.



GOD, Whose love embraces all,
 Most merciful, most holy;
 Thy tenderness with special care
 Enfolds the poor and lowly.
 One of Thy weakest children comes
 This night to seek Thy blessing,
 With contrite tears my countless sins
 And Thy dear grace, confessing.

The little flowers on every side
 For peaceful rest are closing,
 The children in their innocence
 With smiling lip reposing:
 My sleep cannot be sweet as theirs,
 Who for my sins am sighing;
 Yet grant me, for these sins of mine,
 To see my Saviour dying.

And as each day more plainly shows
 My foolishness, my blindness,
 Let me cling closer to the arm
 Of Thy strong loving-kindness:
 So, when the solemn evening comes,
 A rest to labour sending,
 Life, like a folding flower, shall close
 In joy and peace unending.

M. M. M.

THE MOUSE IN MY ROOM.



FOR many years I have not quite believed in the proverb, "Be it never so homely, there's no place like home." I have been compelled to leave its enjoyments to the snug circles I glimpse at round the firelight as I wend my way to my bachelor lodgings. It's a sad confession, and may draw down upon me the rebuke of my single brethren, but once inside my "room" all my faith in "home" is gone.

I am a literary man, living in one of those quiet retreats which are considered by romance readers as the abodes of the blameless and the happy. I spend my life in catering for the instruction and amusement of others, and ought, according to the same opinion, therein to find my own.

I have all the externals of ease and comfort—an easy chair which any lover of “ten minutes” after dinner would pronounce perfection, and a landlady who knows how to dust my room without upsetting my papers; and if I have few friends in the village, I have many on my bookshelves. And yet even in these snug quarters for many years I have sighed for some life. Brown and Robinson now and then ride over to dine, but when they go the solitude is more unbearable. I have often seriously thought of taking my writing materials into the stable, and sitting a while with my only companion in life. To hear Fanny crack a few beans, or draw the hay from the rack, seemed better than the solitude indoors. I was so desperate, that I almost envied the gentleman of the French Revolution, who bestowed all his attentions on a prison flower, when good luck sent me a companion, who has entirely changed the face of matters.

My landlady has a great, and, as I used to feel, a just abhorrence of vermin in her house, and some time since, when it was told her the mice had found their way to my cupboard and had eaten there whatever was eatable, she, very properly, as I thought, sent forthwith for the mason, who accordingly came the next day, stopped up the hole, and there, as we thought, the matter ended.

Not many nights after I was sitting in the firelight, between six and seven o'clock, just before the candles were brought, when I heard a slight scratching at the far end of the room. Such a little sound it was, as if a lady were writing lightly with a quill pen; but I knew there were no ladies there. I kept very still, leaning back in my chair, and looking in the direction from which the sound came. It stopped, and I almost thought I had been deceived in it; but, no, there it is again, on the floor. I lifted my eyes without at all changing my posture, and there first I saw my little friend the mouse. How quietly he had managed that piece of business! While I had been watching for his shadow on the floor, he had climbed to the very top of my chair, and was sitting there evidently making observations on me. I looked at him, and he looked at me. I was very still, so was

he; and there seemed every prospect of our becoming acquaintances at least, if not friends, when lo! in came my landlady with the tea, and a bright light on her tray. In a moment my friend saw his danger. Down he sprang to the carpet with a single bound, and vanished; not so quickly, however, but that the lady had both heard and seen him. She heard him fall, and caught the last faint shadow of him as he disappeared behind the wainscoting.

"Laws, sir! I ask your pardon—and did you see that there now? if there wasn't a mouse got right up top of the chair, and jumped off and ran into a hole, the minute I came in with the light."

I saw that all was lost; that it would be no use to try to persuade her that it was a mistake. She had seen all too plainly, and she was not the person to doubt her own eyesight. She had never read Bishop Berkeley, and the tendencies of her mind were not in that direction. I therefore contented myself with remarking, that so long as the mice were kept from the cupboard I should be quite satisfied. At the same time I secretly resolved that I would not allow any measures to be taken likely to deprive me of the visits of my new-found acquaintance.

All that evening passed, but although the room was very quiet, I neither saw nor heard anything more of my mouse. I examined the hole at which he had disappeared, and ventured to put a small piece of bread into it; but nothing would tempt him forth again that night, and in the morning I found my landlady had jammed a cork into it so tightly, that it was quite impossible for the strength of any unassisted mouse to move it. This contented me. The thing was now in my own hands, and I arranged my plans accordingly.

Of course there was nothing for it but to let everything remain as it was during the day. I might be sure that after such a shock as he had received on the previous evening, he would not venture to tempt the daylight so soon. So there I left him, not, however, without some anxiety as to how he would live, pent up there in the wall, in darkness and suffocation. But in the evening, the tea being removed, and everything being quiet again, I went to my friend's hole, and pulled out the cork. At the entrance I placed a small piece of cheese; a few inches further off I placed a larger piece, and on the chair a yet larger piece. Then I sat down to watch. Half an hour passed and not a sound—an hour, an hour and a half, and no sign of his return.

I had got quietly to my writing at the table, but looked that way sometimes as I sat. At last he came. I could see two bright beautiful eyes looking out at me from the hole. I cast mine back upon my writing table, and wrote on with just as much sound only as a mouse might make scratching. Presently when I looked again, he had got further into the room, and was eating my second piece of cheese. This was very hopeful. He was evidently gaining confidence, and we might be friends yet, so that I took care he should not again be disturbed. So I sat there very very still for a long time that evening, until, when he had eaten all the cheese, he went quietly back to the hole, and for that night I corked him up.

It is now six months since that night of our first acquaintance; and every night, with only one exception, when I was ill upstairs, I have put a piece of cheese for my little friend. And every night at about half-past nine he comes from his hole in the corner to eat it. My landlady knows I used not to be able to eat cheese on account of its being too heavy for my digestion; and she cannot at all understand how it is I have grown so venturesome. If I am ever ailing, she thinks it is the cheese I eat; but I hold my peace.

The mouse and I have grown very familiar. He never keeps me waiting more than a minute or two after I have opened his hole. If I put the cheese on my table he will run up to eat it. If I light my lamp he is not afraid. If I walk across the room he does not run away. Only one thing I have to guard against—and that is not to let the door be opened. I think to this day he must remember my landlady's appearance, although he cannot be supposed to have understood her remarks. However that may be, if by any chance the door should be opened he disappears for that evening and seems more cautious for a while.

I am very fond of this mouse—so fond am I that after half-past nine in the evening (the time at which I pull out the cork), "home is home" to me. I look out for his appearance. I watch his little tricks. I admire his eyes, and his long graceful tail. I wonder at him when he sweeps like a shadow across the room, or climbs to the chair seeming hardly to touch it, or leaps down from a height of twenty times his own length, as though he were a spirit. I have tried to argue myself out of this fondness by reminding myself that he is only a mouse. I remember that the last novel is on my shelf, and


that I might read and see what becomes of the poor girl who was to have been married and was not; and of the man who ought to have married her, and who married some one else. But although these characters may interest me at some other part of the day, my interest in them does not seem so real and warm as it is in this little living thing in my presence. I instruct myself that, now my work is done, I might write a letter to a friend, and so pass the last lonely evening hour. But my friend seems to be a great way off, and writing the letter presents itself as a toil to me, whereas this curious little trusting thing is creeping at my very feet, and seems to beseech me to enter into more familiar relations with him.

That "it is not good for man to be alone" is true at least in the same sense in which we may say it is not good for man to hunger and be in want. But there are some circumstances in which hunger and want are better than fulness and plenty—if with the fulness and plenty we must have too something else which we feel to be *worse* than hunger and want. So although for all men it may not, as a rule, be good to be alone, yet for some men it may be the *best*. Each man arrives at his own conclusion in this matter by the time he is thirty years of age, and decides what is good for him; a decision that is influenced not a little by his memory of "the days that are no more," and of one face that used to haunt him when he was eighteen. I have come to my decision, good reader, in this matter; and although I shall never know what "home" is, in the sense which perhaps you do, I am nevertheless very thankful every evening for the kind and timid friendship of the mouse in my parlour.

ARTHUR LEIGH.



MORE "BLACKFELLOW YARNS."

 ONE day, while Jem and I were on the coast station together, Jem happened to leave his carbine under a tree while he went back to the hut to fetch some tobacco; when he returned it was gone, and there were the blackfellow's tracks, showing plainly who had taken it.

For days after that we used to find pieces of the gun lying about the run, and placed apparently in places where we could not help seeing them. One day we found part of the stock lying close to the hut, then the barrel, bent double, lying on the edge of the creek, and so on. The blacks about here were not so timid as some other tribes, because they had sometimes had shipwrecked sailors among them; notably one who was with them nineteen years, and afterwards lived four years as sexton of the church in one of the northern ports. During his sojourn with the blacks he had become just like one of themselves. When he was wrecked he had some fellow sailors with him, but these had all died of fevers, and he had been adopted by the tribe, who had never seen a white man before.

After nineteen years, the district began to be occupied by the whites, and one day, while out hunting, after the blackfellow fashion, he came near the place where two men were building a paddock fence. He went and sat on one of the rails and watched them. They, mistaking him for a blackfellow, were going to fire at him, when he exclaimed, "Don't shoot, I British *object*." You see that he had been so long among the blacks, that he had partly forgotten his own language. After some difficulty the two men persuaded him to come into the hut, and eventually he was sent down to Port Denison, where he was made sexton, as I told you, and also had a situation given him in the custom-house.

He wrote a pamphlet, giving the story of those nineteen years, which contained much interesting information about the habits of the blackfellows. His name, as well as I remember, was James Morrell.

- After stealing the gun, the blackfellows began to get bolder, and took away two or three old tin jam-pots that were lying about the

hut. We found out afterwards that they had made tips to their spears out of them. But one day, while we were out, they came into the hut, and stole about a dozen old glass bottles and a bag of flour.

The next evening we put the sheep in the yard a little earlier than usual, and went out to see if we could not frighten the blacks away. My gun was still left, and Jem had a revolver.

We tracked them till we came on their camp, in the middle of a scrub. We knew that it was there by the smoke hanging over it, and the number of eaglehawks and crows which were sailing about. The scrub was made up of thick patches of bushes three or four feet apart, between which the ground was perfectly bare, and full of ants. In the middle there was a large open space, where there was a waterhole, and there it was that the blackfellows had encamped. By creeping up cautiously, we were able to get within about a hundred and twenty yards of their camp, and we soon had a view of what they were doing. We had heard for some time a strange noise that we could not account for. By peeping through the branches, we now perceived that the old gins were sitting on the ground, and smashing up all the glass bottles with "nullahs," while the men were rubbing one another all over with flour—our flour, which they had stolen.

The whole sight was so ridiculous that we both of us roared with laughter—though not loud enough for the blacks to hear us. I suppose they must have had some idea that they were turning themselves into white men; they evidently did not know the use of the flour.

We now consulted as to what was to be done. Jem was for shooting one or two of them, but I did not like the idea of doing that. Just as we were arguing the point, a wild turkey, followed by a whole brood of gobblers, stalked along one of the narrow strips of bare ground. The opportunity was too good to let slip, so Jem took the old bird, being the largest mark, with a bullet from his revolver, while I knocked over two of the young ones with my gun, which was loaded with duck-shot. As soon as we had picked them up we reloaded, and walked down to the blackfellows' camp. The blacks, of course, had vanished at the noise of firing.

There were about a dozen little bark huts, about three feet high, arranged in a circle, and at the door of each hut there was a fire, and some large stones for cooking. The blacks had been so taken by surprise that they had left everything behind them—spears, toma-

hawks, nets, "dilly-bags" (used for carrying provisions) and bits of honeycomb, pieces of fish and lily-roots, the remnants of a meal.

Generally, when white men find a blackfellows' camp like this, they take away as many things from it as they can carry, just as an English school-boy robs a bird's nest.

We, however, just contented ourselves with leaving our tracks in the camp, as a gentle hint to the blacks that they had better not interfere with us any more; and we took our flour-bag.

The blacks must have been very pleased on coming back to find their camp undisturbed. The next day we saw some of them in the distance, and they waved green boughs to us in token of friendship. We had several good meals off the turkeys, and as the weather was not very hot they kept for several days.

In the evening, as once before, we amused one another with black-fellow yarns.

"These coast blacks, after all, are not half bad fellows," said Jem, as we sat smoking by the fire; "now up farther north they're much worse. I remember once I had to 'hump my drum' (i.e. carry my blankets on my back), up the 'Flinders' road. There the darkies are very thick; and they would kill a man, and no mistake, if they got a chance. I thought they had me once. I had no firearms when I started, but after a day or two I overtook a German chap, who seemed a decentish fellow, and we chummed in together. He had a rusty old carbine slung on his back, and he used to 'blow' (brag or bluster) very much about what he would do if the blackfellows came against us. I wanted to get the thing and see whether it was properly loaded and fit for service, but the old fellow would never let it out of his own keeping.

"Well, one night we camped at one of the crossings of 'Betts's Gorge'—it crosses the road forty-two times—and I knew that we ought to keep a bright look out here, as very few persons travelled the road, except the mail-man once a fortnight; and the blacks had tried to 'stick him up.' We found a hole dug there where he had lighted his fire, so that the darkies might not see the blaze; and we lighted ours in the same place, and when we had had supper, moved off about a hundred yards away, for only new chums sleep by their fire, and unstrapped our blankets. Just before turning in for the night, I took a look round to see all right, and saw down in the creek a glowing streak of light creeping slowly nearer. I told the German.

"'Bah!' he said, without taking his pipe out, 'him only ze little virevly.' But I knew it was not a firefly; it was too red for that; it was a 'firestick,' carried by a darkie. They make 'em out of two pieces of dry iron bark clapped together, which burn like tinder. Presently I saw two more; and, to make me quite certain, the foremost fellow began to whirl his round his head, when it burst into a flame.

"Blackfellows don't often stir out at night, but when they do they mean mischief. They always carry firesticks with them at night, to keep away the 'Devil, devil.' They are as much afraid of darkness as children.

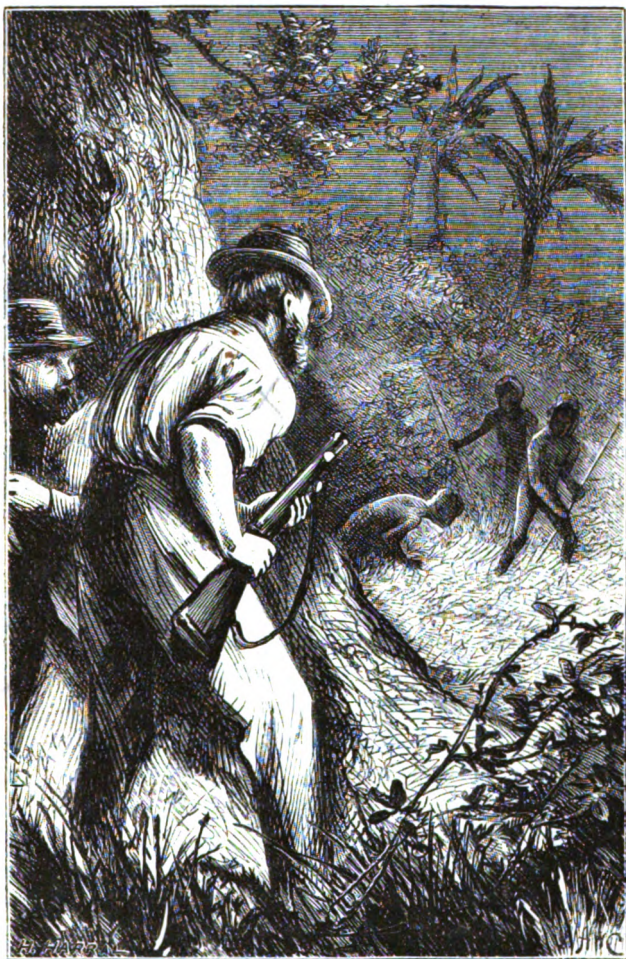
"Presently I counted half a dozen of these firesticks, and all coming our way. When the German felt sure that they were really darkies, he was in a blue funk. I never saw such an awful coward in my life. He began to shake worse than if he had the ague, and when he muttered German to himself, many a word seemed as if it would choke him. There was no help of any kind to be expected from a man like that; so I made him get behind me, and keep quiet, while I took hold of his carbine.

"When the firesticks came up to the crossing, they all stopped and clustered together, and soon they came up the bank on our side. As they stepped up into the lighter space, I could see their bodies, though not very clearly, for there was only just a little streak of a moon. I could see that they were stooping down, and 'running' our tracks. These brought them, of course, to the place where our fire had been.

"This they examined carefully, and then spread out again to look for tracks. I judged that there might be twenty of them. They came nearer to where we lay, and I got ready the old carbine, but I was very doubtful whether it would be of any use, and it seemed likely enough to burst. There was a big bony fellow at the head of the darkies, who must have been six feet high, who was especially active in the search, stooping down and feeling for tracks with his hands, and constantly waving his firestick along the ground. None of the darkies made any kind of noise. They were about fifty yards away by this time, and I steadied the carbine against a tree, and covered the big fellow who was foremost.

"I knew that if I hit him, all the rest would cut their stick—if only the old carbine would go off. The German had seen as much as I had, and I heard his knees knocking together behind me. When he saw the blacks coming nearer, he began to make a series of short

panting or moaning noises. I turned and whispered. Then he caught hold of my arm, 'Oh, mein vrend, mein vrend!' I turned round and spoke low: 'If you're not quiet, mein vrend, I'll shoot you.'



"I still kept my aim at the big nigger, ready to fire if he came ten yards nearer. You see, as long as they didn't find us out we were safe, but if we had moved we might have run right into them, for the others were not far away.

"I had taken the precaution, in moving away from the fire, to cross a piece of rocky ground, which would not bear so many traces. When the black fellows came to this they were puzzled, for although they might have managed it by day, it was too much for them by night.

"They left off tracking, and began to hunt for us anyhow. I forced the German down on his back, and motioned him to be still. I drew close up to my tree, keeping it between myself and the darkies. There was now every chance that they might miss us; as it was, they passed within twenty yards, and struck away in another direction. We had camped in a little clump of trees, with long grass all round, so that we were pretty well concealed.

"In a few minutes they came back again, and went off down the creek in the direction from which they had come. They may have thought we were gone on, or perhaps they intended to pay us another visit in the gray of the morning—the time they generally choose—but as soon as they were gone we cleared out of that pretty quick, I can tell you, and kept walking along the road nearly all night. Most of the 'blowing' had been taken out of the German, and I was so disgusted with him that we hardly spoke to one another. As to his old carbine, we tried in the morning to make it go off, but we couldn't anyhow, so it was lucky that we had not required to use it."

"I was nearly shooting a white man in mistake for a blackfellow once," said I, "when I was down on the Lower Burdekin. I was in a hut by myself, at the foot of one of the hills, and I used to see the darkies' fires all round at night, and sometimes hear them shouting to one another, but they never did any harm to me, or I to them. Well, one day the stockman from the station happened to pass my way, and among other things he said to me:

" 'Ain't you frightened to stay here all alone?'

" 'Frightened of what?' said I.

" 'Why, of the darkies,' said he.

" 'No,' I said; 'I've got a rifle from the station; and, besides, it wouldn't do any good to be frightened. If my time comes to get killed, being frightened wouldn't help me.'

" 'Well, good day.' So he galloped off, and I was left with the sheep.

"One evening, about a week after this, I was sitting by the fire, as usual, when I fancied I saw a spark of fire moving out in the bush. I watched it a little, and it came gradually nearer. Sometimes it

disappeared, as if passing behind a tree or bush. Well, I could only suppose it was one thing—a blackfellow's firestick—so I went in and got my rifle, which was already loaded. The light came steadily on—it seemed to be about two feet from the ground. I rested my elbow on a log, and took aim at it, and it soon got so close that I sung out, 'Who's there?' No answer.

"'Who's there? or I shall fire!' No answer. So I steadied myself as well as I could, and fired.

"'I say, mate, that's rather above a joke!' said the voice of the stockman out of the darkness, and he himself soon walked up. It appeared that he had intended to creep up close to the hut and then startle me with a yell.

"'Your ball hit a tree not many inches away from my head. But how did you know which way to shoot? I reckoned you wouldn't know when you hailed, so I did not answer.'

"'Why, I fired at the light you carried.'

"'What light?' he cried; 'I carried no light.'

"'What do you call that?' I said, pointing to his pipe, which still remained in his mouth.

"'Ah! I forgot that.'

"He had no business to have tried such a trick on," said Jem, "and it would have served him right if you had shot him."

"Well, perhaps it would, but I was not sorry that I missed him."

Soon after this we turned in for the night.

Jem and I remained together for a good while, and we were always capital friends, and I was very sorry when I parted with him. It is a very melancholy thing, parting with a man with whom you have lived for months in solitary companionship, especially if you know that in all probability you will never meet him again in this life. There was nothing very remarkable about Jem either; he was profoundly ignorant on many subjects; he was not very choice in his language or actions; and yet there grew up a feeling of good-fellowship between us that amounted to affection.

It is most likely that if I were to meet him in England now I should not recognise him, and if I did I dare say that he would seem to me a vulgar, common person, and not at all the sort of person to associate with. But I do not like to think thus of my old comrade. I prefer to picture him as I always found him—the brave, honest, handy

Jem—yes, honest in its truest meaning—my "Bushland tutor," for I was but a raw hand when first I knew him. And thinking of him so, I do not wish, in my changed life, to see him again.

When Jem had got about forty pounds due to him, he went down to Sydney to have a spree, as he called it; and as the lambs were now strong enough to travel, another man was sent down to help to bring them back to the head station. This man was an oddity in his way. He had been a lieutenant in the army, and had come out to Sydney and entered the native police. He did not stay long in this employment, when he obtained a situation under government. All these chances in life he had lost because he was such a fearful drunkard, and now he was a simple shepherd, and likely to remain so as long as he was fit for that duty. All this I knew by report, for he was a noted character in the district, and known by the name of "The General." His father was a major in the artillery, and I have since met him in England, but without alluding in any way to his son, who was a sad rascal. His father used to send him fifty pounds a year, believing that he was doing well in the colonies; and, in order that this supply might not be cut off, "The General" used to write home long letters describing his station, the number of men he employed, &c.

This allowance, as well as all he could earn, he used to spend in drink, and very often the public-house keepers gave him credit, so that he spent it before it came at all.

He had been at a public school—Rugby, I think, he told me; so that he was tolerably well educated.

He was not by any means a bad fellow in the bush, where he could not get any drink; but one or two glasses of grog made a complete savage of him, and he never stopped drinking until he had neither money nor anything worth money in his possession. This is not at all uncommon in the colonies: men will often exchange their horse, blankets, and even their spare clothes, for one or two glasses of bad spirit, and then walk away destitute, to work hard for more money, to be spent in the same way.

"The General" used to stammer frightfully; and, as he was very fond of talking, this defect was especially noticeable. A favourite boasting speech of his was that he had "C—c—c—arried the Queen's c—c—c—olours into the Redan b—b—attery, and b—b—uried the dead afterwards!" At present, however, he did not look much like it, nor did I

ever know any instance of his distinguishing himself for bravery, though he had the chance more than once.

We had to take the sheep about forty miles, which we expected to do in about nine days. We had to camp out four or five times; and at other halting-places there were stations, where we could get the loan of an old yard for the night. As these were all cattle stations just now, there was not so much fear of losing the sheep or getting them mixed with others.

We used to start at daybreak, and let the sheep feed pretty much as they liked, only taking care that they did not go in the wrong direction, and hunt up the stragglers.

At the first station we came to, "The General" begged a sheet of paper and an envelope, and wrote a letter to his father, which he showed me. It was something like this:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—You will be very glad to hear that I have had a most successful shearing, and that, what with the present year's increase, and the prudent expenditure of a little money, I have now on my run upwards of seven thousand sheep."

He then went on to give other details, and to relate anecdotes; and signed himself "Ever your loving son."

"P.S.—Thank you for the money, which was very acceptable."

I believe that a great many of the fortunes which we hear of in England, as being made in Australia, are made in this way.

When we got to the head station, I parted with "The General" for a time, not expecting much to see him any more. I had suddenly grown tired of shepherding, and I felt as if a change of occupation would do me good; but all choice in the matter was taken away from me in the following way.

I was suddenly smitten with one of the plagues of Queensland—the "sandy blight." This is an affection of the eyes, which is very common in the summer, and caused partly by the heat and glare and partly by the myriads of flies which are constantly buzzing about one's face. It is excessively painful, and very often takes away the sight altogether for a time. So, instead of feeling strong and hearty as I had felt the day before, I lay groaning and half-blind in the stranger's hut, with a large cloth over my head to keep the light and the flies away. Oh, those flies! I could write a chapter about them. I never

thoroughly understood the misery of the Egyptians until I went to Queensland. They are bad enough when a man is in good health. What would you think of lifting a spoonful of soup to your mouth, and finding it full—yes, full! of black flies before it reached you? The only chance of getting a comfortable meal is to eat nothing but dry food, such as damper and cold beef, on which the flies will alight without sticking; gravy becomes in one minute a conglomeration of flies and grease. Even the best of eyes would give up reading in despair, in the middle of the day. How can a man read with any comfort when he has four flies continually in each eye, crawling over one another, and fighting for possession of the corners. The most sensible course is to let them alone, and make the best of it, for you will find that it is a useless labour trying to drive them away.

You can imagine, then, what an infliction these flies must be when your eyes are inflamed and sore. For two days I lay in the darkest corner of the hut and groaned. Nobody took any notice of me, nobody seemed to pity me, but that is only the fashion of the country; besides, these sore eyes were too common for pity.

Now the owner of the station had erected a grog-shop about seven miles off, on some cross-roads, and he had no tenant for it at present. The consequence was, that men that camped there used to pull down parts of the house to light their fires.

He had been trying to get some one to go and live there to take care of the place, but all the men seemed to be better employed. He now came to me, and asked me if I would go out, as it was impossible that I should do any work till my eyes got well, and I could rest them out there just as well as where I was. He promised to give me a pound a week and my rations, and he went out himself with me, on horseback, to show me the way, for I could not see many yards in front of me.

The house was a kind of large shed, built of slabs, and had only two rooms. There was nothing in it at all, except a litter of old jam-pots, bottles, and scraps of paper. The squatter, having first shown me where to find the water, in a pool about twenty yards away, rode off and left me. I collected all my possessions and made my bed, and lay down and covered my eyes up. After a little while I dropped asleep.

I got on pretty well for a day or two, though my eyes did not get much better. It was rather dull, as I had no occupation of any kind,

and I was afraid to move any distance from the house for fear of losing myself. It was only in the daytime that I was lonely, as in the evening I was sure to have one or two travellers to stay with me—usually men looking for work.

One evening the postman came by on horseback, and had letters for me, as it happened—letters from home; but it was no use having letters, I couldn't read them, although I tried ever so long. I could not make 'out a single line, and only made my eyes worse to no purpose. I was very vexed, for I had not had any news from England for nine or ten months. The next day I could hardly see at all, not even enough to go and get water, so that I had to trust to the travellers for that. It was very pleasant to have company every evening; but the provisions that had been left with me were soon exhausted, and no one came to me with any more. I suppose they expected me to walk in and fetch them, but the state of my eyes prevented me from doing that, so that I was fixed there, and forced to depend for everything on the help of any one who chanced to pass; and very often these people expected to get their supper from me. The station to which I belonged lay off the regular track of these travellers, or I could have sent in a message by one of them. This was a terrible difficulty. It was quite evident that I could not stay where I was; but I used generally to find that when I was utterly perplexed something or other would sure to turn up, and so it was in this case.

One night there arrived a party bound for the diggings, which had lately been discovered, and as they had a spare horse, they agreed to take me with them. I was very glad of the chance, as it was out of the question stopping where I was, if by any possibility I could get away. So we started the next morning pretty early.

I thought that very likely the change of air might do my eyes good. As it was, I could not see which way we were going, but my horse, which was a steady old stager, kept the road with the rest.

As we had to drive several packhorses, loaded with tents, tools, and provisions, we did not get on very fast, and only went fifteen miles the first day.

In a day or two my eyes began to get better, and by the time we reached our destination they were almost well. I now found myself, for the first time, on the diggings; about which I must tell you something in another paper.

GEORGE CARRINGTON.

AUNT JUDY'S CORRESPONDENCE.



NNIE and "C. S. A." both ask Aunt Judy to have a subscription in the magazine for the sick and wounded in the war, so that children may be able to send the mites which they do not like to intrude into the larger subscription lists. But deeply as she sympathises with their desire to help the sufferers, she is obliged to say No, as it is impossible for her to afford more space from the pages of the magazine for a list of names than is now granted to the subscriptions for the *Cot.* This, however, need not prevent her young friends from exerting themselves on the soldiers' behalf; for by collecting some pence amongst their friends they may easily get a few shillings together, which will gladly be received by any of the local committees of the Relief Fund, which are now established in all parts of the country.

A Friend (Canon Trevor of York) has just sent us a very fine translation of "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," and although this may possibly appear elsewhere, we are sure the young readers of "Aunt Judy" will thank us for bringing it before their notice.

THE WATCH OF RHINE.

There bursts a shout, like thunder's crash,
Like rush of waves, like sabres' clash,
To the Rhine—the Rhine—the German Rhine!
Who'll stand and ward our River-line?
Dear Fatherland, all peace be thine!
Fast stands and true the Watch of Rhine!

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
A lightning flash in every eye,
The German youth, devout and brave,
His holy landmark speeds to save.
Dear Fatherland! all peace be thine!
Fast stands and true the Watch of Rhine!

And if this heart in death shall bow,
Yet none the more an alien thou,
Rich as in waters thy full flood
Is German land in hero-blood.
Dear Fatherland! all peace be thine!
Fast stands and true the Watch of Rhine!

He looks up to the eye of Heaven,
Whence hero-saints look down to them,
And swears in rage of battle pride
Thou Rhine, bide German as I bide!
Dear Fatherland! all peace be thine!
Fast stands and true the Watch of Rhine!

So long as one blood-drop I feel—
One single hand yet grasps the steel—
One arm can point a rifle true—
No foeman treads, dear banks, on you!
Dear Fatherland! all peace be thine!
Fast stands and true the Watch of Rhine!

The oath is heard, the stream runs by,
Up in the wind our colours fly,
To the Rhine—the Rhine—the German Rhine!
We all will ward our River-line,
Dear Fatherland! all peace be thine!
Fast stands and true the Watch of Rhine!

GEORGE TREVOR.

Burton St. Peter's, Aug. 1870.

Four impertinent children have asked questions which we do not choose to answer. We give no names, but those who wrote will know who we mean.

"Gustave Doré." The effect of distance in etchings is produced partly by the delicacy of the lines, partly by a very moderate use of the etching acid. In pen-and-ink sketches Gustave Doré must draw his clouds with a lighter hand.

"Eleanor." Botany is far too extensive a subject to tell anything about in Correspondence, but there are plenty of books for beginners. The Magazine begins this year in November. Two or three correspondents have complained of the non-issue of the half-yearly volumes: the one cause of the alteration is that we wish to give our readers a continuous story for twelve months, and it seems desirable to bind this in one volume. Any one who likes can bind up their numbers at the end of six months, or purchase the 1s. cases for them, which are still made.

"Jack" wants to know, 1. "Why postage stamps have initial letters at each corner?" 2. "Where the expression 'A goose has gone over my grave' "

comes from?" 3. "Whether the town of Pocklington, in Yorkshire, derives its name from an old family who are called so; and whether there are any tombs to them in Pocklington churchyard?" With regard to the Irish language he must send to a bookseller for an Irish grammar and dictionary; there are such things.

One more word for our good-natured young friend. He sent 6d. in coin for "George;" which, being against Post Office regulations, the letter was opened and charged 8d.

"Bice." We think that the "New Hospital" of which you have heard must be the rebuilding and enlarging of the one in Great Ormond Street, which the managers hope to have done if funds enough can be raised. Or perhaps you refer to the Convalescent Home lately started at Cromwell House, Highgate, to which the sick children are sent, when recovering, for country air. (Nice photographs of the building may be obtained on application to Mr. Whitford.) We know of no other new Hospital for Children. We rejoice that you like "Kirstin's Adventures" so much; and hope, as you do, to see it some day in a book to itself.

Report of the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

"The subscribers to 'Aunt Judy's Cot' will be glad to know that the brave young occupant of the last two months, George T——, is now sufficiently recovered to be able to go to the Convalescent Branch Hospital at Highgate. It would have made their hearts glad had they seen his bright, happy face when the day arrived for him to go into the country. For some weeks the probability of his going had been discussed, and the day, when fixed, was eagerly longed for; the only drawback to the pleasure was evinced by the very genuine sorrow he expressed at leaving his many friends in Great Ormond Street. 'Oh! I

wish Mr. — came to see the boys at Highgate,' he remarked one day, in allusion to the surgeon to whose skill and care, under God's goodness, he owes his restoration to health; 'shall I never see Mr. — no more?'

"To be 'Aunt Judy's Patient' has long been the ambition of the new occupant of the Cot. C. S—— has been in the hospital since November last. His is one of those long, tedious cases of affection of the knee-joint—so difficult to cure, so very weary to bear—only that it seems as if a very special measure of patience were given to every special need.

"About six weeks ago little C. S—— had to submit to a very terrible operation. That afternoon when it was all over, but while the pain was very acute, he said to the lady who was watching by, trying to soothe him, 'Oh, I would be better if I only had Aunt Judy' (the label that hangs over the Cot). He was pleased and seemed comforted by the assurance that as soon as George T—— went to Highgate he should succeed to the 'Aunt Judy's Cot.' Often did the two boys talk of the day which was to bring such mutual pleasure to them both; and it was arranged that on the morning of the day George was to perform the difficult and delightful feat of crossing the ward, and carrying the label to his little friend. The difficulty of the feat will be understood when it is explained that George T—— had not then learnt to use his crutches alone; and therefore had to resort to a remarkable mode of progression, namely, getting on the floor and paddling himself along with one hand, while he carried the Cot label in the other. Then the many special gifts to the Aunt Judy's Cot had to be collected and displayed as new to the new occupant, who seemed to feel to the utmost the satisfaction and enjoyment of his distinguished attainment.

"It was a bright sunny afternoon when

the late occupant of the Cot left Great Ormond Street. He was one of many who filled a large omnibus hired to convey the little patients to Highgate; but of the many it may be truly said 'none so bright and glad as he,' waving his hand as if to say 'Hurrah' as the omnibus bore its precious charge through the quaint old streets that led them to the purer air and green fields of the country. Our readers will be glad to hear that their young friend is doing full justice to his opportunities, and is improving rapidly at Cromwell House. He can now use his crutches, not only in the wards, but up and down stairs; and after being so many weary months a complete and helpless cripple, it will not be wondered at if he enjoys abundantly his new liberty.

"C. S.—'s case is one of some anxiety still. It is hoped that a more promising account of him will be given next month."

Contributions to the "Aunt Judy's Magazine Cot" received to September 15th, 1870. £. s. d.

A Well-wisher at Beckenham	0	0	8
Miss H. Birley, at Mrs. Jones, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, with a box of wild flowers (collected)	0	3	6
Miss Violet Bethell, 13 Belvedere, Weymouth	0	1	6
Miss Smith, Durham	0	5	0
Mary, Stella, and Eldred, Ventnor, Isle of Wight	0	3	0
A. Z.	0	2	0
Harry Hall, Barton-on-Humber	0	2	0
Florence and Maude Henley, Derby (collected)	0	4	0
Florence, Milnrow Vicarage	0	2	0
Harriet and Susan (monthly)	0	1	0
William Bowden, Isleworth	0	0	4
"A small thank-offering"	0	3	0
Edith Kerr, 1s., Walter Kerr, 1s., the Vicarage, Upper Hopton, Normanton	0	2	0

"Palmia"	0	1	0
E. F. T., Bristol	0	1	0
"Daphne"	0	5	0
Arthur Rutter, 6d., Edgar Rutter, 6d., 10 Addison Villas, New Wimbledon	0	1	0
M. L., Alnmouth (monthly)	0	1	0
Lady Pickle, 2s., Faith, 3d., An Old Mother, 5s., with a box of shells from A. H. C., Bath	0	7	3
Evelyn and George, 6s., Agnes 6s.	0	12	0
Miss Alice Cowie (monthly)	0	1	0
A. O. M., The Lime, Muswell Hill	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Shone, Meiningen, Germany	0	2	0
Miss Ellen Eve, Ryhall Vicarage, Stamford	0	7	0
Frank Garry, St. Mark's Vicarage, Lakenham, Norwich, (collected)	0	6	3
A Young Reader of the Magazine in Natal, South Africa	0	2	6
E. M., Knutsford	0	2	6
Louie Livesey, 2s. 6d., Willie Livesey, 2s. 6d., Charlie Livesey, 2s. 6d., Amy Livesey, 2s. 6d., Florrie Livesey, 2s. 6d., Baby, 1s., Nurra, 6d., Lyme House, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire	0	14	0
Amy, 6d., Tom, 6d., Aunt Catherine, 1s., Edmund, 6d.	0	2	6
Jim Crow	0	0	3
Alice, Willie, Tibbie, and Mabel, Nethergrange, Alnmouth	0	10	0
Ella Graham, Ada, Iva Leisty, and their mamma, sixteen small scrap books.			
Mrs. S—, Tiverton, a parcel of clothing.			
Anonymous, a volume of the "Children's Prize" for Johnny S—.			
"Beta," a parcel of books.			
Isabella Watkins, some pictures.			
Anonymous, a parcel containing pictures from the "Illustrated News."			

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